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THE JAPANESE AT PLAY.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.



JAPANESE SHOOTING GALLERY.

THE Japanese are among the happiest nations of the world. They are called the children of the Orient, and however hard be their life's pathway they smooth it with smiles. Laughter lives with them, slight misfortunes pass away with a giggle, and sorrow finds its abiding place in other lands. Good-natured, but not frivolous, their beautiful country is the paradise of travelers, and I have yet to find the first American who has spent any time in Japan who does not speak well of the land and its people.

The climate is that of the warm southern sun of Italy. The skies are as blue as those of the Mediterranean, and the Japanese sunsets out rival those of Naples in their glorious coloring. All nature smiles in her efforts to make the land beautiful. The warm moist air of the western Pacific covers the thirty-eight hundred islands which make up the Japanese Empire with verdure as green as that of Egypt in winter, and the rocks, bluffs, and mountains which in other lands are naked and ragged, are here clothed in green velvet and embroidered with flowers. The valleys are gardens of rice fields, intermixed with the green camellia, like hedges of the tea plant, and the picturesque houses and more picturesque people make the land one of continuous beauties of nature and life. It is no wonder that the Japanese leave their native land with longing, and that when away they do not rest until their return. They are not among the colonizing and emigrating peoples of the earth, and they at heart love Japan as the Italian loves Italy.

After two months in Japan, in which time I have mixed with all classes of the people, I have been struck with their wonderful good nature, and their capacity for getting pleasure out of the little things of this life. The love of friends and of family is stronger among them than among most other peoples, and though the houses are entirely open to the street, and the various operations of the family may be seen by every passer-by, I have yet to see the first domestic brawl, or to hear the first angry word between parent and child or husband and wife.

The amusements of the people are many, and one sees parties of men, women and children playing at "Go," which is a sort of Japanese chess or checkers. It is played with boxes of little round bone buttons for checks, and it may be called the great household game of the people. Family parties play at it in their homes. The coolies spread a mat on the streets, and bet on "Go" during the intervals of their work, and old grandmothers and little children stand about and pass their judgment on the moves of the players.

In athletic sports the Japanese stand well among the people of muscle and brawn.

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Their jugglers and rope-walkers have astonished the cities of London and New York by their exhibitions at the Japanese villages of a few years ago, and their fat wrestlers have been noted for generations. There is a record in Japan that in the twenty-fourth year before Christ was born, a noble of great stature and strength begged the Mikado that he be allowed to send out a challenge as the champion wrestler of the world. His request was granted, and alas! a stronger than he was found. The match came off, and the boaster was brought to grief by a man named Shikune, who kicked him in the ribs and broke his bones. The victor was straightway elevated to high honors, and it was he, it is said, who instituted earthen images for the living men who had before this time been buried with the coffin of the Mikado.

A little over a thousand years ago the throne of the Mikado was wrestled for. Two sons of the Emperor were the contestants, and each had his champion. The match decided the succession, and the owner of the victor got the throne.

From this time on the history of Japan is filled with the exploits of wrestlers, and the sport became in time mixed up with many of the religious feasts and ceremonies. There are now wrestling matches connected with religious observances at Kioto, and at other places in the Japanese Empire, and it was for a long time the custom for wrestlers to perform at funerals and feasts. They are still employed at feasts, but the day when the lords of Japan had their wrestlers in their employ has passed away, and you no longer see the Daimios with wrestlers in their trains going in grand procession from one part of the country to the other.

The wrestlers, however, are as popular as ever, and the leading men of Japan do not scruple to attend their matches. Count Kuroda, the Premier, is said to be especially fond of the sport, and great wrestling feats are exhibited throughout the Empire of Japan at fixed periods throughout the years. I attended one of these great matches at Osaka, where one hundred wrestlers were present and took part. They had gathered here from all parts of Japan, and were hold-



A GOOD PLAY AT "GO."



A FAMILY "GO" PARTY.

ing a sort of a wrestling tournament, which lasted for ten days.

Osaka may be called the New York of Japan. It is a city of about the size of Chicago, made up of low one and two story buildings open at the front, and with great overhanging roofs which jut out and form a shelter to the visitors or customers who would talk with those within. It has wide streets, unpaved but very clean, and it is so cut up by bridges and canals that it may be called the Venice of the Japanese Empire. It is the great commercial center of western Japan, an hour's ride from Kyoto, where the famous china and the wonderful silks are made. Its surrounding country is rich in fields of cotton, rice and tea, and its factories are never idle.

It was through this town that I dashed on my way to the great wrestling match. I had two bare-legged men attached to my jinriksha, and we rushed past Japanese girls waddling along with babies on their backs, by carts of merchandise pulled by coolies, through streets of stores where the merchants sat like Turks with their goods piled about them on the floor, into residence quarters,

where we saw a very pretty girl and her sister each taking her siesta, stretched at full length on a Japanese futon or quilt, and resting her head on a little wooden pillow, and on into the street of the theaters.

Here all was as bustling as a country fair in Ohio, or a circus day in Washington City. Venders of all kinds filled the street. The placards of the theaters which lined the street pictured in Japanese characters and gorgeous paintings the merits of the various actors and plays, and the doorkeepers added to the din by yelling to the crowd that the prices were cheap and their entertainments good.

The wrestling match was held in the midst of such surroundings. An immense tent of straw matting tied to bamboo poles formed the theater, and the bare ground was the audience room and stage. The latter was in the center of the tent. It was a ring of earth about twenty-five feet in diameter, and raised about two feet above the rest of the ground. At each corner of it there was a great post, and these posts formed the support for a covered roof of matting, which was trimmed with a frieze of red cloth extending about two feet



JAPANESE ACTORS.

low and forming a patch of gorgeous color, inside of which the show took place. At the foot of two of the posts stood tubs of water; at the base of the others two bareheaded and burly men in gowns sat with their legs crossed, and acted as the referees in case the umpire failed to give a satisfactory decision. The umpire himself was a short, bullet-headed, excitable Japanese, with his head shaved at the top and the back hair drawn to the front in a cue shaped like an old-fashioned door-knocker. He held a fan in his hand, and his Japanese gown was of silk. He stood back of the wrestlers, and gave the signals for their beginning and ending, yelling at the top of his voice at the more exciting matches, and jumping about as though he had gone mad. He pronounced the victors, and gave them their honorable dismissal. He had a sword at his side, and was a man of great dignity.

Before I describe the wrestling match let me give you a picture of the audience. There are no seats in a Japanese theater, and the audience sits on its heels, and to rest itself crosses its legs and squats on the ground. When I entered the theater and paid for my box, which was a pen in front of the wrestling circus, made of four small logs of wood, so crossing each other that they left a piece

of earth about three feet square within, I found about one thousand men and boys sitting and squatting in similar boxes about the different parts of the big tent. Some were half naked. All were in Japanese costume, and none wore hats. Each man had his teapot and his box of charcoal before him for his pipe lighting, and during the wrestling provisions were peddled about the room. At my feet I saw a man making a meal off of a piece of raw fish and vinegar, and a party near by were eating rice and drinking sake, which is the whisky of Japan. The crowd over the room had seated themselves in all the conceivable shapes of Asiatic comfort. One man was lying half asleep, with his head pillowed on his wooden sandal, and others, at times, grew wildly excited and waved their arms and hands at a successful throw.

I looked in vain for signs of betting, and my guide told me that betting was not allowed, and that the system of French mutual pools on wrestling had yet to be introduced into Japan.

Nearest the stage or wrestling circus was a great ring of fifty or sixty naked giants. These were the wrestlers who were to next



STREET THEATER.



COOLIES PLAYING DICE.

take part. Big, brown-skinned men, their arms were the size of a fat American's leg, and their great bullet heads were fastened to puffy shoulders, which stood out so bold and brawny that they made one think of Samson or Hercules. As they sat cross-legged on the ground, smiling good-naturedly at one another, they seemed perfectly naked, but upon rising you see that each has a blue cloth wound tightly about his loins and tied in a tight belt just above the hips. To this cloth a blue fringe, six inches or more long, hangs, and the belt itself is one of the dangerous holds in the wrestling match. If an opponent grasps this he can often hurl the wearer over his head, and it is, hence, wound so tight that it almost cuts the flesh like a knife. The belts of all the wrestlers were of this same blue color, and all had their long black hair combed straight back from their foreheads and tied up in a cue on their crowns. They were none of them less than six feet in height, and at a rough estimate I judge that not one weighed less than three hundred pounds.

As straight as so many arrows they walked forth with dignity, and rather strutted as

they took their places in the arena. Two only wrestled at one time, and the matches succeeded each other very rapidly.

Let me describe a single match. The umpire raises his fan, and in stentorian tones calls out the names of the wrestlers. One is from the East of Japan and the other from the West. They are noted sportsmen, and the audience pricks up its ears. A thousand half-bald heads are craned as the two mahogany giants walk forth, and two thousand eyes watch their every motion. They strut up to the stage, each accompanied by his student, a younger wrestler, who acts as his second or servant. The students stand at the water buckets at the two corners of the wrestling stage and give their masters to drink. They gulp down great swallows, and end their drinking by filling their mouths with water and spitting it into the air, so that it falls in a spray over their bodies. Each now straightens himself and walks to the center of the stage to test his strength before entering upon the combat. He does this by pounding his chest and by lifting one leg up as high as his shoulder and stamping it down upon the ground, with a



WRESTLERS PREPARING TO GRAPPLE.

thud that seems to almost make the earth shake. The other leg then receives a similar treatment, and the two giants walk to opposite sides of the circus and bow to the umpire. They then squat upon their heels and salute each other. Then comes a slapping of the hands fiercely together. Then there is drinking of water and more spraying it over their naked persons. Then more stamping of feet and more slapping of the thighs. These last motions are intended, I am told, for the working up of the wrestler's strength, and the custom comes down from Japanese mythology.

When the Sun Goddess, the first Empress of Japan, had grown angry at her brother, and had hid herself in a cave, so that there was no difference between the night and the day, all Japan mourned for her and endeavored to make her come forth. She was sulky, however, and put a big stone in front of the cave, and would not. The God of the Wrestlers pulled away the stone after clapping his hands and stamping his feet, and the wrestlers do the same to this day.

After this stamping the match begins. The two copper-colored Hercules stand facing each other and looking fiercely into each other's eyes. They stoop down and rub their hands with earth, and then clinching their fists lean half over and are ready for the fray. Each watches the other, trying to catch him off his guard, and the umpire stands by and warns them not to be in a hurry. As they look the veins on their foreheads swell, their muscles quiver with excitement, and their eyes almost burst from their sockets in the intensity of their gaze.

At last, without a sign, they spring at one another and the struggle is begun. The wrestlers are inside a narrow ring which has been marked out upon the stage, and the one who can push the other outside of this ring, or can succeed in throwing him, will gain the victory. The giants tug and pull, they wrap themselves around one another, and ten minutes pass without either being conquered. Then the umpire calls a halt, and the wrestlers rest a moment, spray themselves with water, and are put back in the same position that they were in at the time the stop was made. The giant from the East at



BEGINNING THE STRUGGLE.

last succeeds in grasping the belt of the man from the West and throws him clear over his head. He falls, however, without injury, and the crowd applauds. The victor walks to one side of the stage and sits upon his heels, bowing his head, while the umpire, raising his fan, pronounces him the champion.

Other matches which follow are much more brief, and the different holds are as many as the rules of the prize ring. In

some cases the wrestling is done almost altogether with the hands, and fingers are cracked and broken in the terrible struggle. There are forty-eight falls which are fair in Japanese wrestling, and twelve of these are throws, twelve consist of lifting each other off the feet, twelve are twists, and there are twelve throws over the back. The wrestlers do not, as a rule, wrestle for money, as with us, and they are largely indebted to the good nature of the audience for their pay. During the afternoon they strutted in by fifties, each clad in a gorgeous apron of silk, fringed and embroidered with gold. These were aprons presented to them at various successful contests, and they reached from the waist to the feet. They must have been very costly, and the wrestlers strutted about in them as proud as a native of the Sandwich Islands who has added to his breech-clout costume a cast-off plug hat and a pair of slippers.

These Japanese wrestlers follow their business as a profession. They harden their powerful limbs with beating, and they butt at wooden posts with their shoulders. Although apparently puffy and flabby their flesh is like iron, and they are wonders of muscular development.

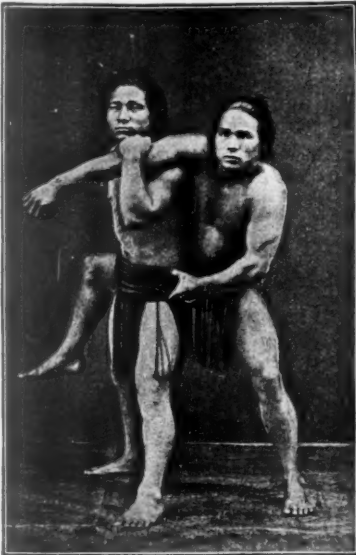
The theaters of Japan begin in the morning and last until sundown. The audiences sit on the floor, and the people are as much



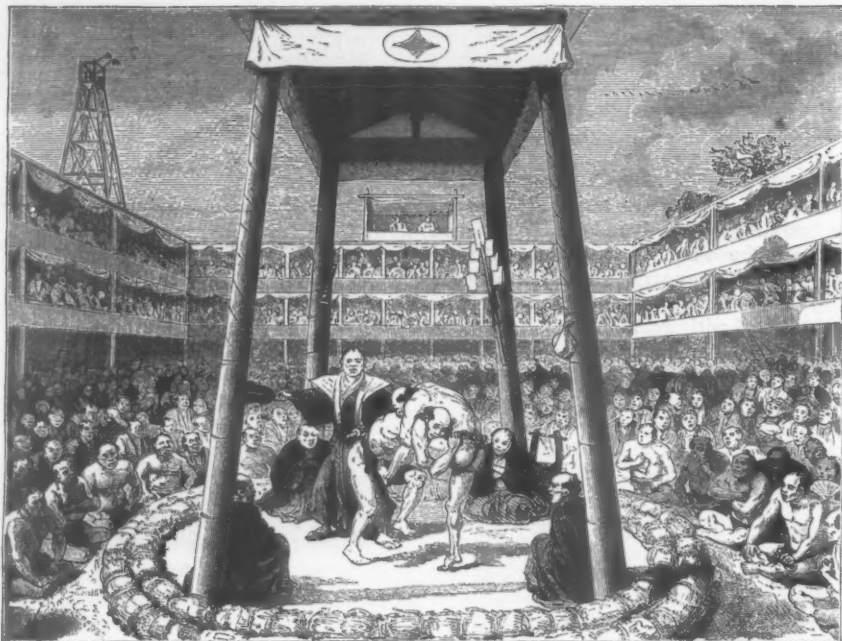
WRIST WRESTLING.

affected as children by the plays. Whole families come and spend the entire day in the theater. Some of them bring their provisions with them and others have them served from the neighboring tea-houses. In some theaters when a person wishes to leave the hall and come back again, he is not given a return check, as with us. There is no passing of your tickets to newsboys in Japan. The doorkeeper takes hold of the right hand of the man going out and he stamps on his wrist the mark of the theater. When the playgoer returns, he presents his wrist, the seal of the theater is shown, and he is admitted. It is a very simple and effective plan, but one which would doubtless be unpopular in America.

The largest theater in Tokio has revolving scenes which move about on an axis and save the time between the acts. The scenery is made up of the gorgeous extravagancies of modern Japanese art. The actors dress in the most hideous of costumes, and paint their faces until they resemble those on a Japanese screen. The orchestra sit at the side of the stage instead of in front of it, and this theater will hold about two thousand people. It requires a greater space to seat two thousand Japanese than two thousand Europeans. A man sitting cross-legged on the floor or lying on his elbow and drinking



AT A DISADVANTAGE.



A WRESTLING ENTERTAINMENT.

tea and smoking while he listens, requires more room than an ordinary theater seat, and the boxes of a Japanese theater consist of little compartments carpeted with straw mats and without chairs or tables. The actors of Japan are of but one sex. Women never appear upon the stage, and when it is necessary to personate women, men take their parts and dress in female costume.

The theaters of Japan are of all classes from the story-teller and the babies' peep-show up to the great theaters in Tokio, Osaka, and Kioto. The greatest actors have their reputations here, as with us, and a popular name never fails to bring big prices and to fill the houses.

The smaller theaters and amusement halls are quite as interesting to the stranger as the great ones. No people are so easily amused as the Japanese, and it is a rare study in physiognomy to watch the expressions which pass over the almond-eyed faces of an audience before a popular story-teller. The audience sit on the floor as at the theater, with the same accompaniments of eating and drinking about them. The story-teller sits on his heels on the stage and sings out his

tales in nasal tones, gesturing with a fan as he does so.

At the flower shows, which take place periodically, there are numerous little theaters like the side shows of an American circus or those which follow our county fairs. The boy jugglers here appear in force, and these jugglers are among the baby curiosities of the country. I have watched them many times as they performed their feats in the streets of Tokio, little brown-skinned boys, ranging from six to twelve years in age. They dress in the brightest of colors and wear upon their heads a sort of red hood or turban into which feathers are tucked. Their limbs seem to be made of india-rubber. They can twist their heads around so that their faces look out between their shoulders, and they tie themselves up into knots and unravel themselves in the most extraordinary ways. A couple of pennies is all they ask, and a nickel will make them happy.

The Geishas of Japan are professional amusers and they are a part of every Japanese feast. They are educated to talk well, to sing and to dance, and when a Japanese entertains his friends he seldom brings his

wife in to help him. The wife is the head servant of the household, and it is the Geisha who is paid to do the entertaining. Dressed in the most gorgeous of Japanese costumes, she often wears suits of clothes which cost as much as Mr. Worth's Parisian dresses. She paints and powders, and her hair is done up by the most noted of Japanese hair-dressers. She pantomimes and mimics, and her dances, which by the way are made up of a series of graceful postures, follow the music of her sisters, and interpret the story which they sing. I will not refer to her morals. They are at the best very lax, but there is a tradition in Japan that the Geisha of the past was both chaste and pure, and one of the leading foreigners of Tokio, who married a Japanese wife, says, that the fall of the class is largely due to the dollars of the foreigner. Several of the most noted men in Japan to-day are married to Geishas, and some of the highest of the court ladies have danced and sung for pay. This, however, is different in Japan from the American custom. The Geisha of to-day, by renouncing her ways, may become the respected wife and mother of to-morrow. Her business is a profession, and if she re-

mains in it to old age, her sisters, in some instances, take care of her, and in others, she sings upon the streets. The singing women, who, half blind, move about the streets of the Japanese cities, singing songs of love in voices that have long since been cracked beyond repair, are among the most affecting sights of the country. They play their accompaniments on the samisen, which is a long banjo-like instrument, as they sing, and they are always rewarded by the sympathetic, if not admiring, bystanders.

The Japanese are very kind to their poor, and I suppose the average of comfort in accordance with the ideas of the people, is as high in Japan as anywhere else in the world. There are many poor, but few paupers. During the time I have spent in the country I have not met a half dozen beggars, and the poor seem to enjoy life as well as the rich. One of the luxuries of all classes, which could hardly be called an amusement, is that of shampooing. This is done by the blind, and the blind shampooer is one of the peculiar institutions of the country. Nowhere else have the blind a profession peculiarly their own, and nowhere are they so highly



GEISHA DANCING GIRLS.

respected as in Japan. Their name is legion. The conditions of Japanese life added to the tropical sun have increased their number; the tying of babies to the backs of their mothers or sisters, and carrying them about all day with their faces upturned must tend to weakness of the eyes. Japan is a rice-eating nation, and the rice diet is conducive to blindness. The Chinese characters, which are the basis of the alphabet of Japan, are as hard upon the eyes as is the translation of shorthand, or the German, and the night light of the Japanese household has until recently been the candle, filtered through oiled paper lanterns. Nevertheless I have yet to see my first blind beggar, and the blind teach music, lend money, and do the shampooing of the Japanese people.

A Japanese shampoo is far different from what is meant by this word in America. It is the kneading of the muscles of the whole body, a sort of a massage treatment, resembling the rubbing and slapping which follows a Turkish bath. It is wonderfully refreshing, and I shall not soon forget my first encounter with the blind shampooer. The experience was so strange that I dictated to my guide the sensation as the man worked upon me, and I give this extract as it was written :

"It is a warm night in Tokio. I am very tired, and I have just heard the whistle of

the blind shampooer on the streets outside my hotel. I have clapped my hands, called a servant, and ordered a shampoo. Stripping off my clothes, I now lie wrapped in a sheet on a lounge. The blind shampooer is led in. He is a clean-limbed, æsthetic-looking Japanese, dressed in a long blue gown, with very large sleeves. He has rolled these up, and his dress is open at the neck, like that of a belle at a White House reception. He rolls his eyes toward me as I speak. They look out of slits pointed at each other at an angle of forty-five degrees. His head is bald at the top, and a cue four inches long is fastened at his crown, over a face as somber as that of the Sphinx. He has left his shoes at the door, and he moves quietly to me and kneels down. He now begins to pass his hands over my body. He first seeks out two spots at my shoulders, and into these his thumbs go, it seems to me, almost to the joints. The places he touches are evidently nerve centers; for, as he gouges them, my whole frame quivers. He works over my back and down my arm, stretches each of my fingers until they crack, and then takes a jump to my shins. I am surprised at how many muscles and bones I have which I never felt before, and I wonder whether I will not be a mass of aches when the operation is done. Still the shampooer kneads on. All of the motion seems to come from his wrists, and he is a bundle of nerves. Now he stops kneading, and slaps my bones so that they make a noise like the bones of the end man in a minstrel troupe; and, with all his pounding, I am surprised to see that he has not even reddened the skin. He goes on until he has put into thorough action every molecule of my frame, and at the end of an hour I am surprised to perceive that all the tired feeling has gone out of me, and I am ready to drop off into a doze."

This shampooing is done by blind women as well as by blind men, and one of the characters that especially appeals to Japanese praise is the beautiful girl who shampoos her rheumatic grandfather. Wives shampoo their husbands, children their parents, and the blind man



A YOUNG CONTORTIONIST.



BOY ACROBATS.

shampoos all. This custom, along with that of daily baths, has much to do with making the Japanese healthy.

The better class of the Japanese have become fond of horse-racing within the past few years, and their amusements tend to those of the European nations. There are now race-courses at Tokio and Yokohama, and the Mikado himself attends them. The game of *dakiu* is the polo of Japan, and the Emperor is very fond of witnessing it. He has his nobles play before him in his palace grounds, and as an evidence of his fondness for horses, I am told that he has three hundred ponies in the Royal Mews. He is also fond of duck netting, and his nobles are invited to sporting parties of this kind in the

imperial grounds. The wild ducks, of which there are thousands about Tokio, are attracted by means of a decoy in a narrow stream. The sportsmen hide in the bushes at the side, and a skillful throw of the net catches the ducks as they rise. This is one of the great sports of the nobles of Japan, and many of the wealthier gentlemen have ponds and ditches made especially for it.

As to sporting, the Japanese are very fond of shooting with bows and arrows, and the time was not long since when this was a necessary part of a young man's education. Even now in certain parts of the cities you will see shooting galleries in which the Japanese use bows rather than guns, and



A JAPANESE SHAMPOO.

where father and son practice together. I remember visiting a number of such galleries in Kioto, and I was surprised at the skill displayed by the marksmen. Hunting in Japan is good, and there is no finer fishing anywhere. In Nagasaki alone there are seven hundred different species of fish, and a classification of three hundred of these species has been made by a Mr. Stoddart, and he tells me he will give one set of the pictures representing them to the National Museum at Washington. They are beautifully painted by Japanese artists, and embrace some hitherto unknown species of fish.

The revolution which is now creeping over Japan, and carrying the ideas of the Christian civilization among these Mongolians, affects the women as well as the men, and many of our amusements are becoming popular among the almond-eyed beauties of the Queen's Court. The Empress herself rides her pony in a European riding habit, and her olive-hued sisters are not backward in following her example. The American dances, both square and round, are now known at Tokio, and the pigeon-toed lady

who heretofore for her Japanese costume was forced to walk with a waddle, now whirls in the giddy mazes of the waltz. She wears European clothes at the feasts of Terpsichore, and her shoes, which a decade ago were of nothing but wood, are now the high heels of the latest French fashion. I am told it was a great task for both the ladies and the gentlemen of the Court to learn our style of dancing, and modern etiquette as we understand it is one of the hardest lessons which the Japanese try to learn. A certain Japanese doctor, whose name shall be secret, brought the latest steps to Tokio fresh from Paris. He took two of the company to represent the Mikado and the Empress, and he put the Court ladies through their paces, making them bob and bow as they passed this straw royalty, like Chinese dolls with joints in their backs. Some of the foreigners laughed, but the Japanese learn quickly, and you will find many good waltzers among them.

They are the last people in the world one should laugh at. Overflowing with kindness themselves, they are full of charity to others. They learn surprisingly fast, and

with their sharp brains and skilled muscle, their future is exceedingly bright. They seem to have what we have not, the power to throw off worry in amusement and play,

and whatever the changes in their thought and life, they will continue to be the happiest people of Asia, the children of the Orient.



A JAPANESE STORY TELLER.

THE NEW YEAR'S SONG.

BY KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

So it was doomed to be :
 Man's finite destiny
 Is bitter-sweet.
 Take from the rose its thorn,
 Take from child-birth its pain :
 Then take from Love its bitterness
 And call it gain.

Hark to the wild new song
 That all the senses thrills !
 Pause for the awful glow
 That sweeps from the eastern hills !
 Stand naked to receive it—
 This blood-red rose of morn ;
 Bow down thy head in bitterness,—
 Love, Love, Love, Love is born !



THE STORY OF MY CAREER.

BY JANE HADLING.

C'EST sur les bords de la Méditerranée que je suis née, à Marseille où mon père, comédien de talent, tint pendant plus de vingt années l'emploi des "jeunes premiers rôles" au théâtre du Gymnase, et où il joua, non sans succès, aux côtés de la grande Rachel et de Frédéric Lemaître, quand ces deux artistes de génie venaient de Paris donner des représentations. Car, les étoiles d'alors ne voyageaient pas avec des troupes, ils venaient seuls et se faisaient entourer par les premiers sujets qui composaient la compagnie dramatique. Il y a encore un

I WAS born on the shore of the Mediterranean, at Marseilles, where my father, an actor of talent, filled for more than twenty years the parts of the "leading young rôles," at the Gymnasium Theatre, and where he played, not without success, beside the magnificent Rachel and Frederic Lemaître, when those two brilliant artists came from Paris to render the drama. For at that time the stars of the stage did not travel with troupes. They came alone and gathered about them the principal actors of the dramatic company in the place. Twenty-

quart de siècle environ, les grandes villes de France avaient leurs étoiles tout comme dans la Capitale; mais aujourd'hui Paris accapare et resserre en lui tout ce qui brille à l'horizon. Ceci vous explique comment mon père, quoique comédien de Province, était artiste de talent. Ce tout ses conseils qui ont guidé mes premiers pas sur les planches du théâtre; je lui dois plus que le jour, je lui dois le succès!

C'est à la négligence d'un donneur d'accessoires que j'ai, si jeune, fait ma première apparition sur la scène: —J'avais *trois ans*!

Mon père jouait le rôle de Lagardère dans "Le Bossu;" le rideau était levé sur les "Fossés de Caylus," quand on s'aperçoit que le poupon en carton que l'on remettait chaque soir à mon père n'était pas à son poste. Alors, sans autre explication le régisseur dans la coulisse prit dans les bras de ma mère un enfant—moi—en disant: "En voilà un qui sera bien plus *nature* que l'autre." Et mon père étonné et heureux d'avoir sa petite Jane dans les bras, me couche délicatement sur une botte de paille en me disant: "Ne bouge pas." Je n'oublierai jamais ce souvenir de mon jeune âge; il était resté gravé dans mon jeune cerveau peut-être pour indiquer la route que j'avais à suivre.

Un an après, à 4 ans, je parlai en scène pour la première fois. Une société d'amateurs de Marseille montèrent le "Supplice d'une femme," pièce dans laquelle un enfant joue un grand rôle. On me demanda à mon père, et j'allai jouer le rôle en *représentation* puisque les autres n'étaient que des amateurs, et que, moi, je me destinais au théâtre! . . . Dans une des scènes de la pièce, celui qui jouait mon père, devait me repousser lorsque j'accours à lui; mais il le fit si brusquement, ou plutôt, si maladroitement, qu'il me fit tomber. Je me relevai aussi vite que possible, et sans attendre la fin de la scène je rentrai en larmes dans la coulisse, où ni prières, ni bonbons, ni promesses, ne purent me décider à me représenter devant un public "qui ne pouvait plus me prendre au sérieux." Premier chagrin! À partir de ce jour, mon père me sacra "artiste" puisque déjà je redoutais le public!

Je jouai alors tout les rôles d'enfants avec succès, sans pour cela manger l'école, et là, je prenais plaisir à étaler ma supériorité sur toutes mes camarades qui m'appelaient "la

five years ago all the great cities of France had their stars just like the capital; but to-day Paris monopolizes and binds to herself all that shine in the French firmament. This will explain to you why my father was a talented artist although a provincial actor. It was his counsel that guided my first steps upon the stage. I owe him more than life. I owe him success.

My first appearance in a theater, in childhood, came about through the negligence of a man who provided accessories. I was then *three years old*.

My father was acting the part of Lagardère in "The Hunchback." The curtain was raised on the Ditches of Caylus when it was noticed that the pasteboard baby which was given up every evening to my father was not in its place. Then the manager behind the scenes took from my mother a child in his arms—myself, saying: "Here is one that will be more *natural* than the other." And my father, astonished and happy to have his little Jane in his arms, put me to bed tenderly on a bunch of straw saying to me, "Do not stir." I shall never forget this recollection of my childhood. Perhaps it was fastened strongly in my young mind to indicate the path I was to follow.

A year later, *four years old*, I spoke in a scene for the first time. A society of amateurs in Marseilles produced "A Woman's Punishment," a play in which a child takes a leading part. They asked my father for me. I went and played the part to make it a *real play*, as the others were only amateurs while I was determined to be an *actress*. In one of the scenes of the piece the man who was acting as my father ought to push me away when I ran to him; but he did it so roughly, or rather so awkwardly, that he made me fall. I got up as quickly as possible and without waiting for the end of the scene, I ran in tears to the green room, where neither entreaties, nor candies, nor promises, could persuade me to present myself again before an audience "which was no longer able to regard me without smiling." My first grief! From that day my father swore I was "an artist," because I feared the public. I played then all the children's parts successfully, but did not on that account leave school. There I delighted in showing my superiority over my comrades, who called me "the little artist:" of course

petite artiste!" Évidemment je me trouvais supérieure aux autres puisque j'étais *au théâtre*, et qu'en dehors tout me paraissait vide et nul. Et plus j'avancais en âge plus ces mêmes idées se développaient, le théâtre était mon seul rêve, mon seul but.

À 14 ans mon père me signa pour Alger mon premier engagement, où je jouai tous les genres; ce qu'on pourrait m'appeler "La Gymnastique du Métier." Après ces 6 mois passés à Alger je fus engagée au Caire, dans la troupe du Vice Roi. J'y jouai la même répertoire qu'à Alger, mais comme on s'aperçut que j'avais de la voix on me fit chanter davantage, si bien que je pus, l'année suivante chanter à Marseille les premières chanteuses d'Opérettes. J'eus même la chance de créer, dans cette ville, le rôle de Graziella dans "La Petite Mariée," et c'est dans cette pièce que j'obtins mon premier grand succès—si grand, qu'un Directeur de Paris, M. Plunkett, vint m'entendre et m'engagea de suite pour son théâtre (Le Palais Royal).

Toute la famille émigra à Paris.

C'était un gros événement pour ma petite personne; car Paris est l'ambition et le but de toute artiste en France. C'est Paris qui fait et défait les réputations. Si ma joie était grande ma peur n'était pas moindre d'affronter ce public redoutable.

Je débutai dans "La Chaste Suzanne," comédie en deux actes de P. Ferrier. Le succès ne fut pas aussi grande que mon jeune enthousiasme le rêvait; mais au lendemain de ce début un fait se produisit qui devait avoir sur ma carrière théâtrale une influence. . . . M. Koning me proposait un engagement pour le théâtre de "La Renaissance" qu'il dirigeait alors, et on l'on ne jouait que de l'Opérette. Un an plus tard j'entrai chez lui, et je rejouai cette "Petite Mariée." Les Parisiens voulurent bien consacrer l'arrêt de mes chers Marseillais. Grâce à ce succès M. Lecoq, l'auteur de "La Fille de M. Angot," m'écrivit une partition ("La Jolie Persane"). Offenbach m'écrivit ("Belle Lurette"), sa dernière œuvre. Je fis plusieurs reprises importantes, entr'autres "Héloïse et Abélard" de Litolf, et "L'Œil Crevé" d'Hervé. À ce moment une maladie de voix interrompit brusquement cette carrière déchanteuse quand le succès allait me faire une si grande place parmi les étoiles de ce firmament.

I felt superior to the others, as I was *in the theater*, and everything outside appeared to me empty and worthless. And the more I grew older the more this idea unfolded. The theater was my only dream, my only goal.

When I was fourteen my father signed my first engagement for Algiers, where I played all kinds of characters, so that they called me "The Gymnast of the Profession." After these six months in Algiers I was engaged in Cairo, in the company of the viceroy. I played there the same variety as in Algiers, but as they discovered that I had a good quality of voice they made me sing oftener, so that I was able the following year to sing at Marseilles the chief parts of operettas. I even had the opportunity of creating in that city the rôle of Graziella in "The Little Bride," and it was in this piece that I obtained my first great success,—so great that a director from Paris, M. Plunkett, came to hear me and engaged me at once for his theater,—the Palais Royal.

All our family then moved to Paris. That was a grand event for my little self. For Paris is the ambition and the goal of every French artist. It is Paris that makes and destroys reputations. If my happiness was great, my fear of offending this formidable public was not less.

I made my *début* in "The Chaste Susan," a two-act comedy by P. Ferrier. Its success was not as great as my young enthusiasm imagined it to be; but on the following day something occurred which was to modify my dramatic career. M. Koning offered me an engagement in the theater of "The Renaissance," which he was then directing, and where only operettas were given. A year later I entered his home and acted again the part of "The Little Bride." The Parisians wished to commemorate the arrest of my dear compatriots of Marseilles. M. Lecoq (the author of "The Daughter of M. Angot") wrote me a score entitled "The Pretty Persian." Offenbach wrote for me his last work, "Beautiful Lurette." I made several important revivals, among others "Abelard and Heloise," by Litolf, and "The Eye Put Out," by Hervé. Just then a trouble with my voice suddenly interrupted my career as a singer when success was about to give me a very high rank among the lights of the operatic stage.

À cette même époque M. Koning était directeur du Gymnase. Il croyait en moi comme comédienne. Il m'engagea. Il avait alors en mains la pièce de M. Ohnet, "Le Maître de Forges," et voulait me faire créer de suite le rôle de Claire, mais M. Ohnet refusa absolument. Il est si difficile à Paris de passer d'un genre à un autre. Je débutai, mais dans une comédie légère ("Autour du Mariage") de Gyp. J'y eus un grand succès, et plus particulièrement dans une scène dramatique. Le lendemain M. Ohnet demanda lui-même "la Claire" qu'il avait repoussée la veille. La pièce eut un succès énorme, et des ce jour ma place était faite; j'étais au premier rang. Ce fut peu de temps après que j'épousai mon Directeur. Dans les trois années qui suivirent je fis plusieurs grandes créations: "Le Prince Zilah," "Sapho," une brillante reprise de "Froufrou," et ma dernière création, "La Comtesse Sarah."

Mes pas avaient été semés de fleurs durant ces trois années, mais ma vie intime était le revers à la médaille. J'avais un excellent directeur doublé d'un mauvais mari. Un jour, lasse de souffrir j'ai demandé à la loi de briser les chaînes, qui, pour moi, n'étaient pas des chaînes de fleurs. Quand on sut que je quittai le Gymnase (la femme entraînant l'artiste) des propositions d'engagements affluèrent de toutes parts. L'Odéon m'offrait de créer une pièce de Vacquerie, "Jalousie." M. Koning s'opposa à tous les engagements qui me furent offerts. C'est alors que M. Grau me propose cette grande tournée dans les deux Amériques; voyant que je ne pourrais jouer à Paris avant que mon divorce ne soit prononcé, j'acceptai.

J'ai trouvé au Brésil, dans la République Argentine, et dans l'Uruguay un public appréciatif et charmant; pour le Nord . . . je double mon admiration pour lui, car je suis fière et heureuse de l'accueil qui m'a été fait.

M. Grau désirait me rengager pour deux années, avec l'intention de me faire jouer pendant l'Exposition à Paris, et ensuite faire une tournée en Europe. J'ai décliné ses offres parceque mon désir, à moi est de rentrer sérieusement à Paris, mais avec l'espérance de pouvoir, dans deux ou trois ans, demander à M. Grau de me faire revoir les Amériques. Rien est décidé encore pour ma rentrée à Paris. On me parle beaucoup de "Juliette" à l'Odéon. . . .

At this time M. Koning was also director of "The Gymnasium." He believed in me as a comedian, and engaged me. He had then in hand M. Ohnet's play, "The Forge-Master," and wished me to create at once the rôle of Claire, but M. Ohnet absolutely refused. It is so difficult in Paris to pass from one class of artistic work to another. I made my first appearance in a light comedy, "Near the Wedding," by Gyp. In that I had a great success, and particularly in a dramatic scene. The next day M. Ohnet asked himself, what he had before refused, that I should act "Claire." The play had an enormous success, and from that day my place was established. I was in the first rank. That was a short time after I married my director. In the three years which followed I made several important creations: "The Prince Zilah," "Sappho," a brilliant revival of "Frou-Frou," and my last creation, "The Countess Sarah."

My path had been strewn with flowers during these three years, but my private life was the reverse of the medal. I had an excellent director combined with a bad husband. One day, tired of suffering, I asked the law to break the chains which, for me, were not made of flowers. When it was known that I had left the Gymnasium (the woman leading away the artist), propositions for engagements poured in from all sides. "The Odeon" offered me the opportunity of creating a piece by Vacquerie, "Jealousy." M. Koning interfered with all these offers. Then M. Grau suggested this grand tour in the two Americas. As I could not play in Paris before my divorce was obtained, I accepted it.

I have found in Brazil, in the Argentine Republic, and in Uruguay, a public appreciative and charming. As to the North,—my admiration for it is redoubled. For I am proud and happy at the reception it has tendered me.

M. Grau wished to re-engage me for two years, with the intention of having me play at Paris during the Exposition. I have declined his offer because my own desire is to return to Paris permanently, with the hope, however, that I can, in two or three years, ask from M. Grau another visit to the Americas. Nothing is decided yet concerning my return to Paris. A good deal is said about "Juliet" at the Odeon.

Before leaving this grand and beautiful

Avant de quitter ce grand et beau pays,
dont je garderai un inoubliable souvenir, je
veux profiter de l'hospitalité que vous m'of-
frez dans ces colonnes pour témoigner au
public si charmant et à la presse si aimable
la profonde reconnaissance de

country, of which I shall treasure an un-
dying remembrance, I wish to avail my-
self of the hospitality offered me in these
columns, of expressing to its delightful
people, and to its courteous press, the deep
gratitude of

Samuel Laing

AN ODE TO TIME.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

Ho ! sportsman Time, whose chargers fleet
(The moments), madly driven,
Beat in the dust beneath their feet
Sweet hopes that years have given,
Turn, turn aside those reckless steeds ;
Oh ! do not urge them my way.
There's nothing that Time wants or needs
In this contented by-way.

You have down trodden in your race
So much that proves your power,
Why not avoid my humble place ?
Why rob me of my dower ?
With your vast cellars, caverns deep,
Packed tier on tier with treasures,
You would not miss them should I keep
My little store of pleasures.

As one who, frightened, flying, flings
Her riches down at random,
Your course is paved with precious things
Life casts before your tandem.
The warrior's fame, the conqueror's crown,
Great creeds for ages cherished,
Beneath your chariot wheels were thrown,
And crushed to earth, and perished.

Although to just and generous deeds
Your heart is not a stranger,
I have a feeling that one needs
To guard his wealth from danger ;
And though a most heroic light
Oft on your pathway lingers,
I'd hide my treasures if I might
From contact with your fingers.

You are the loyal friend of Truth—
Go seek her, make her stronger ;
And leave the remnant of my youth
To me a little longer.
There's work enough for you before
Eternity shall wed you ;
Why stoop to steal my simple store ?
Why make me shun and dread you ?

You do not need my joys, I say,
Home, Love, and friends united,
I beg you turn and go the way
Where wrong waits to be righted.
Or pause and let us chat awhile,
I'll listen—not too near you—
For oh ! no matter how you smile,
I fear you, Time, I fear you.



IN THE HUSH OF THE NIGHT THOU ART MINE.

BY CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JR.

In the hush of the night thou art mine,
 As yon star in high heaven
 Cometh close to my spirit to shine,
 Like a vision given ;
 I could put out my hand if I would
 And touch, so it seemeth,
 Tho' I be—and it seems to me good—
 But a poet who dreameth.

When the day riseth out of the sea
 All its glory to squander,
 More distant thou seemest from me,
 Yet I know thou art yonder ;
 So I pray for the day to be gone,
 Tho' the same thing it meaneth,
 And the nadir of night, O my own,
 Be the day at its zenith.

MISS LOU.—PART IX.*

BY EDWARD P. ROE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SAD TIDINGS.

THAT morning Miss Lou stood on the veranda and bade farewell, one after another, to those with whom she had been associated so strangely and unexpectedly. There was an unwonted huskiness in Dr. Borden's voice, and Ackley, usually so grim and prompt, held the girl's hand lingeringly as he tried to make a joke about her defying him and the whole Confederacy. It was a dismal failure. Regarding him with her weary eyes, she said :

"Doctor, you had wit enough and heart enough to understand and subdue me. Haven't I minded you since?"

"I'm a little afraid you'd still get the upper hand if you often looked at me as you

do now. I shall find out, however, if you will obey one more order. Miss Baron, you *must* rest. Your pulse indicates unusual exhaustion. You have tried to do too much, and I expect those young men have been making such fierce and counter claims that you are all worn out. Ah, if I had been only twenty years younger I would have won you by a regular course of scientific love-making."

"I don't know anything about science and wouldn't understand you. So it is better as it is, for I do understand what a good, kind friend you've been. You knew all the while that I was little more than an ignorant child, yet your courtesy was so fine that you treated me like a woman. I hope we shall meet again in brighter days. Yes, I will obey you, for I feel the need of rest."

"I shall come again and take my chances," said Maynard in parting.

Mercurial Whately, forgetting his various

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troubles and experiences in the excitement of change and return to active duty, bade her a rather boisterous and good-hearted farewell. His mind was completely relieved as to Maynard and he did not dream of Scoville as a serious rival.

"It's only a question of time," he thought, "and at present mother can do the courting better than I can. When I return Lou will be so desperately bored by her stupid life here as to be ready for any change."

The remaining patients looked at her and Mrs. Whately very wistfully and gratefully, speaking reluctant adieus. When all were gone the girl, feeling that she had reached the limit of endurance, went to her room and slept till evening. It was the sleep of exhaustion, so heavy that she came down to a late supper weak and languid. But youth is elastic, the future full of infinite possibilities. Scoville's words haunted her like sweet refrains of music. No matter how weary, perplexed and sad she was, the certainty of her place in his thoughts and heart sustained her, and was like a long line of light in the west indicating a clearing storm. "He *will* come again," she often whispered to herself; "he said he would if he had to come on crutches. Oh, he *does* love me. He gave me his love that night direct, warm from his heart, because couldn't help himself. He thought he loved me before—when, by the run, he told me of it so quietly, so free from all exaction and demands; but I didn't feel it. It merely seemed like bright sunshine of kindness and good-will, very sweet and satisfying then. But when we were parting, when his tones trembled so, when overcome, he lost restraint and snatched me to *his* heart,—then I learned that *I*, too, had a heart."

If she had been given time, this new heart-life, with thoughts and hopes springing from it like flowers, would have restored her elasticity. Scoville's manly visage, his eyes, so often mirthful, always kind, would have become so real to her fancy that the pallid, drawn features of the suffering, the dying and the dead, would have faded from her memory. So would have faded also the various aspects of passion from which she had shrunk, frightened by its hot breath. Her days would have been filled with the beautiful, innocent dreams of a young girl's first love so inspired as to cast out fear.

But the ruthless Moloch of war could not permit any thing so ideal, so heavenly, as this.

Mrs. Waldo came down from the apartment to which her son had been removed and joined the girl on the veranda. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I have taken solid comfort all day in the thought that you were sleeping, and now you are still resting. I want to see the color in your cheeks again, and the tired look all gone from your eyes before we go."

"You don't know how I dread to have you go," replied Miss Lou. "From the first your son did more for me than I could do for him. The smile with which he always greeted me made me feel that nothing could happen beyond remedy, and so much that was terrible was happening."

"Well, my child, that's the faith I am trying to cherish myself and teach my boy. It is impossible for you to know what a black gulf opened at my feet when my noble husband was killed early in the war. Such things, happily, are known only by experience and many escape. Then our cause demanded my only son. I face death with him in every battle, every danger. He takes risks without a thought of fear, and I dare not let him know the agony of my fear. Yet in my widowhood, in the sore pressure of care and difficulty in managing a large plantation in these times, I have found my faith in God's love adequate to my need. I should still find it so if I lost my boy. I could not escape the suffering, but I would not sorrow as without hope."

"How much I would give for the certainty of such a faith!" said Miss Lou sadly. "Sometimes, since Captain Hanfield died, I think I feel it. And then—oh, I don't know. Things might happen which I couldn't meet in your spirit. If I had been compelled to marry my cousin, I feel that I should have become hard, bitter and reckless."

"You poor, dear little girl! Well, you were not compelled to marry him. Don't you see? We are saved from some things and given strength to bear what does happen. Don't you worry about yourself, my dear. Just look up and trust. Happily, the sun of God's love shines on just the same, unaffected by the passing clouds of our feelings and experiences. He sees the end and knows all about the peaceful, happy eternity before us. You dear, worn-out little child! His love is

ever about you like my arms at this moment," and the old lady drew the girl to her in an impulse of motherly tenderness.

"O Mrs. Waldo, you make me feel what it is to have no mother," sobbed Miss Lou.

"Well, my dear, that's your heavy cross. Sooner or later, in some form, a cross burdens every human soul, too often many crosses. All I ask of you is not to try to bear them alone. See how faith changed every thing for Captain Hanfield in his extremity. He is now in the better home, waiting for his dear ones."

"I can never forget what faith has done for you and your son, Mrs. Waldo. Surgeon Ackley said that your son's absolute quiet and cheerfulness of mind during the first critical days saved his life."

"Yes, I know that," Mrs. Waldo replied with her low, sweet laugh. "Faith is often more useful in helping us to live than in preparing us to die. It saved my life, too, I'm sure, after my husband died. I had no right to die then, for Vincent and, far more, my daughters, still needed me."

For a time they sat on the piazza steps in silence, the old lady keeping her arm caressingly about the girl, whose head drooped on the motherly bosom overflowing with sympathy. Only the semi-tropical sounds of night broke the stillness. The darkness was relieved by occasional flashes along the horizon from a distant thunder-shower. Miss Lou thought, "Have I ever known a peace so deep and sweet as this?"

There was a hasty, yet stealthy step along the hall to the door, yet the girl had no presentiment of evil. The warm, brooding, fragrant darkness of the night was not more undisturbed than her mind.

"Miss Lou," said Zany in a loud whisper.

What a shock came with that brief utterance! A flash of lightning direct from the sky could not have produced such sudden dread and presentiment of trouble. Truly, a woman listens more with her heart than her ears, and even in Zany's whisper there was detected a note of tragedy.

After an instant Miss Lou faltered, "What is it, Zany?"

"Ef you gwine ter yo' room soon I des he'p you undress."

How well the girl knew that the faithful slave meant other and less prosaic help! She rose at once, kissed Mrs. Waldo good-

night and excused herself. When Zany had lighted the candle her scared, troubled face revealed at once that she had tidings of dire import.

Miss Lou siezed the girl with a grip which hurt her arm, demanding, "Have you heard any thing about—about Lieutenant Scoville?"

"Now, Miss Lou, you gotter be brabeen not look at me dat away. Kaze ef you does, w'at I gwine ter do? I kyant stan' it nohow."

"Oh! oh!" Miss Lou gasped, "wait a moment, not yet—wait. I must get breath. I know, I know what's coming. Chunk is back and—and—O God, I can't bear it, I can not, I can not!"

"Dar now, Miss Lou, des lis'n. P'haps tain ez bad ez you tink. P'haps w'en Chunk 'splain all you see tain ez bad. Hi! Miss Lou, you mustn't took on so," for the girl was wringing her hands and rocking back and forth in agony. "Folks s'picion dat Chunk yere en dat ud be de eend ob him, sho. He ain' seen Marse Scoville daid sho. He on'y see 'im fall. Chunk wanter see you en he mighty skeery 'bout hit, kaze ef Perkins get on he track he done fer. He ain' see he granny yit, en he darsn't come dar twel hit late. He larn ter toot lak a squinch-owl frum Marse Scoville, en he tole me dat when he come agin he toot. I nigh on run my legs off follerin' up tootin's o' nights, fer dey wuz on'y pesky squinch-owls arter all. Dis eb'nin' I year a toot dat flutter my heart big, en I knowed 'twuzn't no squinch-owl dis time, sho," and so Zany ran on in her canny shrewdness, for she perceived she was gaining Miss Lou's attention and giving time for recovery from the blow.

Miss Lou had a despairing conviction that Chunk would not have returned alone unless his master was dead, but her mind quickly seized upon the element of uncertainty and she was eager to see the negro.

"We mus' wait, we sut'ny mus', twel Chunk kin creep ter he granny's cabin."

"I can't wait, Zany. It wouldn't be best, either for me or Chunk. It's not very late yet, and I could visit Aun' Jinkey without exciting remark if you go with me. It's too dark for Chunk to be seen and I'll protect him with my life. I must get better ground for hope or my heart will break. Pretend I wish a glass of water and see if we can't slip out now."

This Zany did, discovering that Mrs. Baron was with her husband in his office and that Mrs. Waldo had returned to her son's room.

In a few moments Miss Lou was sitting by Aun' Jinkey and tremblingly telling her fears. Meanwhile Zany scouted around to insure immunity from observation.

"You po', po' chile!" groaned Aun' Jinkey. "I wuz a hopin' dat now you hab a time ob peace en quietness, en you des gwine ter be 'spended 'twix hebin en yearth."

"Oh, I fear he's dead, my heart tells me he's dead. O mammy, mammy, how can God be so cruel? I don't know who caused this war or who's to blame, but I feel now as if I could torture them."

"I'se feared dat ain' de right speret, honey."

"How can one have the right spirit when mocked by such a hope as I've had? It needn't have happened. O Mrs. Waldo, I could tell you *now* I'm no Christian at all. I say it needn't have happened. And then think how Uncle Lusthah prayed!"

"Chunk down dar by de run, Miss Lou," whispered Zany. "I lis'n wid all my years en eyes."

"Miss Lou, I'se yere in de shadder ob dis bush," Chunk called softly.

"Tell me everything."

"Darsn't twel I feels mo' safe, Miss Lou. Kin on'y say now Marse Scoville des dote on you en he ax questions 'bout you sence you lilgyurl. Hun'erds ob times he say, 'Chunk, we go back some day, sho!' But he do he duty brabe. I go wid 'im ev'ywhar, en onst, des on de aige ob night, he wuz ridin' long wid 'bout twenty ob he men en dis ting happen. We didn't tink any Rebs roun' en I'd been kep' back tryin' ter git a chicken fer mars'r's supper. Ez I riz a hill, ridin' right smart I see our folks goin' easy en car'less inter a woods. I seed 'em all ez plain ez eber see anybody, en Marse Scoville ride at de haid. Sudden dere was flash, flash, bang, bang, all troo de woods. Marse Scoville fell right off he hoss, he sut'ny did. Den lots ob Johnnies run in de road fore en hind our mens. I see dere wuz no chainece fer me ter do any ting but git away en lil chainece fer dat, fer two Rebs on horses come tarin' arter me. Ef hit hadn't come dark sudden en my hoss wuzn't a flyer I'se been cotched sho. 'Fo' de Lawd, Miss Lou, dat all I know."

"He's dead," said the girl in a hoarse whisper.

"I orful feared he is, Miss Lou," assented the matter-of-fact Chunk. "De Rebs so neah w'en dey fiah, en Marse Scoville sut'ny did go off he hoss sudden. I been a week gittin' yere en I neber git yere ef de cullud people didn't he'p me long nights."

The girl stood silent and motionless. Suddenly Zany grasped her hand and whispered, "I yeared steps. Come ter de cabin. Be off, Chunk."

They had scarcely reached Aun' Jinkey's door before a shadow approached and the harsh voice of Perkins asked, "What's goin' on yere?"

"My young mistis des seein' her mammy 'bout her clos," replied the quick-witted Zany.

"I thought I yeared voices down by the run."

"Reck'n you bettah go see," said Zany in rather high tones.

"What the dev—what makes yer speak so loud? a warnin'?"

"Tain' my place ter pass wuds wid you, Marse Perkins. Dem I serbs doan fin' fault."

"I reckon Mr. Baron'll do mo'n find fault 'fore long. I better say right yere en now I've got my orders 'bout that nigger Chunk. Nobody kin save 'im ef caught. You've been followed before in your night-cruisin', en you're lookin' fer some one. Ef there's trouble, Miss Baron kyant say I didn't give warnin'. Now that the sogers is gone I'm held 'sponsible fer what goes on. and he stalked away.

He did not wish to come into an open collision with Miss Lou again if he could help it,—not at least while the Waldos remained. He had concluded that by a warning he might prevent trouble, his self-interest inclining him to be conservative. Confederate scrip had so lost its purchasing power that in its stead he had recently bargained with Mr. Baron for a share in the crops. Thus it happened that the question of making a crop was uppermost in his mind. Until this object was secured he feared to array the girl openly against him, since her influence might be essential in controlling the negroes. If policy could keep them at work, well and good; if the harshest measures seemed best to him he was ready to employ them.

Not only was he puzzled, but Zany also and Aun' Jinkey were sore perplexed at Miss Lou's silence. She had stood motionless and unheeding through the colloquy with the overseer, and now remained equally deaf and unresponsive to the homely expressions of sympathy and encouragement of the two women. They could not see her face, but quickly felt the dread which anything abnormal inspires in the simple-minded. Prone to wild abandon in the expression of their own strong emotions, the silent, motionless figure of the young girl caused a deeper apprehension than the most extravagant evidences of grief.

"Aun' Jinkey," whispered Zany, "you mus' des he'p me git her to her room."

She went with them without word or sign. Their alarm was deepened when they saw her deathly pale and almost rigid features by the light of her candle.

"Miss Lou, honey, speak ter yo' ole mammy. You broke my heart w'en you look dat away."

"I tell you he's dead," whispered the girl.

"Dis ter'ble," groaned the old woman.

"'Fo' de Lawd I dunno w'at er do."

Zany felt instinctively that the girl was beyond their simple ministrations, and she was desperately afraid that if Mrs. Baron came Chunk's presence would be revealed by words spoken unconsciously. She and Aun' Jinkey promptly agreed that Mrs. Waldo was their only hope, and Zany flew to summon her.

Fortunately the lady had not retired, and she came at once. "Louise, Miss Baron, what is the matter?" she asked in strong solicitude.

"I tell you he's dead," again whispered the girl, looking as if a scene of horror were before her eyes. "The Rebs were so near when they fired, and he fell off his horse sudden. Ch—"

Quick as light Zany's hand was over the girl's mouth. The scared face and trembling form of the young negress did not escape Mrs. Waldo's quick eye.

"Zany, what are you concealing?" she asked sternly. "What does all this mean?"

"Dar now, missus," answered Aun' Jinkey with a certain simple dignity, "we mus' des trus you. I'se yeared you a lubin' serbent ob de Lawd. Ef you is, you ain' gwine ter bring mis'ry on mis'ry. We mus' brung

Miss Lou roun' sudden 'fo' ole miss comes. He'p us git young mistis sens'ble en I tell you eberyting I kin. Dere ain' not'n bade 'bout dis honey lam' ob mine."

They undressed the girl as if she were a helpless child and put her to bed, and then Zany went down stairs to keep Mrs. Baron out of the way if possible, at the same time listening intently for any signs of trouble to Chunk.

Miss Lou's overtaxed mind had given way, or rather was enchained by a spell of horror to the scenes presented all too vividly in Chunk's bald statement. Her nervous force had been too enfeebled and exhausted to endure the shock of an impression so tremendous in its tragic reality that her faculties had no power to go beyond it. Chunk's words had brought her to a darkening forest and her dead lover, and there she staid.

Seeing how unconscious she was, Aun' Jinkey whispered enough in explanation to enable Mrs. Waldo to comprehend the girl's condition.

"We must make her sleep," said the lady decisively, and under her wise ministrations the stricken girl soon looked almost as if she were dead. Having kindly reassured and dismissed Aun' Jinkey, Mrs. Waldo watched Miss Lou as she would have kept vigil with one of her own daughters.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONSPIRATORS.

PERKINS was very ill at ease that night, from a haunting suspicion that Chunk had returned. "Pesky nigger'll have a revolver, too, most likely, en be crazy ter use it! Haint been 'mong them cussed Yanks fer nothin'!" There was therefore little disposition for a night hunt after one who knew every inch of the region besides being as stealthy and agile as a cat. The blow from which his head still ached had a warning significance. Coarse, ignorant and superstitious, he was an easy victim to the tormenting fears of his own bad conscience. The graves by the run and the extemporized cemetery farther away had even greater terrors for him than for Aun' Jinkey. Even his whisky jug could not inspire sufficient courage to drive him at night far from his

own door. Though both hating and despising Whately, yet the absence of the young officer and his forte was now deeply regretted, as they had lent a sense of security and maintained the old order of existing authority. Now he was thrown chiefly on his own responsibility, for Mr. Baron was broken and enfeebled by what he had passed through. Avarice spurned Perkins to carry through the crops in which he had an interest, while his hope of revenge on Chunk, Scoville and Miss Lou also tended to keep him at a post which he foresaw would be one of difficulty and danger. He had no doubt that the Union officer and his freedmen would return as soon as they could, and for the chance of wreaking his vengeance he was the more willing to remain in what he feared would be a spook-infested region. "Onst squar with them, en crops realized," he muttered, "I kin feel mo' comf'ble in other parts. Tomorrer, ef Chunk en that scout's in these diggin's I'll know hit."

He was aware that the few dogs left on the plantation would make no trouble for one they knew as well as they did Chunk, but he could rely on the brute which he kept in his own quarters—a blood-hound, savage to every one except his master.

"Grip will smell out the cussed nigger in the mawnin' ef he's around," he assured himself before beginning his nightly debauch. "What's mo', Miss Baron ain't so high en mighty now she knows I'm comin' to be the rale boss on the place. She didn't even speak w'en I gin my warnin' ter night."

Although Chunk knew his danger and was cautious, he was disposed on the first night of his arrival to take some serious risks in order to carry out the schemes dwelt upon during the long days of skulking home. Naturally fearless, he had acquired much of Scoville's soldier-like and scouting spirit. The young officer had associated his dwarfish follower with the service rendered by Miss Lou and was correspondingly grateful. Chunk therefore received much consideration and good counsel by which he had profited. Especially had Scoville scoffed at the negro's superstitions, telling him that a fool afraid of spooks was neither fit to be a free man nor a soldier.

Since Chunk had no imagination and

believed absolutely in his master, there were no more "spooks" for him, but he knew well the dread inspired by that word on the plantation, and it was his purpose to avail himself of these deep-rooted fears. He heard the colloquy between Zany and the overseer very distinctly, but so far from running away, dogged the latter home. Long knife and revolver were handy in his belt and a heavy club was carried also. Since no soldiers were around, Perkins was not to be dreaded in the night, when once his resting-place was known. Crouching a long time in the shadow of some cedars, Chunk watched the overseer's window, but the light was not extinguished. A sudden suspicion dawned on our watcher, causing him to chuckle low with delight. "Hi! he des feared of sleep-in' in de dark, en dat can'te bu'n all night!" Gliding a few steps nearer brought to the quick ear a resounding snore, accompanied with a warning growl from the blood-hound. "I des fix 'em bofo' I froo," and the brawny hand clutched with greater force the heavy club it carried.

"Nex', some dem fellers mus' be tole to he'p," and Chunk crept away to the quarters. It was an easy task to waken and enlist Jute, well known to be one of the most disaffected and fearless among the hands. The two started off to a grove which none could approach without being seen, and had a long whispered consultation. As a result, Jute returned to the quarters and brought back three others whom he knew would enter into the schemes on foot. By midnight Chunk had six of the braver and more reckless spirits among the slaves bound to him by such uncouth oaths as he believed would hold them most strongly. Then they returned to their cabins while the chief conspirator (after again reconnoitering the overseer's cottage) sought the vicinity of his granny's home.

With mistaken kindness and much shrewdness Chunk had resolved upon a course that would fill the old woman's life with terror. He adopted the policy of not letting her know anything of his plans, so that she could honestly say "I dunno" and prove the fact by her manner. He instinctively felt that it would have a very bad look if superstitious Aun' Jinkey remained composed and quiet through the scenes he purposed to bring about. Her sincere and very

apparent fears were to be his allies. It was part of his scheme also that Zany should be very badly frightened and made eager to run away with him as soon as he and the others were ready for departure.

By a preconcerted signal he summoned Aun' Jinky, who was much affected by the thought that she was bidding her grandson a good-by which might be final, but oppressed with fear, she was at the same time eager he should go. Putting into his hands a great pone of corn bread she urged, "Des light out, Chunk, light out sud'n. 'Twix de baid news en Miss Lou en w'at Perkins do ef he cotch you, I des dat trembly, I kyant stan'."

"Perkins asleep, granny. I'se off now fer good, but I comin back fer you some day."

He disappeared, and too perturbed to think of sleep the old woman tottered back to her chimney corner. A few moments later she shuddered at the hooting of a screech-owl, even though she surmised Chunk to be the bird. Not so Zany who answered the signal promptly. In a tentative way Chunk sought to find if she was then ready to run away, but Zany declared she couldn't leave Miss Lou "lookin' ez if she wuz daid." Thinking it might be long indeed before she saw her suiter again, she vouchsafed him a very affectionate farewell which Chunk remorselessly prolonged, having learned in his brief campaigning not to leave any of the goods the gods send to the uncertainties of the future. When at last he tore himself away, he muttered, "Speck she need a heap ob scarin' en she git all she wants. Ef dat ar gyrul doan light out wid me nex' time I ax her, den I eats a mule." And then Chunk apparently vanished from the scene.

The next morning Miss Lou awoke feeble, dazed and ill. In a little while her mind rallied sufficiently to recall what had happened, but her symptoms of nervous prostration and lassitude were alarming. Mrs. Whately was sent for, and poor Mr. Baron learned, as by another surgical operation, what had been his share in imposing on his niece too severe a strain. Mrs. Waldo whispered to Miss Lou, "Your mammy has told me enough to account for the shock you received and your illness. Your secret is safe with me."

Meantime the good lady thought, "It will all turn out for the best for the poor child.

Such an attachment could only end unhappily, and she will get over it all the sooner if she believes the Yankee officer dead. How deeply her starved nature must have craved sympathy and affection to have led to this in such a brief time and opportunity!"

As may be supposed, Aun' Jinkey had been chary of details and had said nothing of Scoville's avowal. The mistress of the plantation looked upon her niece's illness as a sort of well earned "judgment for her perversity," but all the same, she took care that the strongest beef tea was made and administered regularly. Mrs. Whately arrived and became chief watcher. The stricken girl's physical weakness seemed equaled only by a dreary mental apathy. There was scarcely sufficient vital force left even for suffering, a fact recognized by the aunt in loving and remorseful solicitude.

By the aid of his blood-hound Perkins discovered that some one whom he believed to be Chunk had been about, and he had secret misgivings as he thought of the negro's close proximity. He had already learned what a blow Chunk could deal and his readiness to strike. Taking the dog and his gun he had cautiously followed the run into which the tracks led until satisfied that the man he was following had taken horse and was beyond pursuit. On his return he learned of Miss Lou's illness, and so ventured to threaten Aun' Jinkey.

"Yer do know 'bout that cussed grandson o' yours. Kyant fool Grip, en he's smelled out all the nigger's tracks. Now ef yer don't tell the truth I'll raise the kentry 'roun' en we'll hunt 'im to the eends of the yearth."

"Well den, Marse Perkins," admitted the terror stricken woman, "I des tell you de truf. Dat gran'boy ob min' des come to say good-by. Marse Scoville daid en Chunk mos' up Norf by dis time, he went away so sud'n."

"That Yankee cus dead?" cried Perkins in undisguised exultation.

"Marse Scoville daid, shot of'n he hoss long way f'm yere," replied Aun' Jinkey sorrowfully. "He kyant harm you ner you 'im no mo', ner Chunk neider."

"Why the devil didn't you let us know Chunk was here las' night?"

"He my gran'son," was the simple reply.

"Well he isn't Zany's grandson! Now I

know w'at she was snoopin' round nights fer, en Mrs. Baron'll know, too, 'fore I'm five minutes older."

Aun' Jinkey threw up her hands and sunk back into her chair more dead than alive. She, too, had been taxed beyond endurance and all her power to act had ceased with her final effort to show that pursuit of Chunk would be useless.

Perkins speedily obtained an audience with Mrs. Baron, who became deeply incensed and especially against Zany. The inexorable old lady, however, never acted from passion. She nodded coldly to the overseer, saying, "I will inform Mr. Baron and he will give you your orders in regard to the offenders."

Zany was too alert not to observe the interview and the omens of trouble in the compressed lips of "ole miss" and the steel-like gleam of her eyes. The moment Mrs. Baron was closeted with her husband the girl sped to the cabin. "Did you tell Perkins Chunk been yere?" she demanded fiercely.

"'Fo' de Lawd I des gwine all ter pieces," gasped Aun' Jinkey.

"Hope to grashus yer does, en de pieces neber come tergedder agin," said Zany in contemptuous anger and deep alarm.

Under the spur of tremendous excitement she hastened back, thinking as she ran, "Miss Lou too sick ter do any ting. I des gotter' peal ter Miss Whately, er ole miss hab me whipped haf ter daith." When in response to a timid knock Mrs. Whately peered out of her niece's room she found a trembling suppliant with streaming eyes. Noiselessly shutting the door the matron said warningly:

"Don't you know Miss Lou's life depends on quiet?"

"How she gwine to hab quiet w'en ole miss gwine to hab Marse Perkins whip me'n Aun' Jinkey to daith?"

"Nonsense! Why should either of you be punished?"

"Well, missus, I 'fess ter you," sobbed Zany, "kase you got more feelin' fer us. Chunk come las' night ter say good-by ter he granny'n me, en den he put out fer good, en ain' comin' back no mo'. Perkins en he dog foun' hit out dis mawnin', en Aun' Jinkey tole 'im, too, I reck'n, she all broke up. Perkins been talkin' ter ole miss en she look lak she al'ays does w'en ders no

let up. Hit ud des kill Miss Lou if she knew me'n Aun' Jinkey wuz bein' whipped."

"Zany," said Mrs. Whately in rising anger, "you both had full warning. You knew what Chunk had done. He stole my son's horse and one from his master also, besides doing other things that could not be forgiven."

"Please reckermember, missus, dat Chunk en me is mighty sweet on each oder, en he Aun' Jinkey gran'boy. Tain' dat we 'prov' of his goin's on, but how cud we tell on 'im en see 'im daid, w'en he des come ter say good-by. Oh, ef Miss Lou on'y well she neber let dat ole Perkins tech us."

"I will see your master before anything is done," said Mrs. Whately with troubled face. Go to your work now. I will get Mrs. Waldo to watch in my place after a while."

Mr. Baron was depressed physically and mentally by the trying events of the past few weeks, but the fact that Chunk had ventured on the place again and had been permitted to escape, angered him deeply. He also accepted the view of his wife and overseer that all discipline among the slaves would soon be at an end if so serious an offense were overlooked. It would be a confession of weakness and fear, they believed, which would have a most demoralizing effect in the quarters. Chunk represented the worst offenses of which the slaves could be guilty; the most solemn warnings had been given against aiding and abetting him in any way. To do nothing now would be a virtual permission of lawlessness. There was no thought of mercy for Zany, but Aun' Jinkey's age, feebleness, together with her relations to Chunk and Miss Lou complicated matters.

Husband and wife were still consulting when Mrs. Whately joined them. Mrs. Baron did not welcome her guest, feeling that this was purely a personal affair, and was in no mood to brook interference.

"I can't be absent long," began Mrs. Whately. "Zany has told me everything and"

"I think, sister, that Mr. Baron and I can manage this matter," interrupted Mrs. Baron coolly.

"No doubt you can," Mrs. Whately replied with dignity.

"I did not come down to interfere with

your domestic affairs. There is one point on which I have a right to speak and must speak. You can't punish Aun' Jinkey and Zany now if knowledge of such punishment can in any way reach our niece. No matter how much they may deserve it, I say you can not do it. I promised Zany nothing, held out no hope to her of escape, but to you I will speak plainly. If you should excite and disturb Louise now, you might easily cause her death. If you feel that you can not overlook the offense (and I know how serious a one it is), wait till I can remove Louise to my own house. You will find that Dr. Pelton when he arrives will confirm my words."

Mr. Baron weakened. He had not the relentless will of his wife who interposed with cutting emphasis, "There is no need of Louise's knowing anything about it till she is much better, and it would be well for her to learn then, as well as the slaves, that there is still a master and mistress."

"It may be long before Louise is much better," Mrs. Whately replied gravely. "She has been subjected to a strain for which my conscience reproaches me, however it may be with yours. She is in a very critical state, and seemingly from some recent shock."

"Can the news Chunk brought have had any such effect?" broke forth Mrs. Baron indignantly—"news of the death of that Yankee whom she met and treated as a social equal sorely against my will?"

"Lieutenant Scoville dead!" exclaimed Mrs. Whately looking shocked and sad.

"Yes, so Chunk told his granny."

Mrs. Whately was troubled indeed. Perhaps there had been much more than she had suspected. If so, this fact would account for the girl's extreme prostration. To bring these tidings might have been one of Chunk's chief motives in venturing on his brief visit. Miss Lou might know all about the visit and even have seen Chunk herself. If this were true, punishment of those who were in a sense her accomplices would be all the more disastrous. The perplexed matron felt that she must have more time to think and to acquire fuller knowledge of the affair.

"Brother," she said firmly, "you are the guardian of Louise and in authority. She is now helpless and at present quiet. If quiet of mind and body can be maintained long enough she will no doubt get well. In a sense I am now her physician; and I say,

as Surgeon Ackley said of his patients, she can not be disturbed. I positively forbid it. Dr. Pelton who must soon be here will take the same ground. Public opinion will support him and me in holding you responsible if you order anything endangering your ward's life and health at this time. Mrs. Waldo and her son would be witnesses. How far the former is acquainted with affairs we do not know. She watched with Louise all last night. If you act hastily you may be sorry indeed. I am trying kindness and conciliation with my people and they are doing better. I fear your policy is mistaken. Chunk is gone and beyond punishment. It is asking much to expect that his grandmother and the girl who loves him after her fashion would give information against him. It would seem that only the two slaves and Perkins know of this visit. Affairs are bad enough with you as it is, and you can easily make them much worse. If you must punish for effect, take some stout field-hand who is insubordinate or lazy. At any rate I love Louise and hope some day to call her daughter, and I will not have her life endangered. That's all I have to say."

Mr. Baron's flame of anger had died out. His views had not been changed by his harsh experience, but he had been compelled to see that there were times when he could not have his own way. So he said testily, "Well, well, we'll have to let the matter rest awhile I suppose."

Mrs. Whately departed. Mrs. Baron put her thin lips together in a way which meant volumes, and went out on her housekeeping round, giving her orders to Zany in sharper, more metallic tones than usual. The delinquent herself had overheard enough of the conversation to learn that the evil day had at least been put off, and to get some clew as to the future.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHUNK PLAYS SPOOK.

SINCE Mr. Baron had yielded for the present, Mrs. Whately was glad nothing need be said to the physician concerning their affairs. His positive injunction of quiet was sufficient, and now that Mr. Baron was impressed with its need and had had time for sober second thought, he concluded that he had trouble enough on hand as it was. He felt

that every quiet day gained was so much toward securing the absolutely essential crops. Perkins was therefore summoned and the situation in part explained.

The overseer was in unusual good humor over the death of Scoville, and if Chunk had escaped finally, there was compensation in the thought of having no more disturbance from that source. So, fortunately for poor Zany, avarice came to the fore, and Perkins agreed that the best thing to do was to bend every energy to "making the crops," using severity only in the furtherance of this end.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Baron, but I must have sump'n up and down clar. There's been so many bosses of late en my orders been knocked eendwise so of'en that I don't know, en the hands don't know, whether I've got any po'r or no. Ef this thing 'bout Chunk gits out, en nobody punished, the fiel'-hans natchelly think we darsn't punish. Mought es well give up then."

"Punish as much as you think necessary to keep the quarter hands at work. Then it is plain," replied Mr. Baron.

Very seldom had Perkins been in so complacent and exultant a mood as when he left the presence of Mr. Baron that morning. But his troubles began speedily. Jute had slept little the night before and was stupid and indifferent to his work in the afternoon. Finding threats had little effect, the overseer struck a blow with his cane. The negro turned fiercely but was confronted with a revolver. He resumed work doggedly, his sullen look spreading like the shadow of a cloud to the faces of the others. So many began to grow indifferent and reckless that to punish all was out of the question. Perkins stormed and threatened, striking some here and there, almost beside himself from increasing anxiety and rage. Whichever way he turned a dark vindictive face met his eyes. The slaves had enjoyed a brief sense and sweet hope of freedom; he was seeking to refasten the yoke with brutal hands, and it galled as never before. Even his narrow arbitrary nature was impressed with the truth that a great change was taking place; that a proclamation issued hundreds of miles away was more potent than his heavy hand. He was as incapable of any policy other than force as was his employer of abandoning the grooves in which his thoughts had always run.

The worrisome afternoon finally ended, leaving the harassed man free to seek consolation from his jug. Mr. Baron relapsed into his quiet yet bitter mental protest. "Ole miss" maintained inexorable discipline over the yard and house slaves, keeping all busy in removing every stain and trace of the hospital. She governed by fear also, but it was the fear which a resolute indomitable will produces in weaker natures.

Mrs. Waldo already felt uncomfortable. There was no lack of outward courtesy, but the two women had so little in common that there was almost a total absence of sympathy between them. The guests through the fortune of war resolved therefore to depart in a day or two, making the journey home by easy stages. Mrs. Whately was both polite and cordial, but she also felt that the family should be alone as soon as possible, that they were facing problems which could better be solved without witnesses. It was her hope now to nurse her charge back to health and, by the utmost exercise of tact, gain such an ascendancy over the girl as to win her completely. Granting that the matron's effort was part of a scheme, it was one prompted by deep affection, a yearning to call her niece daughter and to provide for the idolized son just the kind of wife believed to be essential to his welfare. Much pondering on the matter led her to believe that even if the tidings of Scoville's death had been the cause of the final prostrating shock, it was but the slight blow required to strike down one already feeble and tottering to her fall. "He probably made a strong, but necessarily a passing impression on the dear child's mind," she reasoned. "When she gets well she will think of him only as she does of the other Union soldiers who so interested her."

The object of this solicitude was docile and quiet, taking what was given her, but evidently exhausted beyond the power of thought or voluntary action.

The night passed apparently without incident, but it was a busy one for Chunk. He again summoned Jute and his other confederates to a tryst in the grove to impress them with his plans. It was part of his scheme to permit a few nights to pass quietly so that disturbances would not be associated with him, he being supposed far away. In the depths of the adjacent forest he had found

safe shelter for himself and horse, and here, like a beast in its lair, he slept by day. The darkness was as light to him about the familiar plantation, and he prowled around at night unmolested.

During this second meeting he attempted little more than to argue his dusky associates out of their innate fear of spooks and to urge upon them patience in submitting to Perkins's rule a little longer. "I des tells you," he declared, "dey ain' no spooks fer us! Dere's spooks on'y fer dem w'at kills folks on de sly-like. Ef ole Perkins come rarin' en tarin' wid his gun en dawg, I des kill 'im ez I would a rattler en he kyant bodder me no mo'; but ef I steal on 'im now en kill 'im in he sleep he ghos pester me ter daith. Dat de conslomeration ob de hull business. I doan ax you ter do anything but he'p me skeer 'im mos' ter daith. He watchin' lak a ole fox ter ke'p you en Zany yere. Ef you puts out, he riz de kentry en put de houn's arter you. We des got ter skeer 'im off fust. I'm studyin' how ter git dat dawg out'n de way. Des go on quiet few mo' days, en ef you year quar noises up on de hill whar de sogers bur'ed you know hit me. Look skeered lak de oders, but doan be fear'd en keep mum."

The next few days and nights passed in quiet and all began to breathe more freely. Even Aun' Jinkey rallied under the soothing influence of her pipe and the privilege of watching part of each day with Miss Lou. Slowly the girl began to grow better. Hoping not even for tolerance of her feelings in regard to Scoville, it was her instinct to conceal them from her relatives. She knew Mrs. Waldo would not reveal what Aun' Jinkey had told her, and understood the peculiar tenderness with which that lady often kissed her. She also guessed that while the stanch Southern friend had deep sympathy for her there was not very strong regret that the affair had ended in a way to preclude further complications.

"Remember, my dear," said Mrs. Waldo, in her affectionate parting, "that God never utterly impoverishes our lives. Only we ourselves can do that. You will get well and become happy in making others happy."

On the evening of that day, even Mr. Baron's routine was completely restored. His larder was meager compared with the past, but with the exception that Mrs.

Whately occupied the place of his niece at the table, and viands were fewer, all was as it had been. Zany's fears had subsided, leaving her inwardly chafing at the prospect of monotonous and indefinite years of work under "ole miss," with little chance of Chunk's return. Aun' Suke's taste of freedom had not been to her mind, so she was rather complacent than otherwise, and especially over the fact that there was so little to cook. The garden and Mr. Baron's good credit would insure enough plain food till the crops matured and the impoverishment caused by the raid was repaired. It certainly seemed when the sun set that evening that the present aspect of affairs might be maintained indefinitely in the little community.

Only one was not exactly at rest. Perkins felt as if something was in the air. There was a brooding, sullen quiet among the negroes which led him to suspect that they were waiting and hoping for something unknown to him. This was true of Uncle Lusthah and the majority. The crack of Union rifles was the "soun' f'm far away" they were listening for. By secret channels of communication tidings of distant battles were conveyed from plantation to plantation, and the slaves were often better informed than their masters. As for Perkins, he knew next to nothing of what was taking place, nor did he dream that he was daily addressing harsh words to conspirators against his peace.

The time had come when Chunk was ready to act. On the night in question a hot wind arose which blew from the little burial-place on the hill toward the house. "Hi! now's de charnce fer fix dat ar bizness!" and he made his preparations. Shortly before midnight he crept like a cat under the overseer's window. The heavy snoring rose and fell reassuringly, sweet as music to Chunk's ears. Not so the angry, restless growling of the savage bloodhound chained within. "But you doan kotch me dis yere time fer all yer fuss, Marse Grip," the negro muttered. "I done hab yer brekfus' ready fer yer! Dat'll settle yer hash," and with deft hand a piece of poisoned meat was tossed close to the brute's feet as Chunk hastened away. Jute was next wakened and put on the watch. An hour later there came from the soldiers' cemetery the most doleful, unearthly sounds imaginable. No need for

Jute and his confederates to arouse the other negroes in the quarters. A huddled, frightened gang soon collected, Aun' Jinkey among them so scared she could not speak.

"Marse Perkins ought to know 'bout dis," cried Jute.

The suggestion was enough. The whole terror-stricken throng rushed in a body to the overseer's cottage and began calling and shrieking, "Come out yere! come out yere!" Confused in his sudden waking, and thinking he was mobbed, he shouted through the window, "I'll shoot a dozen of yer ef yer don't clar out."

"Marse Perkins, des you lis'n," rose in chorus from those far beyond the fear of mortal weapons.

In the silence that followed the rushing wind bore down to them a weird, dismal howl that in Perkins's ears met every ghostly requirement. His teeth began to chatter like castanets, and snatching his jug of corn whisky he swallowed great draughts.

"We des tink you orter know 'bout dis," said Jute.

"Cert'ny," cried Perkins, in his sudden flame of false courage. "I'll light a lantern and take twenty o' you hands round that place. Ef thar's a cuss yonder makin' this 'sturbance we'll roast 'im alive."

In a moment or two he dressed, and came out with a light and his gun. Two revolvers were also stuck in his belt. As he appeared on the threshold there was a prolonged yell, which curdled even his inflamed blood and sent some of the negro women into hysterics.

"Come on," shouted the overseer hoarsely, "thirty of yer ef yer afraid."

The crowd fell back. "We ain' gwine ter dat ar spook place, no mattah w'at you do to us."

"Perkins, what is the matter?" Mr. Baron was heard shouting from the house.

"Reckon you better come out yere, sir."

"Are the hands making trouble?"

"No, sir; sump'n quar's gwine on, what we kyant mek out yit."

Mr. Baron, wrapped in his dressing-gown, soon appeared on the scene, while Aun' Suke's domain contributed its quota also of agitated, half-dressed forms. Chunk could not resist the temptation to be a witness to the scene, and in a copse near by was

grinning with silent laughter at his success.

After learning what had occurred, Mr. Baron scoffed at their superstitions, sternly bidding all to go to their places and keep quiet. "Perkins, you have been drinking beyond reason," he warned his overseer in a low voice. "Get back to your room quick, or you will be the laughing-stock of everybody! See here, you people, you have simply got into a panic over the howling of the wind, which happens to blow down from the graveyard to-night."

"Neber yeared de win' howl dat away befo'," the negroes answered, as in a mass they drifted back to the quarters.

Perkins was not only aware of his condition, but was only too glad to have so good an excuse for not searching the cemetery. Scarcely had he been left alone, however, before he followed the negroes, resolved upon companionship of even those in whom he denied a humanity like his own. In the darkness Chunk found an opportunity to summon Jute aside and say, "Free er fo' ob you offer ter stay wid ole Perkins. Thet he'p me out."

Perkins accepted the offer gladly, and they agreed to watch at his door and in the little hall-way.

"You mus' des tie up dat ar dawg ob yourn first," stipulated Jute.

"Why, whar in — is the dog? Hain't yeared a sound from 'im sence the 'sturbance begun."

"Dawgs kyant stan' spooks nohow," remarked Jute.

"I've yeared that," admitted Perkins, looking around for the animal.

"Thar he is, un'er yo' baid," said Jute, peeking through the doorway.

The miserable man's hair fairly stood up when the brute was discovered stark and dead without a scratch upon him. Recourse was again had to the jug and oblivion soon followed.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A VISITATION.

THERE was no more sleep at the quarters that night, and never was the dawn more welcome. It only brought a respite, however, for the impression was fixed that the place was haunted. There was a settled

aspect of gloom and anxiety on every dusky face in the morning. Mr. Baron found his overseer incapacitated for duty, but the hands were rather anxious to go to work and readily obeyed his orders to do so. They clung to all that was familiar and every-day like, while their fears and troubled consciences spurred them to tasks which they felt might be a sort of propitiation to the mysterious powers abroad. Zany was now sorry indeed that she had not gone with Chunk, and poor Aun' Jinkey so shook and trembled all day that Mrs. Whately would not let her watch by Miss Lou. Knowing much of negro superstitions she believed, with her brother and Mrs. Baron, that the graves on the place, together with some natural, yet unusual sounds, had started a panic which would soon die out.

When at last Perkins, shaky and nervous, reported the mysterious death of his dog, Mr. Baron was perplexed, but nothing more. "You were in no condition to give a sane account of anything that happened last night," he said curtly. "Be careful in the future. If you will only be sensible about it, this ridiculous scare will be to our advantage, for the hands are subdued enough now and frightened into their duty."

Perkins remained silent. In truth, he was more frightened than any one else, for the death of his dog appeared to single him out as a special object of ghostly hostility. He got through the day as well as he could, but dreaded the coming night all the more as he saw eyes directed toward him, as if he, in some way, were the cause of the supernatural visitation. This belief was due to the fact that Aun' Jinkey in her terror had spoken of Scoville's death, although she would not tell how she knew about it. "Perkins shoot at en try to kill Marse Scoville," she had whispered to her cronies, "en now he daid he spook comin' yere ter hant de oberseer. We neber hab no quiet nights till dat ar Perkins go way fer good."

This rational explanation passed from lip to lip and was generally accepted. The coming night was looked forward to in deep apprehension, and by none more than by Perkins. Indeed, his fears so got the better of him that when the hands quit work he started for the nearest tavern and there remained till morning. Chunk was made aware of this fact, and the night passed in

absolute quiet. All the negroes not in the secret now hoped that the overseer was the sole prey of the spook, and that if they remained quietly in their places they would be unmolested. Chunk and a few of the boldest of his fellow conspirators had full scope therefore to perfect their final arrangements. In a disused room of one of the out-buildings the most ragged and blood-stained uniforms of the Union soldiers had been cast and forgotten. These were carried to a point near the burying-ground, tried on and concealed. Chunk found it was no easy task to keep even the reckless fellows he had picked up to the sticking point of courage in the grewsome tasks he had in view; but his scoff, together with their mutual aid and comfort, carried them through, while the hope of speedy freedom inspired them to what was felt to be great risks.

On this occasion he dismissed them some little time before midnight, for he wished them to get rested and in good condition for what he hoped would be the final effort the following night. As he lingered in the still, starlit darkness he could not resist making an effort to see Zany, and so began hooting like an owl down by the run, gradually approaching nearer till he reached the garden. Zany, wakeful and shivering with nameless dread, was startled by the sound. Listening intently, she soon believed she detected a note that was Chunk's and not a bird's. Her first impression was that her lover had discovered that he could not go finally away without her and so had returned. Her fear of spooks was so great that her impulse was to run away with Chunk as far from that haunted plantation as he would take her. Trembling like a wind-shaken leaf, she stole into the garden shrubbery and whispered, "Chunk?"

"Hi! yere I is."

There was no tantalizing coquetry in Zany's manner now. In a moment she was in Chunk's arms sobbing, "Tek me way off fum dis place. I go wid you now, dis berry minute, en I neber breve easy till we way, way off enywhar, I doan keer whar. O Chunk, you doan know w'at been gwine on, en I darsn't tell you twel we gits way off."

"I isn't feared," replied Chunk easily.

"Dat's kaze you doan know. I des been tremblin' stiddy sence las' night, en I'se feared hit begin eny minute now."

"Hit woan begin dis yere night," replied Chunk, soothingly and incautiously.

"How you know?" she asked quickly, a sudden suspicion entering her mind.

"W'at's ter begin?" answered Chunk, now on his guard. "De night am still, nobody roun'. I hang roun' a few nights 'twel I study out de bes' plan ter git away."

"Has you been hangin' roun' nights, Chunk?" Zany asked solemnly.

"How you talks, Zany! Does you spect I dar stay roun' whar Perkins am? He kill me. He done gone way to-night."

"How you know dat?"

"One de fiel'-hans tole me."

"Chunk, ef you up ter shines en doan tole me I done wid you. Hasn't I hep you out'n in eberyting so fur? Ef I fin' out you been skeerin me so wid eny doin's I des done wid you. I des feel hit in my bones you de spook. You kyant bamboozle me. I kin hep you—hab done hit afo'—en I kin hinder you, so be keerful. Dere's some dif'unce in bein' a spook yosef an bein' skeered ter death by a rale spook. Ef you tryin' ter skeer en fool me I be wuss on you ner ény Voodoo woman dat eber kunjurd folks."

The interview ended in Chunk's making a clean breast of it, and in securing Zany as an ally with mental reservations. The thought that he had fooled her rankled.

Mr. Baron's expostulation and his own pressing interests induced Perkins to remain at home the following night. As Jute had seemed forgiving and friendly, the overseer asked him to bring two others and stay with him, offering some of the contents of the replenished jug as a reward. They sat respectfully near the door while Perkins threw himself on his bed with the intention of getting to sleep as soon as possible. "Are you shore ther wuz no 'sturbances last night?" he asked.

"Well, Marse Perkins," replied Jute, "you didn't 'spect we out lookin'. We wuz po'ful sleepy en roll we haid en er blankets, en den 'fo' we knowed, hit sun-up. Folks say en de quarters dat ar spook ain' arter us."

"Who the devil is hit arter then?" was the angry response.

"How we know mars'r? We neber try ter kill enybody."

"But I tell you I didn't kill him," expostulated their nervous victim.

"Didn't name no names, Marse Perkins. I on'y knows w'at I yeared folks tell 'bout spooks. Dey's mighty cur'us, spooks is. Dey des 'pear to git a spite agin some folks en dey ain' bodderin' oder folks long ez dey ain' 'feered wid. I 'spect a spook dat wuz 'feered wid, get he dander up en slam roun' permiscus. I des tek a ole bull by de horns 'fo' I 'fere wid a spook," and Jute's companions grunted assent.

"W'at's the good o' yer bein' yere then?" Perkins asked, taking a deep draught.

"Well, now, Marse Perkins, you mus'n be onreasonbul. W'at cud we do? We des riskin' de wool on we haid stayin' yere fer comp'ny. Ef de spook come, spose he tink we no business yere en des lay we out lak he kunjyer yo' dawg? We des tank you Marse Perkins fer anoder lil drap ter kep we sperets out'n we shoon," and Jute shuddered portentously.

"Well," said Perkins, with attempted bravado, "I rammed a piece o' silver down on the bullet in my gun. 'Twix 'em both"—

"Dar now, Marse Perkins, you des been 'posed on 'bout dat silber business. Ole Unc' Sampson w'at libed on de Simcoe place nigh on er hun'erd yeahs dey say, tole me lots 'bout a spook dat boddered um w'en he a boy. Way back ole Marse Simcoe shot at de man dat hanker fer he darter. De man put out en get drownded, but dat doan make no difrence Unc' Sampson say, kaze ole Marse Simcoe do he bes' ter kill der man. He sorter hab kill in he heart, en Unc' Sampson 'low a spook know w'at gwine on in er man's in'erds, en dey des goes fer de man dat wanten kill um on de sly, en not dose dat kill in f'ar fight. Ole Unc' Sampson po'ful on spooks. He libed so long he get ter be sorter spook hesef, en dey say he talk ter um haf de time 'fo' he kiner des snuf out'n lak a can'l."

"He wuz a silly old fool," growled Perkins, with a perceptible tremor in his voice.

"Spect he wuz 'bout some tings," resumed Jute, "but know spooks, he sut'ny did. He say ole Marse Simcoe useter plug lead en silver right froo dat man dat want he darter, en dar was de hole en de light shinin' froo hit. But de spook ain' min'in' a lil ting lak dat, he des come on all de same snoopin' roun' arter de ole man's darter. Den one mawnnin' de ole man lay stiff en daid in he baid, he eyes starin' open ez ef he see sump'n

he cudn't stan' no how. Dat wuz de las' ob dat ar spook, Unc' Sampson say, en he say spooks cur'us dat away. W'en dey sats'fy der grudge dey lets up en dey doan foller de man dey down on kaze dey on'y po'r in de place whar de man 'lowed ter kill um."

Perkins took a mental note of this very important limitation of ghostly persecution, and resolved that if he had any more trouble all the crops in the State would not keep him within the haunted limit.

He whiled away the time by aid of his jug and Job-like comforters till it began to grow late and he drowsy.

Suddenly Jute exclaimed, "Hi! Marse Perkins, w'at dat light dancin' up yon'er by de grabeyard?"

The overseer rose with a start, his hair rising also as he saw a fitful jack-o'-lantern gleam, appearing and disappearing on the cemetery hill. As had been expected, he obeyed his impulse, pouring down whisky until he speedily rendered himself utterly helpless; but while his intoxication disabled him physically, it produced for a time an excited and disordered condition of mind in which he was easily imposed upon. Jute shook him and adjured him to get up, saying, "I years quar soun's comin' dis way."

When satisfied that their victim could make no resistance, Jute and his companions pretended to start away in terror. Perkins tried to implore them to remain, but his lips seemed paralyzed. A few moments later a strange group entered the cottage—five figures dressed in Federal uniforms, hands and faces white and ghastly, and two carrying white cavalry sabers. Each one had its finger on its lips, but Perkins was beyond speech. In unspeakable horror he stared vacantly before him and remained silent and motionless. The ghostly shapes looked at him fixedly for a brief time, then at one another, and solemnly nodded. Next, four took him up and bore him out, the fifth following with the jug. At the door stood an immovably tall form, surmounted by a cavalry hat and wrapped in a long army overcoat.

"Leftenant Scoville!" gasped Perkins.

The figure, as if the joints of its back were near the ground, made a portentous inclination of assent and then pointed with another white saber to the hill, leading the way. Perkins tried to shout for help, but his tongue seemed powerless, as in fact it was,

from terror and liquor combined. He felt himself carried swiftly and, as he thought, surely, to some terrible doom.

At last his bearers stopped, and Perkins saw the mounds of the Union dead rising near. He now remembered in a confused way that one more grave had been dug than had proved necessary, and he uttered a low howl as he felt himself lowered into it. Instantly the tall figure which appeared to direct everything threatened him with a ghostly saber, and an utter paralysis of unspeakable dread fell upon him.

For a few moments they all stood around and pointed at him with ghostly white fingers, then gradually receded until out of sight. After a time Perkins began to get his voice, when suddenly his tormentors appeared in terrible guise. Each white, ghostly face was lighted up as by a tongue of fire; terrible eyes gleamed from under wide crowned cavalry hats, and a voice was heard, in a sepulchral whisper, "Nex' time we come fer you, we bury you!"

At this instant came a flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous clap of thunder. The jaws of the figures dropped, the burning splinters of light-wood they carried dropping down into the grave, and on its half lifeless occupant. The ghosts now disappeared finally—in fact took to their heels; all except Chunk, who secured the jug, nodded thrice portentously at Perkins and then retired also, not a little shaken in his nerves, but sufficiently self-controlled to rally his panic-stricken followers and get them to remove their disguises before wrapping their heads in blankets. Having removed and hidden all traces of the escapade he hooted for the alert Zany, who had been tremblingly on the watch in spite of her knowledge of what was going on. As she fled with Chunk before the coming storm she gasped between the gusts, "I declar, Chunk, sech doin's gwine ter brung a judgment."

Even Chunk inclined to this view for a time, as the lightning blazed from sky to earth, and the thunder cracked and roared overhead. The rain poured in such torrents that he feared Perkins might be drowned in the grave where he had been placed. As for Aun' Jinkey, she stared at her unexpected visitors in speechless perplexity and terror until the fury of the tempest had passed and their voices could be heard.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

UNCLE LUSTHAH EXHORTS.

THE heavy thunder shower which came and passed quickly, combined with a consciousness of their high-handed performances, so awed Chunk and Zany and oppressed them with misgivings, that they were extremely reticent, even to Aun' Jinkey. Chunk appeared profoundly ignorant of the ghostly disturbances, trying to say unconcernedly, "I foun' hit a orful long en skeery trable ter de Un'on lines, en I says ter mysef, 'De Yanks fin' me down yere quicker ner I fin' dem up Norf. Dey be comin' dis away agin sho.'"

"I des tells you we all git whip nigh ter daith ef you ain' mo' keerful," said Aun' Jinkey, solemnly. "I kyant stan' de goin's on. I gwine ter pieces ev'ry day, en nights git'n wusser'n de days. De gust ober, en you bettah light out. Ef Zany missed dey come yere lookin' fer her."

They needed no urging to depart, for Zany was now as scared as Chunk had ever wished her to be, but her terrors were taking a form which inclined her to cling to the old landmarks rather than risk she knew not what, in running away. As she and Chunk were stealing toward the kitchen a flash of lightning from the retiring storm revealed a startling figure—that of Perkins, drenched and bedraggled, his eyes almost starting from their sockets, as he staggered toward his cottage. Chunk's courage at last gave way; he turned and fled, leaving Zany in the lurch. Frightened almost to the point of hysterics, she crept to her bed and shook till morning, resolving meantime to have done with Chunk and all his doings. The next day Mrs. Baron found her the most diligent and faithful of servants.

Perkins reached his door and looked into the dark entrance, the gusts having blown out the light. He shook his head, muttered something unintelligible, and then bent his uncertain steps to the tavern. The next morning Mr. Baron suspected where he was and went to see him. The overseer was found to be a pitiable spectacle, haggard, trembling, nervous in the extreme, yet sullen and reticent and resolute in his purpose never to set foot on the plantation again. Mr. Baron then closed all business relations and sent over the man's belongings. Per-

kins became a perplexing problem to Mr. Baron and his household, and a terrible tradition to the negroes, who regarded him as a haunted man. Every day and night passed in quietness after his departure enabled them to breathe more freely and to become more assured that he "wuz de on'y one de spooks arter."

Chunk felt that he had disgraced himself by running away and leaving Zany, and did not venture back till the second night after the culmination of his schemes. He found Jute and his associates scared, sullen, and inclined to have little to do with him in their present mood. Then he hooted in vain for Zany. The girl heard him but made no sign, muttering, "Sence you runned away en lef me I'se done with runnin' away. You tootin' lak a squinch-owl en kin kep comp'ny wid squinch-owls."

Only Aun' Jinkey gave him food and a sort of fearful welcome, and poor Chunk found himself at last a very unhappy and skulking outlaw.

Mr. Baron gradually rallied under his increased responsibilities, and resolved to be his own overseer. Although an exacting master, the negroes knew he was not a severe one if they did their work fairly well. The spook scare had given Uncle Lusthah renewed influence, and he used it in behalf of peace and order. "Our fren, Miss Lou, sick," he urged. "We mek her trouble en we mek oursefs trouble ef we doan go on peac'ble. What kin we do eny way at dis yer time? De Norf fightin' fer us, en hit all 'pen' on de Norf. We mus' kep a gwine ez we is till de times en seasons ob de Lawd is 'vealed."

And so for a period quiet again settled down on the old plantation. Mrs. Whately and Aun' Jinkey nursed Miss Lou into a slow, languid convalescence, till at last she was able to sit in an easy chair on the piazza. This she would do by the hour, with a sad, apathetic look on her thin face. She was greatly changed, her old rounded outlines had shrunk, and she looked frail enough for the winds to blow away. The old fearless, spirited look in her blue eyes had departed utterly, leaving only an expression of settled sadness, varied by an anxious, expectant gaze, suggesting a lingering hope that some one might come, or something happen to break the dreadful silence which

began, she felt, when Scoville fell from his horse in the darkening forest. It remained unbroken, and her heart sunk into more hopeless despondency daily. Aun' Jinkey and Zany were charged so sternly to say nothing to disturb the mind of their young mistress that they obeyed. She was merely given the impression that Perkins had gone away of his own will, and this was a relief. She supposed Chunk had returned to his Union friends, and this also became the generally accepted view of all except Aun' Jinkey.

Mrs. Whately came to spend part of the time at the Oaks and part on her own plantation, where her presence was needed. Her devotion would have won Miss Lou's whole heart but for the girl's ever present consciousness of Mad Whately in the background. The mother now had the tact to say nothing about him except in a natural and general way, occasionally trying the experiment of reading extracts from his brief letters, made up, as they were, chiefly of ardent messages to his cousin. These Miss Lou received in silence and unfeigned apathy.

The respite and quiet could not last very long in these culminating months of the war. Without much warning even to the negroes, who appeared to have a sort of telegraphic communication throughout the region, a Union column forced its way down the distant railroad, and made it a temporary line of communication. Mr. Baron suddenly woke up to the fact that the nearest town was occupied by the Federals, and that his human property was in a ferment. A foraging party soon appeared in the neighborhood and even visited him, but his statement of what he had suffered and the evident impoverishment of the place led the Union officer to seek more inviting fields.

Partly to satisfy her own mind, as well as that of her niece, Mrs. Whately asked after Scoville, but could obtain no information. The troops in the vicinity were of a different organization, the leader of the party a curt, grizzled veteran, bent only on obtaining supplies. Miss Lou, sitting helplessly in her room, felt instinctively that she did not wish even to speak to him.

To Chunk, this Union advance was a god-send. He immediately took his horse to the railroad town, sold it for a small sum, and

found employment at the station, where his great strength secured him good wages. He could handle with ease a barrel akin to himself in shape and size.

Uncle Lusthah suddenly found immense responsibility thrust upon him. In the opinion of the slaves the time and seasons he had predicted and asked his flock to wait for had come. Negroes from other and nearer plantations were thronging to the town, and those at the Oaks were rapidly forming the purpose to do likewise. They only waited the sanction of their religious teacher to go almost in a body. The old preacher was satisfied they would soon go any way, unless inducements and virtual freedom were offered. He therefore sought Mr. Baron and stated the case to him.

The old planter would listen to nothing. He was too honorable to temporize and make false promises. "Bah!" he said irritably, "the Yanks will soon be driven off as they were before. I can't say you are free! I can't give you a share in the crops! It's contrary to the law of the State and the whole proper order of things. I wouldn't do it if I could. What would my neighbors think? What would I think of myself? What a fine condition I'd be in after the Yanks are all driven from the country! No, I shall stand or fall with the South and maintain the institutions of my fathers. If you people leave me now and let the crops go to waste you will soon find yourselves starving. When you come whining back I'll have nothing to feed you with."

Uncle Lusthah cast an imploring look on Miss Lou where she sat in her chair, with more interest expressed in her wan face than she had shown for a long time.

"Uncle Lusthah," she said earnestly, "don't you leave me. As soon as I am able I'll buy you of uncle and set you free. Then you can always work for me."

"I doan wantar lebe you, young mistis, I sut'ny doan, ner der ole place whar I al'ays libed. But freedom sweet, young mistis, en I wantar feel I free befo' I die."

"You shall, Uncle Lusthah. You have earned *your* freedom, anyway."

"Tut, tut, Louise, that's no way to talk," said her uncle testily.

The old slave looked from one to the other sorrowfully, shook his head and slowly retired.

"Remember what I said," Miss Lou called after him, and then sunk back in her chair.

Uncle Lusthah had to relate the result of his conference, and the consequence was an immediate outbreak of a reckless, alienated spirit. That afternoon the field hands paid no attention to Mr. Baron's orders, and he saw that slaves from other plantations were present. Uncle Lusthah sat at his door with his head bowed on his breast. His people would listen to him no more, and he himself was so divided in his feelings that he knew not what to say.

"Hit may be de Lawd's doin's ter set He people free," he muttered, "but somehow I kyant brung mysef ter lebe dat po' sick chile. Ole mars'r en ole miss kyant see en woan see, en dat lil chile w'at stan' up fer us in de 'stremity ob triberlation be lef' wid no one ter do fer her. I berry ole en stiff in my jints en I cud die peaceful ef I know I free; but hit 'pears that de Lawd say ter me, 'Uncle Lusthah, stay right yere en look arter dat lil sick lam'. Den I mek you free w'en de right time come.'"

Uncle Lusthah soon had the peace of the martyr who has chosen his course. Mr. Baron also sat on his veranda with head bowed upon his breast. He too had chosen his course, and now in consequence was sunk in more bitter and morose protest than ever. Events were beyond his control and he knew it, but he would neither yield nor change. This was the worst that had yet befallen him. Black ruin stared him in the face and he stared back with gloomy yet resolute eyes. "I will go down with my old colors flying," he resolved, and that was the end of it.

His wife was with him in sympathy, but her indomitable spirit would not be crushed. She was almost ubiquitous among the house and yard slaves, awing them into a submission which they scarcely understood and inwardly chafed at. She even went to the quarters and produced evident uneasiness by her stern, cutting words. None dared reply to her, but when the spell of her presence was removed all resumed their confused and exultant deliberations as to their future course.

Aun' Jinkey, sitting with Miss Lou, scoffed at the idea of going away. "Long ez my chimly corner en my pipe dar I dar too," she

said. "Dis freedom business so mux up I kyant smoke hit out nohow."

Zany was in a terribly divided state of mind. Were it not for Miss Lou, she would have been ready enough to go, especially as she had heard that Chunk was at the railroad town. Her restless spirit craved excitement and freedom: a townful of admirers, with Chunk thrown in, was an exceedingly alluring prospect. With all her faults, she had a heart, and the sick girl had won her affection unstintedly. When, therefore, Miss Lou summoned her and fixed her sad, pleading blue eyes upon her, the girl threw her apron over her head and began to cry. "Doan say a word, Miss Lou," she sobbed, "doan ax me not ter go, kaze ef you does I kyant go."

"Sech foolishness!" ejaculated Aun' Jinkey with a disdainful sniff. "She lebe you des lak a cat dat snoop off enywhar en arter enybody w'at got mo' vittles. W'at she keer?"

Down came the apron, revealing black eyes blazing through the tears which were dashed right and left as Zany cried, "You ole him-age, w'at you keer? You tink a hun'erd times mo' ob yo' pipe ner Miss Lou. Long ez you kin smoke en projeck in dat ar ole cabin hole you woan lebe hit 'less you turned out. I des gwine ter stay out'n spite, en doan wanten go a hun'erd mile ob dat gran'-boy ob yourn."

"There, Zany," said Miss Lou gently, holding out her hand. "I understand you and Aun' Jinkey both, and you both are going to stay out of love for me. I reckon you won't be sorry in the end."

Up went the apron again and Zany admitted, "I kyant lebe you, Miss Lou, I des kyant," as she rushed away to indulge in the feminine relief of tears without stint.

Mr. and Mrs. Baron passed a sleepless night, for even the question of food would be problematical if all the able-bodied men and women on the place went away. In the early dawn there were ominous sounds at the quarters, and as the light increased a spectacle which filled the old planter and his wife with rage was revealed. The quarters were empty and all were trooping toward the avenue with bundles containing their belongings. This was to be expected, but the act which excited the direst indignation was the hitching of the only pair of mules left on

the place that were worth anything to the old family carriage. Aun' Suke was waddling toward this with the feeling that a "char'ot wuz waitin' fer her now, sho!"

Mr. and Mrs. Baron looked at each other in quick, comprehensive sympathy, then hastily and partially dressed. Mr. Baron took his revolver while "ole miss" snatched a sharp carving knife from the dining-room. By the time they reached the scene, Aun' Suke filled the back seat of the carriage and the rest of the space was being filled with babies.

"Stop that!" shouted Mr. Baron. "Before I'll let you take my mules I'll shoot 'em both."

"Ole miss" wasted no time in threats,—she simply cut the traces and there were Aun' Suke and the babies stranded. The negroes drew together on one side and master and mistress on the other. The faces of the latter were aglow with anger; on the countenances of the former were mingled perplexity and sullen defiance, but the old habit of deference still had its restraining influence.

"Go and starve and leave us to starve, if you will," shouted Mr. Baron, "but you shall steal none of my property."

Angry mutterings began among the negroes, and it were hard to say how the scene would have ended if old Uncle Lusthah had not suddenly appeared between the opposing parties, and held up his hand impressively.

"I gib up my charnce ter be free," he began with simple dignity. "My body 'longs ter you yit, mars'r en misus; but not my speret. Out'n dat I gwine ter speak plain fer de fear ob man clean gone fum me. Mars'r, w'at I say ter you? Lak ole Pharo, you t'ink yo'sef bigger'n de Lawd. Ef you'd done spoke ter de hans en say 'des go home en dar de crops en shar' togeder,' dey ud stayed en wucked fer you 'tented like, but you des talk lak ole Pharo. Now de people gwine en you kyant stop dem. We knowed 'bout de prokermation ob de gre't Linkum. We know we bin free dis long time. We al'ays know you no right ter keep us slaves. Dis yere God's worl'. Hit don't 'long ter you en misus. He ain' stoppin' ter 'sult you 'bout He doin's. Ef you s'mitted ter He will you'd a gwine 'long easy lak de crops grow in spring-time. Now hit des de same ez ef you plant de crops in de fall en 'spect de Lawd ter turn de winter inter summer ter

please you. I berry ole en had 'sperance. I'se prayed all de long night, en de Lawd's gib me ter see inter de futer. Lak Moses I may neber git in de promised lan' ob freedom, but hit dar en you kyant kep de people out'n hit. Ef you doan bend ter He will, you breaks. W'en all de han's gone en de fiel's is waste t'ink ober de trufe. De Lawd did'n mek dis yer worl' ter suit you en misus. P'raps He t'ink ez much ob dem po' souls dar (pointing at the negroes) ez ob youn. Didn't I stan' wid dem w'at die ter mek us free? Der blood wateh dis hull lan', en I feels hit in my heart dat de Lawd 'll brung up a crap dis lan' neber saw befo'. Please reckmember, mars'r en misus, de gre't wuck ob de Lawd gwine right along des ez ef you ain' dar."

Then the old man turned to the negroes and in his loud, melodious voice concluded, "I gibs you one mo' 'zortation. You is free, but ez I say so of un you ain' free ter do foolishness. Tek yo' wibes en chil'un; dey youn. Tek yo' clo'es; you arned um en much mo', but you kyant tek de mules en de ker'age: dey mars'r's. Go en wuck lak men en wimmin fer hon'st wages en show you fit ter be free. Reckmember all I tole you so of un. De Lawd go wid you en kep you in de way ob life everlas'in'."

The better element among the negroes prevailed, for they felt that they had had a spokesman who voiced their best and deepest feelings. One after another came and wrung the hand of the old man and departed. To "Pharo" and his wife few vouchsafed a glance, for they had cut the cord of human sympathy. Many messages of affection, however, were left for Miss Lou. The mothers took the babies from the carriage, Aun' Suke was helped out and she sulkily waddled down the avenue with the rest. By the time she reached the main road her powers of locomotion gave out, causing her to drop half-hysterical, by the wayside. Some counseled her to go back, saying they would come for her before long; but pride, shame and exhaustion made it almost as difficult to go back as to go forward and so she was left lamenting. With stern, inflexible faces, master and mistress watched their property depart, then returned to the house, while Uncle Lusthah mended the harness temporarily and took the carriage back to its place. Standing aloof, Zany had watched the scene,

wavering between her intense desire to go and her loyalty to Miss Lou. The sick girl had conquered, the negress winning an heroic victory over herself. When she entered the back door of the mansion, her face rigid from the struggle she had passed through, she was in no lamb-like mood. Neither was her mistress, who was angrier than she had ever been in her life.

"Well," she said to Zany in cold, cutting tones, "what are you doing here? Looking around for something to carry off before you go also?"

Stung to the quick by this implied charge and lack of appreciation of her great self-sacrifice, Zany replied hotly, "I done wid you, misus. I tek no mo' orders fum you. I stay fer sump'n you doan know not'n 'bout—lub, but lub fer Miss Lou. Ef she kyant 'tect me 'gin you den I go."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A NEW ROUTINE.

It certainly was a dismal, shrunken household that Mrs. Baron presided over that morning. Aun' Jinkey came to the rescue and prepared a meager breakfast. Miss Lou's room being on the side of the house farthest from the scenes of the early morning, she had slept on till Zany wakened her. She listened in a sort of dreamy apathy to all that had occurred, feeling that she was too weak physically and too broken-spirited to interfere. She also had the impression that it would have been of no use—that her uncle and aunt were so fixed in their ways and views that nothing but harsh experience could teach them anything. In answer to Zany's appeal for protection against "ole miss" Miss Lou said, "We won't say anything more about it now till you get over your hurt feelings, which are very natural. Of course my aunt can't punish you—that's out of the question now, but by and by I reckon you will do for her out of love for me when you see it will save me trouble. You have done a good, unselfish act in staying with me, and having begun so well, you will keep on in the same way. After all of the rest get free you will, too. What's more, when I come into my property I'll make free all who stand by me now."

So Zany brought her up a nice little breakfast and was comforted.

When at last the young girl with weak,

uncertain steps came down to her easy-chair on the piazza, she found her uncle gloomily smoking, and her aunt solacing her perturbed mind with her chief resource—housekeeping affairs. Little was said beyond a formal greeting.

As Miss Lou sat gazing vacantly and sadly down the avenue, a huge figure appeared, making slow, painful progress toward the house. At last Aun' Suke was recognized, and the truth flashed across the girl's mind that the fat old cook had found she could not get away. Finally the woman sat down under a tree not far from the house, not only overcome from heat and fatigue, but also under the impression that she must open negotiations before she could expect to be received.

"There," said Mr. Baron grimly, "is one of them coming back already. They'll be sneaking, whining, back when the crops are spoiled and it's too late."

Miss Lou rose feebly and got an old sunshade from the hall.

"Louise, you are not able—I forbid it."

The girl felt she had strength to get to the old woman, but not enough to contend with her uncle, so she went slowly down the steps without a word. Mr. Baron growled, "I might as well speak to the wind as to anybody on the place any more."

When Aun' Suke saw the girl coming to her she scrambled to her feet, and holding up her hands, ejaculated all sorts of remorseful and deprecatory comments.

"Welcome back," said Miss Lou kindly, when in speaking distance. "There, don't go on so. Sit down and I'll sit down with you." She sunk at the foot of the tree, and leaned against it panting.

"I des feels ez ef de yeth ud op'n en swaller me," began the poor renegade, quivering with emotion.

"Don't talk so, Aun' Suke. I'm not strong enough to stand foolishness. You will go back with me and stay with Uncle Lusthah and Aun' Jinkey and Zany. You will cook for us all just the same, and by and by you will be as free as I am."

"Well, Miss Lou, I comin' back lak de perdigous son, but ole miss ain' got no fatted calf fer me, ner you neider, I reckon. I des feered on w'at ole miss say en do."

"Aun' Suke," said the girl, taking the woman's great black hand, "you stand by

me and I'll stand by you. When I get stronger we'll see what's best to be done. Now I can't think, I don't know. I only feel that we must help one another till all is clearer."

Mrs. Baron accepted Aun' Suke's presence in the kitchen again in grim silence. She believed it the earnest of the speedy return of all the others, and resolved to bide her time when the Southern armies restored completely the old order of things.

Mrs. Whately drove over during the day, and was aghast at what occurred.

"I have kept the great majority of my hands by conciliation and promising them a share in the crops. Indeed, I had virtually to treat them as if free. It was either that or ruin."

"Well," growled her brother, "you can't keep that pace, and I wouldn't begin it."

"I can only do the best I can, from day to day," sighed the lady, "and I've been almost distracted."

After showing her affectionate solicitude for Miss Lou she returned, feeling that her presence at home was now hourly needed.

Gradually the little household began to adjust itself to the new order of things, and day by day Mr. and Mrs. Baron were compelled to see that the few servants who ministered to them were kept at their tasks by an influence in which they had no part. Almost imperceptibly, Miss Lou regained her strength, yet was but the shadow of her former self. Uncle Lusthah gave his attention to the garden, already getting weed-choked. The best he could hope to do was to keep up a meager supply of vegetables, and Zany in the cool of the day often gave him a helping hand.

Late one afternoon Miss Lou, feeling a little stronger, went to Aun' Jinkey's cabin and sat down on the doorstep.

"O mammy," she sighed, "I'm so tired, I'm so tired; yet I can do nothing at all."

"You po' lil chile," groaned Aun' Jinkey, "how dif'ernt you looks ner w'en you fus sot dar en wish sump'n happen."

"Oh," cried the girl almost despairingly, "too much has happened! too much has happened! How can God let such troubles come upon us?"

"Eben Uncle Lusthah hab ter say he dunno. He say he des gwine ter hole on twel de eend, en dat all he kin do."

"O mammy, I'm all at sea. I haven't any strength to hold on, and there doesn't seem anything to hold on to. O mammy, mammy, do you think he's surely dead?"

"I feared he is," groaned Aun' Jinkey. "De say he spook come arter Perkins, en dat w'y de oberseer clared out."

"Oh, horrible!" cried the girl. "If his spirit could come here at all, would it not come to me instead of to that brutal wretch? O mammy, I don't know which is worse, your religion or your superstition. You believe in a God who lets such things happen, and you can think my noble friend would come back here only to scare a man like Perkins. It's all just horrible. O Allan, Allan, are you so lost to me that you can never look good-will into my eyes again?"

Tears rushed to her eyes for the first time since she heard the dreadful tidings, and she sobbed in her mammy's arms till exhausted.

That outburst of grief, and the relief of tears given by kindly nature, was the decisive point in Miss Lou's convalescence. She was almost carried back to her room, and slept till late the following day. When she awoke she felt that her strength was returning, and with it came the courage to take up the burdens of life. For weeks it was little more than the courage of a naturally brave, conscientious nature, which will not yield to the cowardice and weakness of inaction. The value of work, of constant occupation, to sustain and divert the mind, was speedily learned. Gradually she took the helm of out-door matters from her uncle's nerveless hands. She had a good deal of a battle in respect to Chunk. It was a sham one on the part of Zany, as the girl well knew, for Chunk's "tootin'" was missed terribly. Mr. and Mrs. Baron at first refused point-blank to hear of his returning.

"Uncle," said his ward gravely, "is only your property at stake? I can manage Chunk, and through him perhaps get others. I am not responsible for changes which I can't help; I am to blame if I sit down idly and helplessly and do nothing better than fret or sulk. Your bitter words of protest are not bread, and bring no money. For your sakes as well as my own, you must either act or let me act."

The honorable old planter was touched at his most sensitive point, and reluctantly

conceded, saying, "Oh, well, if you think you can save any of your property out of the wreck, employ Chunk on your own responsibility."

So Chunk was reinstated in his granny's cabin and given a share in all he could raise and secure of the crops. The negro was as shrewd as Jacob of old, but, like the Hebrew patriarch, could do much under the inspiration of his twofold affection for Zany and his young mistress.

And so the summer and early fall wore away. The railroad line of communication was maintained, and upon it drifted away Mr. Baron's former slaves and the great majority of the others in the neighborhood. The region in which the plantation was situated was so remote and sparsely settled that it was a sort of border land, unclaimed and unvisited by any considerable bodies from either party. Rev. Dr. Williams' congregation had shrunken to a handful. He officiated at one end of the church, and his plump, black-eyed daughter led the singing at the other, but it was observed that she looked discontented rather than devotional. She was keenly alive to the fact that there was not an eligible man left in the parish. Uncle Lustah patiently drove the mules every clear Sunday morning, and Mr. and Mrs. Baron sat in the carriage whose springs Aun' Suke had sorely tried; but Miss Lou would not go with them. After his readiness to marry her to her cousin she felt it would be worse than mockery to listen to Dr. Williams again.

But a deep yet morbid spiritual change was taking place in the girl. As of old, she thought and brooded when her hands were busy, and during her long, solitary evenings on the piazza. Strange to say, she was drawing much of her inspiration from a grave—the grave of a rough, profane soldier whom she knew only as "Yarry." There was something in his self-forgetful effort in her behalf, even when in the mortal anguish of death, which appealed to her most powerfully. His heroism, expecting, hoping for no reward, became the finest thing in her estimation she had ever witnessed. Her own love taught her why Scoville was attracted by her and became ready to do anything for her. "That's the old, old story," she mused, "ever sweet and new, yet old as the world. Poor Yarry was actuated by a purely unself-

ish, noble impulse. Only such an impulse can sustain and carry me through my life. No, no, Mrs. Waldo, I can never become happy in making others happy. I can never be happy again. The bullet which killed Allan Scoville pierced my heart also and it is dead, but that poor soldier taught me how one can still live and suffer nobly, and such a life must be pleasing to the only God I can worship."

All wondered at the change gradually taking place in the girl. It was too resolute, too much the offspring of her will rather than her heart to have in it much gentleness, but it was observed that she was becoming gravely and patiently considerate of others, even of their faults and follies. As far as possible, her uncle and aunt were allowed their own way without protest, the girl sacrificing her own feelings and wishes when it was possible. They at last began to admit that their niece was manifesting a becoming spirit of submission and deference, when in fact her management of their affairs was saving them from an impoverishment scarcely to be endured.

For Mrs. Whately the girl now had a genuine and strong affection, chilled only by her belief that the plan in regard to the son was ever in the mother's mind. So indeed it was. The sagacious woman watched Miss Lou closely and with feelings of growing hope as well as of tenderness. The girl was showing a patience, a strength of mind, and above all, a spirit of self-sacrifice which satisfied Mrs. Whately that she was the one of all the world for her son.

"I do believe," she thought, "that if I can only make Louise think it will be best for us all as well as Madison, she will yield. The spirit of self-sacrifice seems her supreme impulse. Her sadness will pass away in time, and she would soon learn to love the father of her children. What's more, there is something about her now which would hold any man's love. See how her lightest wish controls those who work for her, even that harum-scarum Zany."

In the late autumn a long-delayed letter threw Mrs. Whately into a panic of fear and anxiety. A surgeon wrote that her son had been severely wounded and had lost his left arm, but that he was doing well.

Here the author laid down his pen. In Mr. Roe's journal, under date of July 11, is

an entry alluding to a conversation with a friend. That conversation concerned the conclusion of this book, and was substantially the same as the outline given by him in a letter, part of which is quoted as follows:

"It is not my purpose to dwell further on incidents connected with the close of the war, as the book may be considered too long already. It only remains for me now to get all my people happy as soon as possible. Zany and Chunk 'make up,' and a good deal of the characteristic love-making will be worked in to relieve the rather somber state of things at this stage. Whately returns with his empty sleeve, more of a hero than ever in his own eyes and his mother's. Miss Lou thinks him strangely thoughtful and considerate in keeping away, as he does, after a short visit at the Oaks. The truth is, he is wofully disappointed at the change in his cousin's looks. This pale, listless, hollow-eyed girl is not the one who set him to reading 'Taming of the Shrew.' That her beauty of color and of outline could ever return, he does not consider; and in swift revulsion secretly pays court elsewhere.

"Mrs. Whately, however, makes up for her son's deficiencies. Utterly ignorant how affairs are shaping, she works by her representations upon Miss Lou's sympathies until the weary consent is wrung from the poor girl,—'Nothing matters to me any more! If it makes you all happy—why—then— But I must wait a year.' She feels that her love for Allan Scoville will never be less, and that this time is little enough to devote to him in silent memory.

"The delighted aunt hastens to report to her son, who stares rather blankly, for a lover, as he hears of this concession on his cousin's part, and without answer he orders his horse and rides furiously away. The ride is one that has been very frequently taken since the young man's return, and pretty soon he is in earnest conversation with the rosy-cheeked, black-eyed daughter of Dr. Williams. There seems to be a very good understanding between the two, and later, just at the final scene, it will come out as effectively as can be portrayed the startling news of their secret marriage.

"The days go on. One afternoon in the late autumn, Aun' Jinkey, smoking and 'projeckin'' as usual in her cabin, has a vision which fairly sends her heart, as she will express it, 'right troo de mouf.' Was it a 'spook,' or had the dead really come back to life? And I hear her exclaim, throwing up her hands, 'Bress de Lawd, Marse Scoville, dat you? Whar you drap fum dis yere time?'

"But the 'vision' will not stop to narrate to the old aunty of his capture, imprisonment and illness, his release and hurried journey North. He catches sight of the slight figure of Miss Lou in the distance near the run, and in a moment is beside her. 'Only death could keep me from seeking you and living for you always, did I not tell you, my darling, my darling?'

"And here I will leave them. The reader's imagination will picture more if more is wished. It is better so."

MY CASTLE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A SPANISH Castle long ago I built,
Where Love and I might keep our holiday;
In its fair Court the fountain's sparkling play
Made light and music, and the happy lilt
Of singing birds, with yellow sunshine gilt,
Called, mate to mate, in amorous roundelay;
And there, I thought, sweet Love might live alway,
And my libation to the gods I spilt.

Fair 'gainst the western sky my Castle rose—
Men envied me who saw its turrets shine
Agleam with sunset lights of fiery gold—
And Love was Lord, and well to rule Love knows,
And I was his, and he was all divine,
And I forgot that Love himself grows old.

PSYCHOMETRY.

BY EDWARD DWIGHT.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in his fascinating experiments with the myrmidons of the insect world, found that ants are highly sensitive to colors imperceptible to human vision. When a ray of light was dissected into a spectrum and cast upon his colony of tiny pets, the red extremity of the rainbow (to us the most effective) had no influence upon them; but as they were placed under the violet end they became much disturbed, and the dark portion beyond that limit of human observation tormented them into a frenzy of agitation. It appears that they do not appreciate light waves until they exceed the bounds of color—that is, of color visible to our eyes, though it is probable that the intensely active ultra-violet part of the spectrum, dark to us, is to them the most keenly brilliant of lights. Further experiments in the effect of sounds upon these insects showed that they hear none of the noises that enter our ears. A pistol-shot over them was unnoticed, except by the mechanical jarring of the air which it caused. These and similar tests have developed the conclusion that the insect world is wholly removed from the larger animals in its senses of color and sound, as of smell, taste and feeling, and that the human ideas of sense-impressions are only a small section of the whole scheme of sense-life. It is understood by scientists that there are many strata of sight, hearing, etc., above and below the narrow plane of our own common perceptions. The insects are almost as far removed from us as spirits in the inconceivable fineness of their senses. They move among us in a wholly different world, seeing things that are concealed from us, hearing what is as silent as the stars to us, smelling in a way that to us is miraculous, feeling with an exquisite daintiness that to our gross experience is angelic. The birds and the denizens of the deep know many secrets of physical activity that exceed our ken. Even our own neighbors in the animal scale enjoy faculties that we cannot understand. The scent of the dog, the sylph-like traits of the cat, the home-finding instincts of all domestic creatures astonish our own limitations. What are music and delight

to us, to them are torture and discomfort. The shrill screeching of the bat is a beautiful note for ears pitched higher than ours; and the rumbling of sounds below the vibrations of any organ pipe is harmony for animals whose avenues of hearing are larger than those of mankind. The "lower" animals are far above us in sensitiveness to delicate impressions. They foretell the weather changes better than the best meteorologist. Their system of chronometry needs no machine to mark the hours and seasons. They are initiated into the movements of earthquakes better than seismologists.

These instances serve to show the dullness of human senses in general and prepare us to appreciate the higher sensitiveness of some individuals. There is a form of superior acuteness in certain persons which is seldom seen and therefore is commonly unknown; but it is a curious indication of what higher development humanity is capable of even in its physical embodiment. It is all the more interesting because it is not, like spiritualism, associated with trickery and collapse of character. It implies strength of soul, rather than mediumistic weakness. Fortunately it is too rare to be made a profession.

The persons who are susceptible to this kind of impressions are set in Nature's finest cases of flesh. Like a delicate barometer they feel all the atmospheric changes, without any aid from the ordinary human weather-indicators found in corns and gout. They are depressed and exhilarated in astonishing degrees by subtle movements, not only of the air, but of life. Feminine intuition is exalted in them to an infallible discernment of hidden things. Just as some people are peculiarly alert to the presence of certain odors or creatures, so these individuals seem to be a bundle of excessive sensibilities. But the experiences that these "sensitives" are most notable in are discoveries of scenes and impressions associated with the objects presented to them.

It is a well-known scientific fact that all things tend to mingle. Not simply gases and liquids, but also solids interchange parts

of themselves with the things next them. Sir David Brewster has expressed it thus: "All bodies throw off emanations in greater or less size and with greater or less velocities; these particles enter more or less into the pores of solid and fluid bodies, sometimes resting upon their surface, and sometimes permeating them altogether. These emanations, when feeble, show themselves in images; when stronger, in chemical changes; when stronger still, in their action on the olfactory nerves; and when thrown off most copiously and rapidly, in heat affecting the nerves of touch; in photographic action, dis-severing and recombining the elements of nature; and in phosphorescent and luminous emanations, exciting the retina and producing vision."

It is also understood by students of science that the principles industrially applied in photography are vastly more far-reaching than the most magical solution of chemicals can trace. Physiologies record many examples of pictures impressed by special circumstances upon the retina of the eye forcibly enough to be hauntingly present before its vision, and even remaining on the tiny optic screen after death. A wide observation gathers the fact that the world is full of eyes, that everything is a camera seeing and recording all that comes before it, that only our ignorant blindness veils the myriad panoramas that attach to the objects around us,—panoramas that show in their order all the events that have taken place there. The substantial basis of these apparently extravagant deductions is confirmed by the words of Dr. J. W. Draper, an unquestioned authority upon physics: "A sunbeam or a shadow cannot fall upon a surface, no matter of what material that surface is composed, without leaving upon it an indelible impression, and an impression which may, by subsequent application of proper chemical agents, be made visible. . . . Time seems to have so little influence on these effects that I conceive it possible, if a new vault should hereafter be opened in the midst of an Egyptian pyramid, for us to conjure up the swarthy forms of the Pharaonic officials who were its last visitors, though forty centuries may have elapsed since their departure."

The laboratory has not yet produced developing agents strong enough to bring

forth such concealed pictures, but the phenomenal perceptions of "psychometers" accomplishes more in this direction than materialistic science can ever do. The word "Psychometry," whose meaning, in this use (the measuring or tracing of things by the soul), does not appear in the dictionaries, comes from Dr. J. R. Buchanan, a Kentucky experimenter in these matters, whose book, with this word as its title (issued half a century ago), first presented in a scientific form many facts connected with the sensitiveness of some people to these hidden photographs. He hoped to establish a new science, by the aid of reliable assistants, which would draw the veil from many obscure departments of nature, and extend the bounds of knowledge in all directions. But the world is still unaware of his movements, though he has been observing and advocating and occasionally publishing ever since. The difficulty lies in the scarcity of operators in this transcendental domain, and the necessity of careful construction in building a tower so high above the level of ordinary dwellings, that it may not be a castle in the air.

The best "psychometer" known to the writer is a modest little lady hidden away from the world in a great city. Only her friends know of her powers, as she never exhibits to the public or exercises her "gift," as she calls it, for money. From childhood she has been abnormally sensitive to everything. Going into a room she feels at once the *morale* of the occupants. Touching a thing she receives strange impressions from it, that are proven by investigation to be reminiscences of its history. Scenes are constantly coming before her, invisible to every one else, but to her as real as flesh and blood, generally attached to the persons or objects near her. Her husband finds it difficult to conceal things from her, or to surprise her. She is not a spiritualist or a medium, and her whole life is fragrant with sweetest wholesomeness. Among circumstances that would be distressing to most persons she is always bright and cheerful. Her delicate physique smiles at pain and discomfort. Upon the circle of her friends she radiates her own buoyant and hopeful spirit, frequently reciting chapters of their past or glimpses of their future that elevate their courage above the commonplace grade of

life. She stands like a kindly watchman high above the heads of the crowd, seeing forward and to the rear, far beyond the usual dim vision. The bondage of physical existence rests lightly upon her, and the invisible verities open many shining doorways to her vision. She is an optimist because she *sees* the beneficent trend of all things. If a piece of writing is held in her hand, from a source unknown to her, she feels the influence of it strongly enough to describe the writer, and often the substance of the writing, in large but accurate outline. There is nothing akin to mind-reading, for she says things that puzzle the observer, though always true; and there is no clairvoyance, for she cannot give the exact writing. Better illustrations of her peculiarities appear in the objects that are handed her to test. A scrap of mummy cloth, concealed from her sight in an envelope, brought forth a description of Egypt, a funeral service, the mountain tombs, a princely character, and the Turks. A piece of turquoise from Arizona produced scenery characteristic of that section, and Pueblo houses and ceremonies. Sometimes her views are extremely vivid and graphic, and always the sensations she describes are felt by her keenly. Often she will be oppressed severely by the influence of some unpleasant spectacle or experience connected with the thing she is holding, and sometimes made to faint. Her method is simply to be passively receptive to what she is holding and watch the train of pictures arising from it.

A very curious and interesting book upon this subject was published twenty-five years ago, called "The Soul of Things." It is the record of the investigation of the author, Professor William Denton, some time connected with Harvard University, based upon many and long tests with several "psychometers" whose names are given, especially his own wife and son, who were marvelously sensitive in these perceptions. The experiments were severely separated from elements likely to produce confused conclusions. The objects examined were always unexplained to the tester. A few specimens will show his results.

A small black pearl, from the Gulf of California, was given to a lady to examine. She did not see it, but supposed it to be a small bean. She said: "I am traveling a long way. I see a man on his knees, digging and

scraping with his hands. He has something like a basket on a stick, which he puts into the water and dips out, and then scrapes with his hands in the dirt. It is not much inhabited here. He is getting stones or something valuable, for he is very choice of them, selecting them with great care. He scrapes into this basket full of holes; the water runs through, and he selects out of what remains at the bottom. They may be diamonds, for aught I know; they shine very bright. He puts them into a little bag. Back from him there is a large building, but it looks as if no one lived there. I see goats; they are the only animals that I can find. I see trees and vines."

A fragment of opal from Nicaragua brought this result: "I see a number of persons that seem quite busy; they are in a row, and are bent over, doing something. This is a mountainous district, but the mountains do not seem to be a continuous chain. The country has a peculiar appearance. There is a kind of dark shade to everything. There is a human influence about this that is foreign. They seem half civilized, but are satisfied with things as they are. They are religious, but their religion does not seem to affect their conduct much. One character comes before me every few minutes—a team driver. He carries a long whip, and shouts and sings by himself; shouts to his mules, and jumps on one and rides occasionally. He sits on one side, like a woman. It seems as if he had no purpose in life beyond the enjoyment of the present. He wears a short kind of frock overcoat, loose pants, and a slouched hat. There are mountains, ravines, and deep cañons—some so deep that I can not see the bottom. At one place is an opening, a chasm, in which they are digging something valuable. What a pure feeling there is! They must be precious stones, for I do not feel the metallic influence which gold gives."

Over a hundred experiments are recorded in this volume, all of these with geological, historic and archaeological objects whose known localities enabled a crucial test of accuracy, but in every case the object being utterly strange to the "psychometer." The results are surprisingly satisfactory. Often the same object was tried with several sensitives, and while the story is different for each the harmony and fitness are invariable.

The pictures are but brief glimpses, but enough to show that they are impressions stamped upon the thing. The predilections of Prof. Denton toward geology led to many experiments with fossils and rocks, and the sketches produced are peculiarly interesting to students of that science, furnishing many strange scenes of actual life in remote ages. Some of these experiments anticipated discoveries that came later from geologists.

A stone hatchet, of which Mrs. Denton knew nothing, from one of the Swiss lake dwellings told this story: "I get the influence of human beings—of savages. They seem to have lived long ago; now I see one—a male I think. He has very long hair, bushy and matted on the top, as if he had been carrying meat on his head. His face is round. His color is brown. I see one that sits like a monkey, his feet on one limb of a tree and his hands on another. He is swinging. What this people undertook they pushed through, dashing along without much thought. There is water here and deep. I see that man stooping over and pulling at something on the water. It seems a kind of raft."

A small fragment of an elephant's tusk from California had this effect upon Prof. Denton's son, then ten years old: "I see a very large elephant dead. He is near a large stream; and there is very high grass, with broad leaves growing. It is a foggy day.

"The clouds burst away, and now it is sunny. I see as many as twenty coming out of a path in the woods. They shake the ground as they run. As they move they twine their tusks round small trees and pull them up by the roots. I patted one and he seemed to like it. I could not reach to the top of his leg. It is hot but very pleasant. They are drinking water with their trunks. They have monstrous teeth. One of them is hollow. I see a hole in it. A great alligator comes out of the water. He runs at an elephant with open mouth. The elephant hits him on the head with his trunk. He crawls off.

"I see Indians sticking spears into them. They have killed one and nearly another. They are bleeding. They have killed several now, and the elephants are running. Why! there was a tremendous noise just then underground. The trees bend over; the ground is cracking. It heaves like the ocean. The trees are falling—the rotten ones. Now another shock. One elephant fell down.

The Indians are running. The ground rose up as if there was something under it. It has made a large hill. Oh! there is a volcano at the top; a black cloud rose out of it. Stones are flying in the air. The lava is running down the sides. There is a terrible noise. A stone fell near me like a boulder, yet the volcano must be miles off. The trees are on fire. The lava runs down to a river, and the water went hissing. It is white and so hot, and runs fast down the hill. It is a grand sight. A cloud hides the sun. I see elephants lashing the ground with their trunks, and running in the road. The blaze of the woods is nearly touching them. They run through the smoke. One dropped on the ground, he is so tired. He jumped up again. They have got on a hill, but many are dead."

These last experiments are with the objects placed upon the forehead, just above the nose. Turning the specimen around, different pictures are presented. Many persons feel the influence of the different metals so strongly as to recognize them by a touch in the dark, and it is not infrequent for people to get the effect of medicines by holding them in the hand. Such people are likely subjects for psychometry. It is claimed that the faculty is comparatively common in some degree, and can be cultivated with astonishing results. To make the test it is necessary only to place an object on the forehead, and sit receptively with closed eyes. It is a harmless experiment worth trying, and where it is successful, often accomplishing many practical uses of great value.

But the best result of it is the realization that the world is a stupendous picture gallery. Nothing is lost or forgotten. All that has ever been lives in the memory of all that now is. It is impossible to escape the perpetuation of every act. The very atoms about us are watchful eyes that will tell the story to all coming ages. Not only is it true that every word goes ringing on eternally, like the increasing circles made by a pebble in a lake, but every minutest event is preserved indelibly. To a trained psychometer the long succession of histories seen by the thing he holds proceeds like the unbosoming of a long-traveled friend. And this little glance under the curtain of things eternal suggests how intimately related are all things, telling each other their hearts' secrets and all they have learned.

MADEIRA.

By S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

THE charms of Madeira are so transcendent that they require no artifice to produce an immediate impression upon him who visits it from northern climes. One may judge then what was the effect on my mind by the rapid transition from the rigors of a New England winter to subtropical enchantments of the most delicious spot on the globe. It was blowing a fierce gale out of the northwest the first of March, when our good ship cast off from Long Wharf, Boston. Under close-reefed fore and main topsails we took our last sight of Cape Ann as nightfall closed over the raging ocean. The gale boomed us along at a magnificent rate; in nine days we sighted Fayal and in thirteen days the brooding outline of the massive ridges of Madeira loomed above the sea. The distance is over three thousand miles, and this was, therefore, a very unusual run.

The harbor is really an open roadstead whose sole protection is the steadiness of the winds, which blow with such uniform regularity that for at least ten months in the year not the slightest apprehension need be felt. The high ridge of the island acts like a wall, preventing the strong northeast trades from striking the anchorage. Seven or eight miles out the sea may be seen running like a mill race, white with caps before the trade wind. Inside of that is a belt of calms broken between morning and evening by a mild local southerly breeze. In winter there is sometimes a blow, or a very high swell from a storm elsewhere. On such occasions ships are liable to be lifted from the anchors and driven ashore. Such occurrences are, however, rare.

The landing is on the steep open beach of pebbles; but in heavy weather there is a protected landing under the Loo Rock, a remarkable isolated eminence crowned by a battery and signal station near the point called the Poutinha.

No sooner was our anchor dropped in the blue water, than our ship was surrounded by a throng of boats; the clamor of the boatmen completely drowned the musical peal of the cathedral bells.

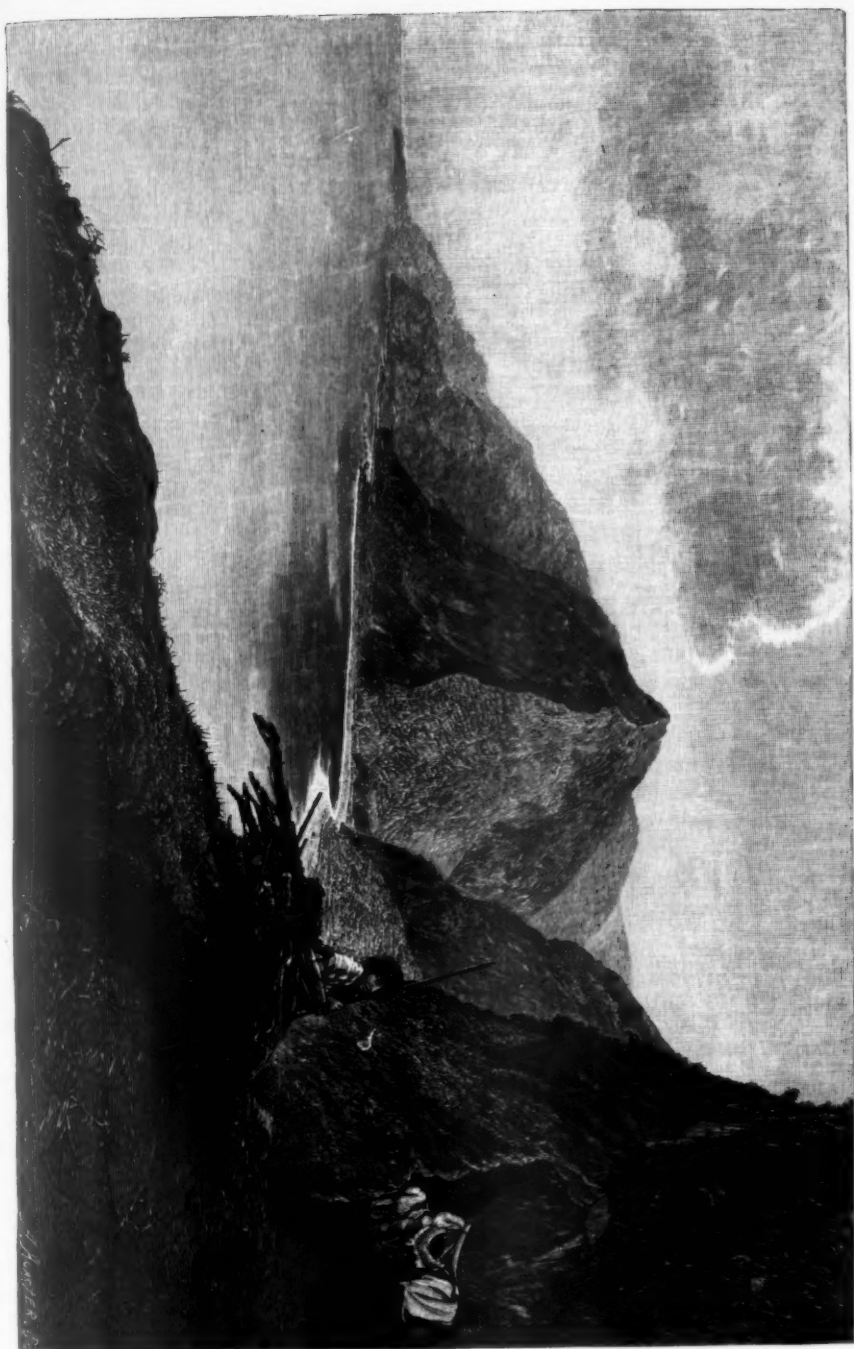
"My name is Manuel," said a bright-eyed, swarthy, athletic but good-natured looking boatman swinging himself barefooted over the bulwarks. "I take you ashore?"

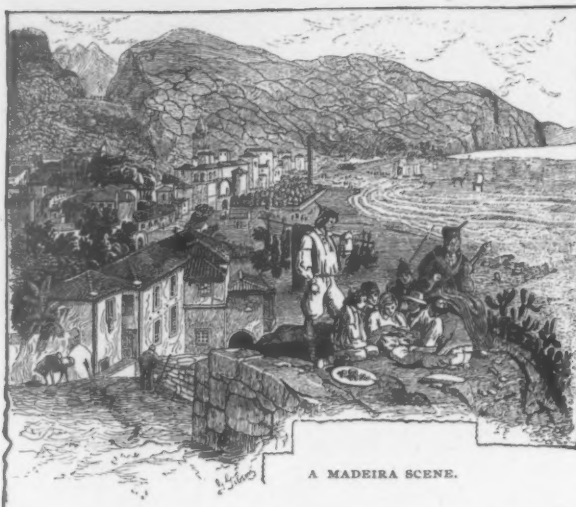
Accepting his offer, I caused my traps to be placed in his boat, and in a few moments was being rapidly propelled by two strong rowers in one of the peculiar boats of the island. A high roller swept us in and lifted the boat well up the steep shingle. At the landing both rowers leaped barelegged into the water and held the boat until the wave receded. With the next roller they carried the boat high and dry and took us ashore on their shoulders.

The landing was near the Governor's palace: the street between that building and the news-room was almost dark with a dense avenue of shade trees. As it was some distance up a hilly road to the hotel I had selected, a carriage was called. When it came I could hardly trust my eyes; the ground was entirely free from snow; the weather never looked nor felt less like snow; in fact, since the discovery of the island, such a thing as snow had been unknown there. And yet the hack before me was a covered sledge drawn by bullocks!

Slowly we moved along the streets and up the steep acclivities; the driver, walking by the bullocks, from time to time laid a bag of grease in front of the runners to ease the friction, and I then observed that the streets of Funchal are paved with small pebbles from the beach, or bits of flat stone. By constant use they become smooth and well nigh as shiny as glass. Probably the pebbles suggested the pavement, and the pavement suggested the form of carriage. These pavements are so slippery that I was obliged to learn to walk on them as on a waxed floor, and a stout cane of Madeira heather-wood became indispensable to me in climbing and descending the hilly streets. Of course the lower classes go barefoot, but the Madeirese gentleman wears a broad-toed shoe in order to cling better to the pavement, and the excellent riding horses of the island are shod with spiked shoes.

A ROAD BY THE COAST, MADEIRA.





A MADEIRA SCENE.

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To invalids this is the perfection of climate, for they know exactly what to depend upon; no wraps nor overcoats, no umbrellas nor overshoes need be taken into consideration there, nor fires. What little rain falls is in trifling showers that may come any day in a certain wayward capriciousness that rather amuses as it seems like playing at making rain. At Funchal in summer time the mercury rises to eighty-five degrees, but it is mollified by a mild sea breeze that blows at midday, and one can easily reduce the temperature by going along the coast or ascending to the villas in the mountains. At Camacha, where I passed one of the most delicious summers of my life, at a height of twenty-two hundred feet above the sea, the glass ranged from sixty-five to seventy-five degrees; the village was embowered in forests, cleared away for rural walks and glimpses of the blue sea far below, and there was ever a low breeze rustling the tree-tops.

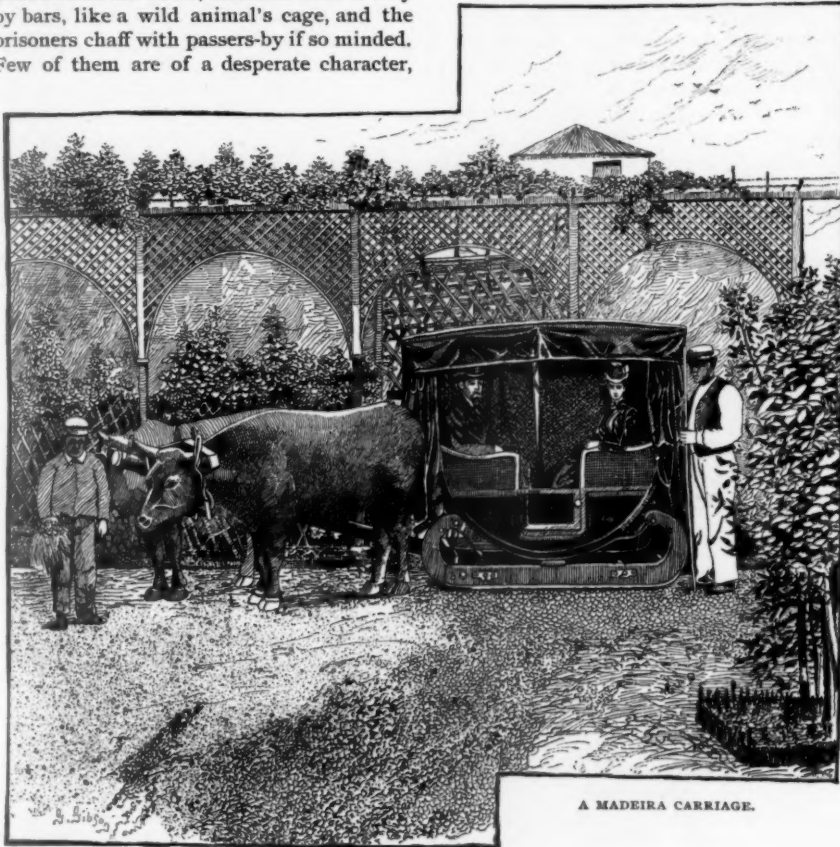
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himself up to the spirit of the island, and, forgetting that there is such a thing as time, allow her to take his hand and lead him at random over all parts of the island. Sometimes he may go on horseback, and sometimes in a hammock borne by two powerful mountaineers, whose lungs are enlarged by the tremendous labors to which they are accustomed. What this toil is may be understood if one considers that the island is only nine miles across, and yet the central ridge is over six thousand feet high, and the only way to pass from one side of the island to the other is over the ridge where it is not less than four thousand eight hundred feet high. Necessarily the road is of the most tremendous character, now down into a deep, shady gorge, musical with streams; now over a lofty ridge by long zigzags. The roads are excellent, but to carry a person weighing one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty pounds upwards of twenty miles a day over such rises and falls is one of the most remarkable displays of physical strength of which there is any record.

These roads of Madeira have been made with great engineering daring and skill, blasted along the face of the cliffs, and sometimes carried by galleries through the face of a projecting rock. The road from San Vincente to Seixal is carried for a distance of six miles along the face of a cliff upwards of two thousand feet high. In parts it turns sharp angles, or it is so narrow, being everywhere unprotected, that no horse or cow is ever allowed to pass over it; or it is carried under roaring cataracts, which leap from above into the sea roaring far below.

The first prospect which the visitor to Madeira is recommended to see is the gorge of the Grande Corral das Freiras, the most striking object in the island, although many others approach it in sublimity and surpass it in beauty. The Corral is about ten miles from Funchal. To reach it I passed over the cliff of Cabo Giram, which plunges all but vertically to the sea from a height of two thousand one hundred and eighty-five feet. Excepting some of the precipices of Formosa, there is no other such remarkable sea cliff known. The road lay through the grape-growing district of the island, called the Estreito. Stopping at a venda to rest



GATHERING HAY ON THE EDGE OF THE GRANDE CORRAL.

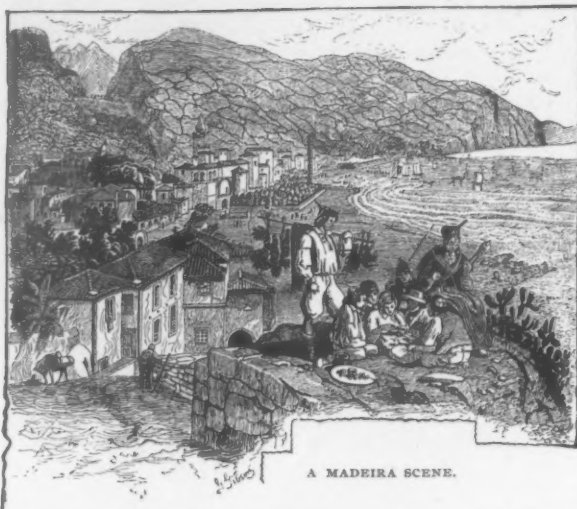
the hammock-bearers and give them their ration of *agua diente*, we arrived at the edge of the Corral almost without warning. I stepped out of the hammock and looked into a chasm over two thousand feet deep where I stood, while the brilliantly colored peaks of Ruivo, Torimhas, Sidrao, and Canario arose opposite nearly two thousand feet higher.

Whether the Corral is a crater or a chasm caused by some great convulsion is for the scientist to decide. To the man of sentiment it is enough that here is one of the most impressive landscapes on the globe. On three sides are the vast walls of rock, so steep that one may fling a stone to the bottom. But the southern side is open, and across it extends the soft azure expanse of the ocean reaching toward the South Pole.

Skirting the edge of the Corral, I came to a ledge only thirty feet wide which divides it from another remarkable chasm called the Serra d'Agoa. It takes a cool head to stand in the middle of that bridge from which one looks down two thousand feet on one side and seventeen hundred on the other. Crossing, I decided to follow the road into the Serra d'Agoa and pass the night at San

Vincente. Constantly aroused to admiration of the enchanting scenes through which I was passing, but which it is useless to attempt to describe, I can not avoid calling attention to a singular atmospheric phenomenon of which no similar example is known except at the island of Mauritius.

For a large part of the year the northeast trade winds strike the northern side of Madeira's ridge of mountains, where the moisture is condensed into clouds. But so lofty is the island that for seven or eight miles out at sea on the southern side the trade wind is not felt; on the contrary the heat of the southern side causes a light southern sea breeze entirely local in its character to blow along the southern coast until sunset. These two opposite currents of air meet at the top of the ridge, and hence the phenomenon to which I have alluded. The clouds driven before the trade wind strike the face of the mountains and dart upwards like spray beating against the shore. But on reaching above the ridge these upward flying clouds meet the current from the south, and are instantaneously beaten back and dissipated in the blue zenith above. At the hour when I saw this extraordinary effect, the sun



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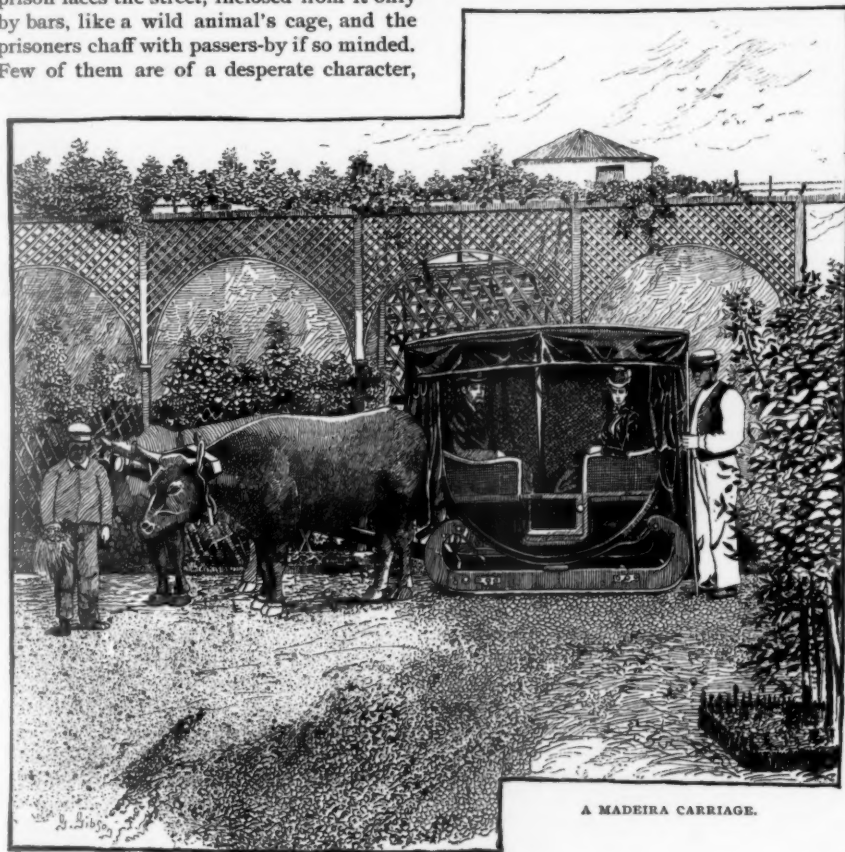
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and how dangerous it is to judge of others by our own mode of action. One might not accept the word of a Portuguese as readily as that of a gentleman in England or America, but on the other hand the postal system of Madeira would not be practicable in either country.

It has been the custom to abuse the Portuguese, a custom probably derived from the Spaniards, as there is no love wasted between the two peoples. I have been much with the Portuguese, and my experience has led me to form a high opinion of them. I have found them amiable and hospitable; their courtesy is far more sincere than that of the other Latin races; they are intelligent and courageous, and make admirable sailors. Those who maintain the contrary opinion have but superficially studied their character. Of course, they have their faults; but where is the faultless race or nation?

The people of Madeira are divided into upper and middle classes and the peasantry. The first include several noblemen; the second, the tradespeople. The third class naturally form by far the largest portion of the population. They are somewhat dark, and show evidences of intermixture with the negro slaves who at one time existed on the island.

The population numbers over eighty thousand, and is far too large for an area of only thirty miles in length and nine in extreme width, considering that the larger portion is so mountainous as to be out of the reach of cultivation. As it is, the greater portion of the arable soil of Madeira is found on ledges, or terraces made with vast labor during the past generations, and often reached by the peasant only by severe climbing and long marches at daybreak.

But these peasants are a cheerful folk, and take life easily. There is little jarring between the gentry or landlords and the rustics. As one rides over the steep mountain roads he meets the peasants carrying heavy loads on their heads, and yet singing or playing on the guitar as they go.

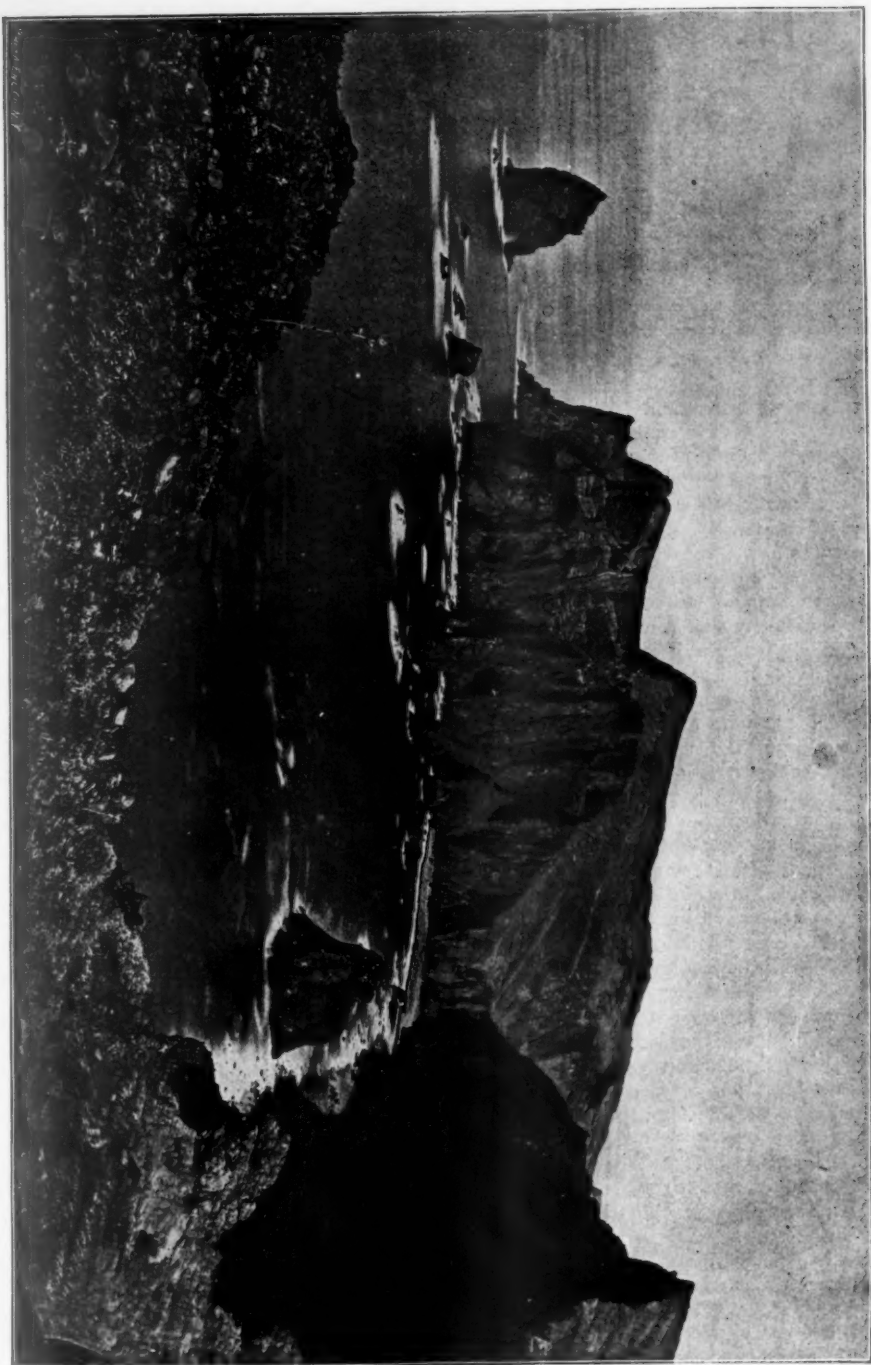
One of the greatest diversions of these simple-minded people are the church festivals. There are numerous parishes, each having its chapel dedicated to some particular saint. When the anniversary of the saint arrives it is celebrated for nine days, and the festival is called a novena. During that

period the people of the parish give themselves up to feasting and merriment around the church.

The vintage also offers an opportunity of relaxation to the hard-working peasants of Madeira. When the proprietor of a vineyard is to have the grapes pressed, the peasants of the neighborhood are called, and while the men dance barefooted in the vat, the damsels sit by with their embroidery and flirt with the men, and the village musician adds to the enjoyment with the ever-present guitar and song, in which all join in.

We hate statistics, at least when yielding to the influences of enthusiasm. But it is pertinent to add here, however, for those who are ignorant of the subject, that Madeira wine has a noble genealogy. The Cyprus wine of classic times, sung by poets of old reposing in hours of ease and love under the waving pines of the voluptuous isles of Greece, that wine needs no praise. Its fame is of all time. The Crusaders felt their zeal to rescue the shrine of their faith somewhat modified when the Cyprus wine coursed through their veins, and among them were some who shrewdly discerned, in a worldly fashion, that the zealot's creed, the epicurean's palate, and the gold-seeker's lust are not necessarily incompatible. They took vines from the vineyards of Cyprus and planted them in Burgundy. The result was somewhat different to their expectations. The vine, like the human race, is affected by changed conditions. But if different, who shall say that it was inferior in view of the noble crimson vintages of Beaune, of Macon, of Verzenay? From Burgundy the vine was again transplanted to Madeira.

An interesting story is connected with the man and woman who, so far as record goes, first stepped foot on the island of Madeira. And I am reminded in recalling their story that it is possible that Shakespeare obtained from it suggestions for the scenes of his immortal play, "The Tempest." In the time of Henry the Eighth an English gentleman, named Robert Machim, fell in love with the fair Anna d'Arfët. She returned his passion, but the disparity in their rank made their love, apparently, hopeless. Machim persuaded the lady to fly across the seas with him. A ship was equipped and the lovers escaped, intending to reach France. But a terrible tempest arose and drove the fated



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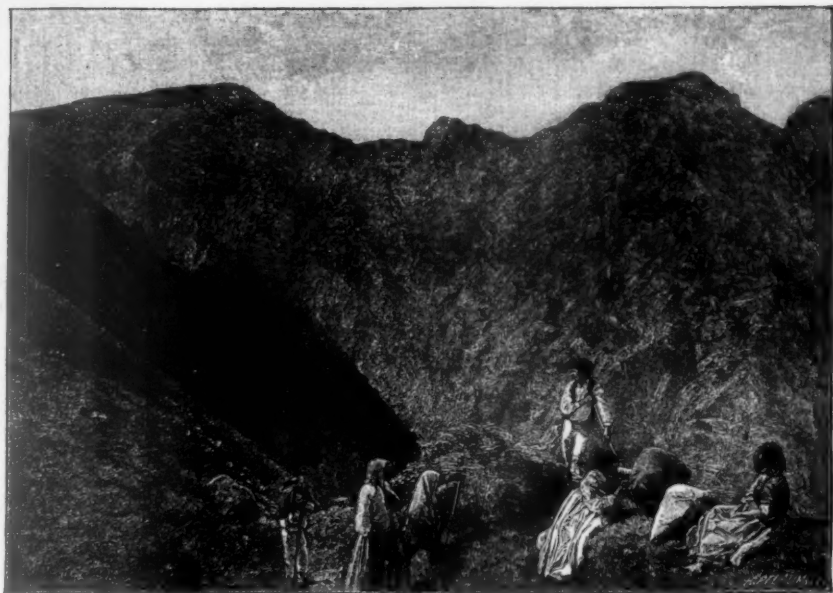
The comrades of Machim contrived, after these tragical events, to construct a rude craft, being unwilling to abide in an unknown solitude. They were blown to the coast of Barbary, where they found the galley had preceded them. Reduced to slavery, they related their adventures to a fellow-captive, a Spaniard named Juan de Morales. Ransomed, he was, on the way home again, captured by the Portuguese navigator, Joao Gonzalez Zares, who learned from him of the existence of Madeira. Zares lost no time in making search for this new Atlantis, discovered it anew, and took possession of it in the name of God and their Portuguese majesties.

I confess that intensely as I enjoyed the landscapes of Madeira, the thought of those English lovers, of that English galley, the first ship anchoring there since creation, gave added zest to my enthusiasm. And yet it almost seems like treason to say this, when I remember the rapture imparted by such delicious prospects as those of San Vincente, or such sublime spectacles as the gorge of the Corral or the Serra d'Agua. Where every prospect is so wonderful it is difficult to select. The wanderer must give

himself up to the spirit of the island, and, forgetting that there is such a thing as time, allow her to take his hand and lead him at random over all parts of the island. Sometimes he may go on horseback, and sometimes in a hammock borne by two powerful mountaineers, whose lungs are enlarged by the tremendous labors to which they are accustomed. What this toil is may be understood if one considers that the island is only nine miles across, and yet the central ridge is over six thousand feet high, and the only way to pass from one side of the island to the other is over the ridge where it is not less than four thousand eight hundred feet high. Necessarily the road is of the most tremendous character, now down into a deep, shady gorge, musical with streams; now over a lofty ridge by long zigzags. The roads are excellent, but to carry a person weighing one hundred and twenty to one hundred and sixty pounds upwards of twenty miles a day over such rises and falls is one of the most remarkable displays of physical strength of which there is any record.

These roads of Madeira have been made with great engineering daring and skill, blasted along the face of the cliffs, and sometimes carried by galleries through the face of a projecting rock. The road from San Vincente to Seixal is carried for a distance of six miles along the face of a cliff upwards of two thousand feet high. In parts it turns sharp angles, or it is so narrow, being everywhere unprotected, that no horse or cow is ever allowed to pass over it; or it is carried under roaring cataracts, which leap from above into the sea roaring far below.

The first prospect which the visitor to Madeira is recommended to see is the gorge of the Grande Corral das Freiras, the most striking object in the island, although many others approach it in sublimity and surpass it in beauty. The Corral is about ten miles from Funchal. To reach it I passed over the cliff of Cabo Giram, which plunges all but vertically to the sea from a height of two thousand one hundred and eighty-five feet. Excepting some of the precipices of Formosa, there is no other such remarkable sea cliff known. The road lay through the grape-growing district of the island, called the Estreito. Stopping at a venda to rest



GATHERING HAY ON THE EDGE OF THE GRANDE CORRAL.

the hammock-bearers and give them their ration of *agua diente*, we arrived at the edge of the Corral almost without warning. I stepped out of the hammock and looked into a chasm over two thousand feet deep where I stood, while the brilliantly colored peaks of Ruivo, Torimhas, Sidrao, and Canario arose opposite nearly two thousand feet higher.

Whether the Corral is a crater or a chasm caused by some great convulsion is for the scientist to decide. To the man of sentiment it is enough that here is one of the most impressive landscapes on the globe. On three sides are the vast walls of rock, so steep that one may fling a stone to the bottom. But the southern side is open, and across it extends the soft azure expanse of the ocean reaching toward the South Pole.

Skirting the edge of the Corral, I came to a ledge only thirty feet wide which divides it from another remarkable chasm called the Serra d'Agoa. It takes a cool head to stand in the middle of that bridge from which one looks down two thousand feet on one side and seventeen hundred on the other. Crossing, I decided to follow the road into the Serra d'Agoa and pass the night at San

Vincente. Constantly aroused to admiration of the enchanting scenes through which I was passing, but which it is useless to attempt to describe, I can not avoid calling attention to a singular atmospheric phenomenon of which no similar example is known except at the island of Mauritius.

For a large part of the year the northeast trade winds strike the northern side of Madeira's ridge of mountains, where the moisture is condensed into clouds. But so lofty is the island that for seven or eight miles out at sea on the southern side the trade wind is not felt; on the contrary the heat of the southern side causes a light southern sea breeze entirely local in its character to blow along the southern coast until sunset. These two opposite currents of air meet at the top of the ridge, and hence the phenomenon to which I have alluded. The clouds driven before the trade wind strike the face of the mountains and dart upwards like spray beating against the shore. But on reaching above the ridge these upward flying clouds meet the current from the south, and are instantaneously beaten back and dissipated in the blue zenith above. At the hour when I saw this extraordinary effect, the sun

was near its setting, and these masses of wind-tossed clouds when they reached a certain height were smitten by the splendor of the sun and instantly transformed into tongues of fire. It was incomparably the most magnificent scene of physical nature that I have ever beheld.

One accustomed to the feverish existence of our happy but restless country, may ask whether I did not sometimes weary of such an idyllic life and find so unvarying a climate monotonous. I can only say that business and family considerations finally induced me to leave; but for those I should be there still. I look back to nothing in my life there to disturb the pleasure of existence. Here life is a struggle, there it is a rapture. Here even they who have abundant means and need not toil for a living must still maintain a perpetual battle against a variable and inclement climate. There nature actually comes to assist the continuation of life, and seems anxious to lavish the means for rendering it a luxury. Here one fights against pessimism; there he is the easy disciple of optimism. The philosophy of the lotus eaters is not a bad one, but one rarely finds the opportunity to put it in practice. He may do so, however, in Madeira.

Before we sail away from its delightful shores let me invite the reader to accompany me to breakfast in one of the gardens of the village of Nostra Signora del Monte. The

horses are ordered for six o'clock. The sun is well above the hills when we mount and immediately proceed to ascend the steep road that leads to our destination. At first it passes between gardens loaded with perfume. Then we enter the open where the right side of the road follows the edge of a precipice. Below is a deep ravine, one of the tremendous clefts which divide the central range. After an hour we reach the church which gives the name to the village. It is a large edifice with two towers in the ecclesiastical style of the Renaissance, and occupies a most commanding position.

A few steps beyond the church is the villa where we are to breakfast. Our host and his agreeable wife, a Portuguese lady, receive us in the most urbane manner in a paved court roofed with vines trained on lattices. Cognac and cordials having been served, she claps her hands and the chief servant appears and announces breakfast. Through the open doors and windows we breathe the soft airs stealing in from the sea, and look down over the island and the vast expanse of ocean fading away into the sky.

Calling for our horses we are told that they went back an hour ago, as it would be much easier as well as more expeditious to descend to Funchal by sledge.

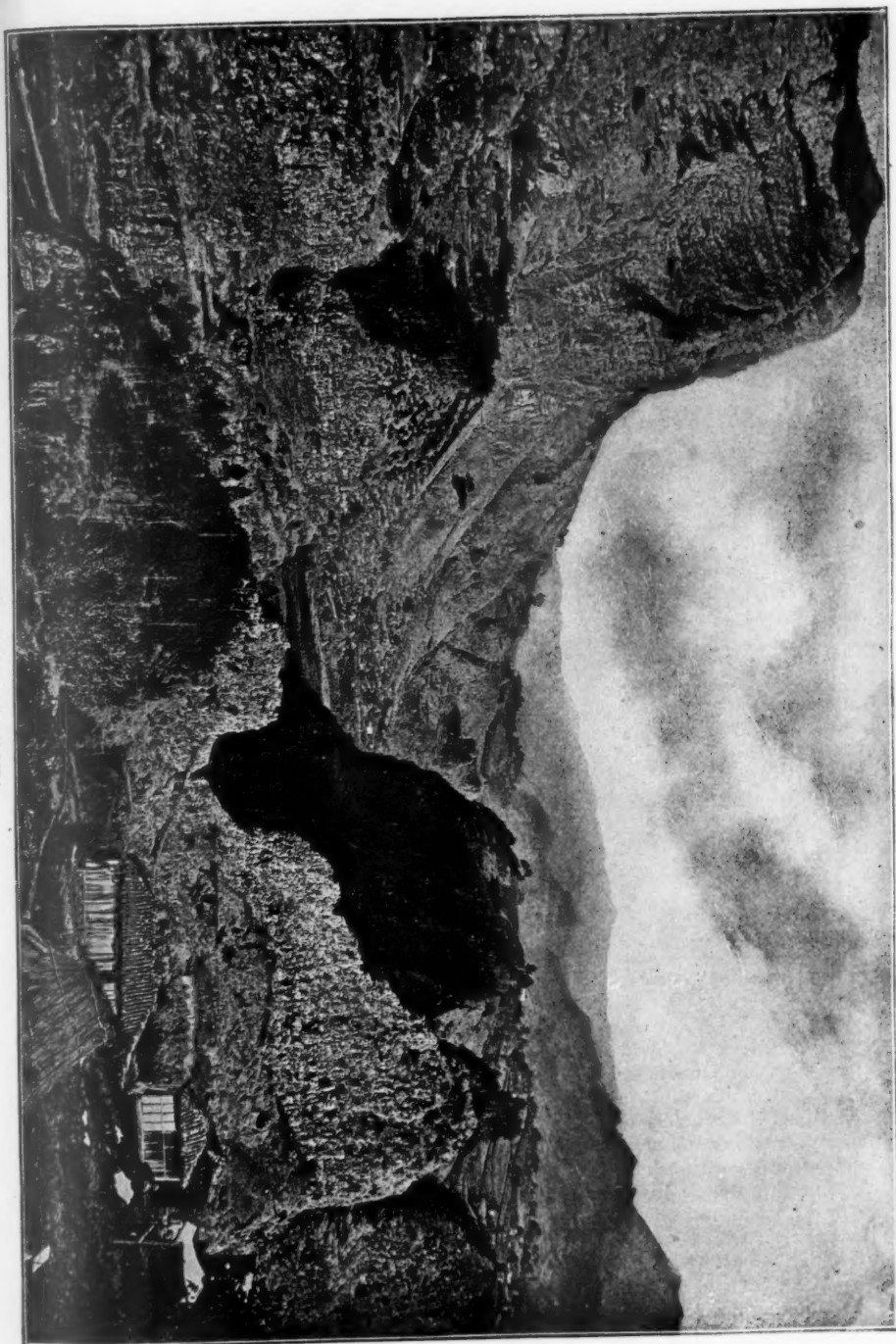
The sledge station is just beyond the church. Under a grove of stately chestnuts we discover the sledges and their drivers. On examination these vehicles are found to resemble our American wood sleds, consisting of two wooden runners on which is placed a seat provided with arms and cushions and a rest for the feet. A leathern thong attached to the front ends of the runners serves to control the movements of this singular vehicle. Two men accompany it, one on each side, wearing shoes of felt, with which they can better cling to the slippery pavement. When proceeding rapidly these guides stand on the back of the runners. When they wish to turn or check the sled, they step off and control it with the thongs.

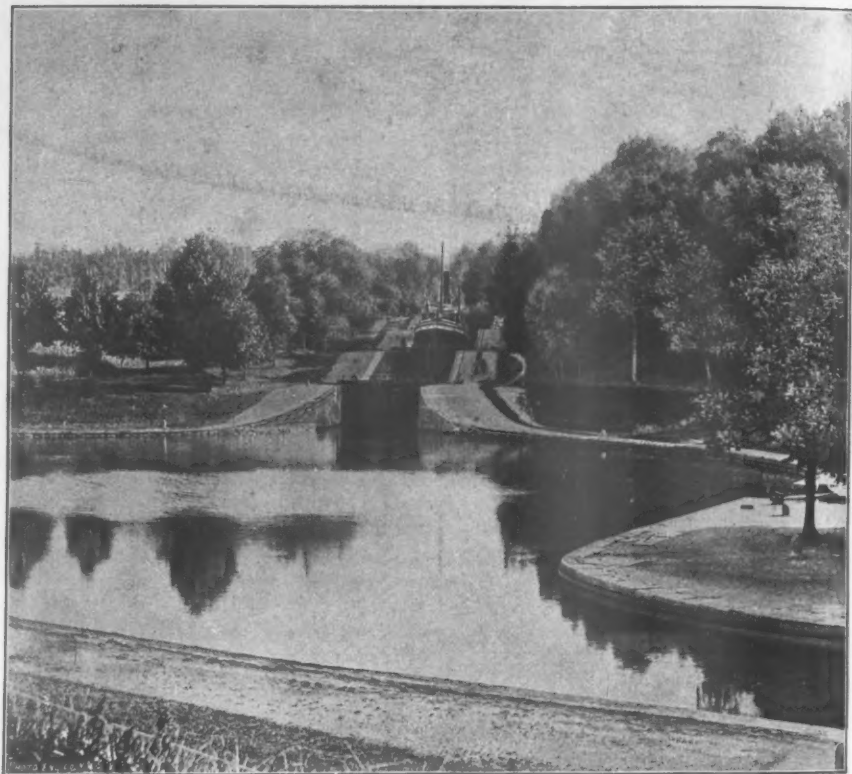
We start off, shooting along the dizzy edge of precipices and gradually entering the city streets. Before we can realize the distance passed over the sledge halts in the heart of Funchal, and our wonderful ride is ended. We have descended two thousand two hundred feet, and traversed a distance of three miles in nine minutes.



SUMMER TOBOGGANING.

THE INTERIOR OF MADEIRA.





THE LOCKS.

Photographed by Lindahl, Stockholm.

THE GÖTA CANAL.*

By W. W. THOMAS, JR.

A PRETTY Swedish maid awoke us at five o'clock in the morning. On deck a prettier little maid served us coffee and sugared *kringlor*—ring-twisted cakes. A still prettier little maid bowed and courtied and smiled as she announced "Now have we come to Trollhättan;" and a whole group of pretty little maids of the ship leaned over the rail and beamed on all the passengers as we went ashore at Åkersvass.

And right up the hillside went the locks, eleven of them, each one a hundred and twelve feet long, partly blasted out of the solid cliff, and partly built with massive blocks of hewn granite. On either side were groves of trees, and looking up from the river the locks ap-

peared like a succession of lofty terraces, or a giant staircase, though neither giants nor angels, but ships were ascending and descending, and their topmasts, with little red flags flying, moved strangely along above the green tree tops.

Up the steps of this great rock stairway vessels from the North Sea mount to Lake Venern, one hundred and forty-four feet above, and it has always seemed to me that hewing this ship-ladder out of the cliff was a greater achievement than digging through the sands of Suez.

Looking up stream we saw the Göta River, pouring white down through a gorge in the dark gray rock. The farther bank was clad

* Copyright by W. W. THOMAS, JR.

with spruces, and at the top of the fall a rock island, *Gullö*, stood, bristling with these pointed evergreens in the foaming waters.

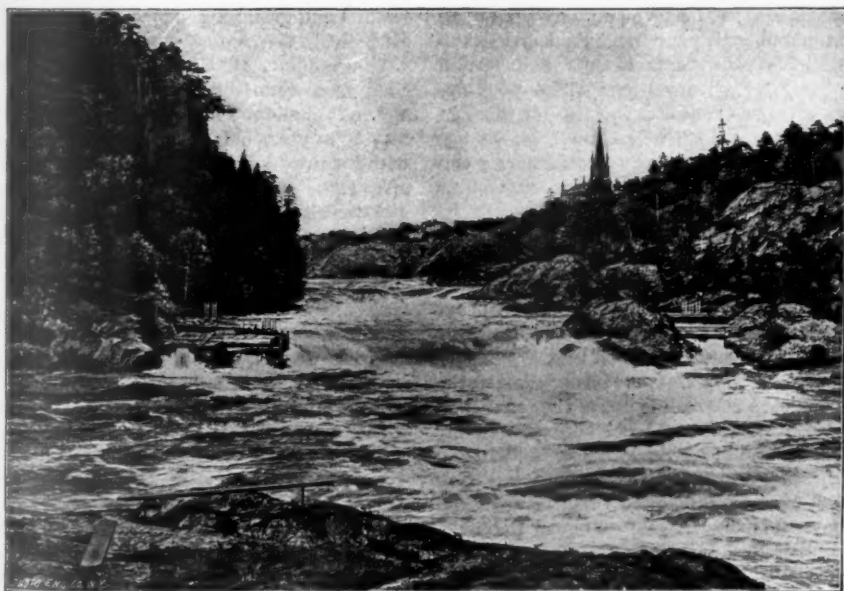
The river makes a descent of somewhat over one hundred feet, but to accomplish this it rushes down an incline nearly a mile long, and I think Americans would very generally speak of Trollhättan as rapids rather than falls. It is a huge volume of water, however, perhaps the largest of any falls in Europe, that comes tumbling down between these rock cliffs. The Swedes divide the rushing rapids of Trollhättan into five distinct cataracts. The lowest is twenty-five feet high, and is known as *Helvetets Fall*—Hell's Fall; but the grandest is unquestionably the *Toppö* Fall. Half way the cataract, the little barren rock *Toppö* divides the stream. Here the waters come roaring from the rapids above, and plunge down a steep incline of forty-two feet. The great boiling mass struck some boulder at the bottom and was tossed aloft in slant foaming jets, each one seeming to leap higher than its predecessor, and spread out sprayey wings, as it fell over its fallen comrades. We lingered directly over this fall, leaning upon the iron rail of a little gallery, which trembled with the shock of the waters, the spray spurted in, our faces, and the roar

drowned forever a very fine selection of descriptive adjectives, which some of our party had been hoarding expressly for this occasion.

This grand inland water route across Sweden is called the Göta Canal. But the name canal is misleading. More than four-fifths of the way you are sailing upon rivers and lakes, or among the islands of the Baltic. The lakes which extend most of the distance across the peninsula are probably the remains of a sea, which was at one time continuous, and cut off the southern portion of Sweden, making it an island. The sections of canal here and there are but links connecting this chain of lakes, and affording passage from one to the other.

When entering upon a section of the canal you are surprised at its size and the solid manner in which it is built. The canal is forty-six feet wide on the bottom, eighty-six on the surface, and ten feet deep. It has seventy-six locks, and your steamer rises to a height of three hundred feet in crossing. Some ten thousand boats of all descriptions—steamers, sailing vessels and barges—navigate this thoroughfare annually.

Once more out upon the open lake, we look back upon the stately old Episcopal palace



HELLS FALL, TROLLHÄTTAN.

Photographed by Lindahl, Stockholm.

Leckö, on the shore of the great island promontory of Kolland. To the south the mountain Kinnekulle raises its gently sloping pyramid toward the clouds, while north and east stretches the unbroken horizon of the lake. For this great inland sea of Sweden is one hundred miles long and fifty broad. There are but two larger lakes in all Europe.

The Swedish steamers are generally full, but were you the only passenger you would still be sure of pleasant company, for the ship abounds with girls that seem chosen with special reference to their good looks and pleasing ways. The outside of the steamboat is navigated by captain and crew as usual; but the inside, the domestic economy of the craft, so to speak, is managed entirely by the gentler and kindlier sex.

There is the *restaurantis*, the lady captain, who stands at the head of the female department and purchases cream, radishes, and chickens from peasants along the route; the *kokerska*, with her stout white arms, whom you like to watch peeling potatoes on the low fore deck; the *städerska*, who makes up your bed so neatly and answers your bell with a smile; the two *uppasserskor*, that gently wait on you at table, serve you coffee on deck, and strike the match for your cigarette; and many other maidens there be, all of them ready to help you on with your coat, or run and fetch your hat, ever solicitous to anticipate your wants, always smiling and courtesying whenever you make your appearance, just as if that was the one thing in life that pleased them best.

A placard in the fore saloon informs you in four languages that dinner is served *à la table d'hôte*, and that the price is

"For a gentleman, 2.25 crowns.

"For a lady, 1.75 crowns."

What a subtle yet exact discrimination between the capacity of the sexes! And yet I never knew a woman advocate for woman's equality raise any objection to it.

Next morning we came on deck just as the Von Platen was sailing out of the canal upon the limpid waves of Lake Vättern. To the south we could see the long low ramparts of *Karlsborg* jutting out into the lake; gray stone towers, some round, others square, rose above the low wall, and on one of them the Swedish flag was flying. *Karlsborg* is a great intrenched camp, designed to hold twenty thousand men. It is the central for-

ness of Sweden, its last ditch; and here the gallant Swedes, if worst comes to worst, will make their last fight for fatherland.

Nothing could be purer or clearer than the limpid, azure waters of the Vättern. They seem just melted from a blue glacier, or burst from some mountain grotto. Not a speck can be seen in their translucent depths. You wonder how a fish can live here without a mouthful for him to eat. How can such light, airy waters bear up the iron ship?

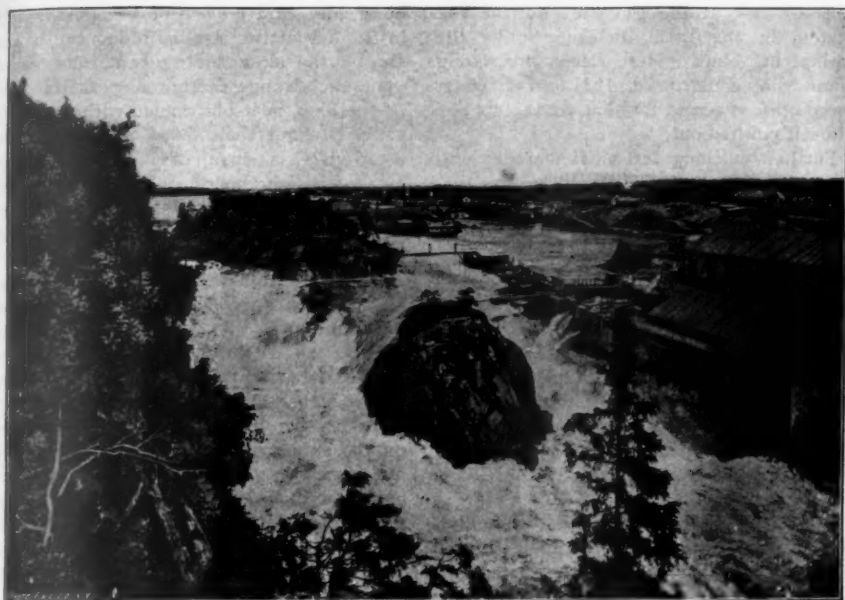
Across the lake is Vadstena. Here rises the massive stone castle of Vättersborg, with lofty central spire and at the corners round towers topped with domes. Its wide moat is filled by the lake and utilized at the present time as a harbor for the little town.

If you hurry you may run across the drawbridge while the steamer is unloading, and take a glance into the ancient stronghold. Its rooms are bare and cold and empty, but how spacious and lofty they are, and what great beams support the ceiling, some of them not even squared, simply big logs with the bark hewed off and painted with rude designs. You pass through the long banquet hall and the vast hall of state, and admire the square chapel in the tower with its pretty rose window, and lofty ceiling, where the four walls are carried upward in four arches, vaulted and groined, and meet at their highest point in the center.

This noble castle was built by Gustavus Vasa more than three hundred years ago, and in its halls the stalwart monarch, when fifty-eight years old, celebrated his marriage with his third wife Katrina, a blushing bride of sixteen; and this too notwithstanding the girl was already betrothed to a noble youth, and ran away and hid herself in her father's garden, when the old king came to court her.

But the memories that float about the fortress are not altogether pleasant ones, for here it was that the daughter of Gustavus, Princess Cecilia, carried on her sad amour with Count John, and the window is still pointed out where the king's son Magnus, the mad prince, flung himself into the lake, lured by the songs of the sirens.

Among the packages landed from the steamer was a most natural and friendly looking wooden box. I kicked it over, and the inscription that came into view informed me in good English, that it contained two dozen cans of lobster from Portland, Maine. I could



TOPPÖ FALL, TROLLHÄTTAN.

Photographed by Lindahl, Stockholm.

not shake hands with my fellow townsman, but I took off my hat to him. "How are you, old boy? How did you get here, and did you have a pleasant passage?"

At Vadstena are two ancient churches built early in the fifteenth century, and you regret that the Von Platen does not stop long enough for you to inspect them. The cloister church has no steeple, and its huge bulk of blue limestone rises like a great weather-beaten barn, in sharp contrast with the high square tower of its neighbor, built of bright red brick.

As you sail north over the Vattern, you keep long in view the great blue barn, the red brick tower, and the huge old castle. These three buildings of a bygone age rise like Colossi high above the little town.

In the sacristy of the blue cloister church, within a reliquary covered with red velvet, lie the remains of holy Saint Brigitta, the most famous woman Sweden ever produced.

She was born before the close of the thirteenth century, founded the celebrated cloister around whose walls grew up the town of Vadstena, and was canonized at Rome. During all her long life Saint Brigitta had visions

in which she believed she spoke with Christ, the Virgin Mary and the saints. These revelations were written down and fill many volumes, which have been religiously preserved. In the matter of visions the holy Brigitta seems to be the forerunner of her great countryman, Swedenborg.

Her nuns in their long and lonely hours learned to make beautiful lace, and although the convent was abolished by the Reformation and the last nun driven out, the delicate art of lace-making is still retained by the populace of Vadstena.

The peasant woman that came on board there, with a large basket on her arm, now displays lace collars and cuffs, caps and handkerchiefs. I am sure you will buy some of the lace kerchiefs, for they are very pretty, the best in all Sweden, of odd designs that you will find nowhere else.

You have scarce concluded your purchases when the steamer glides into the quiet canal at Motala. Here you may walk for two miles along the water-way, beneath rows of stately trees and by the side of pretty gardens, and only your steamer sailing past reminds you that you are not in some royal park. But you need not hurry, there is

time to look at the grave of Baltzar von Platen, in the little inclosure under the whispering elms. Here sleeps the strong man who constructed this great water thoroughfare across Sweden, on the spot he himself pointed out.

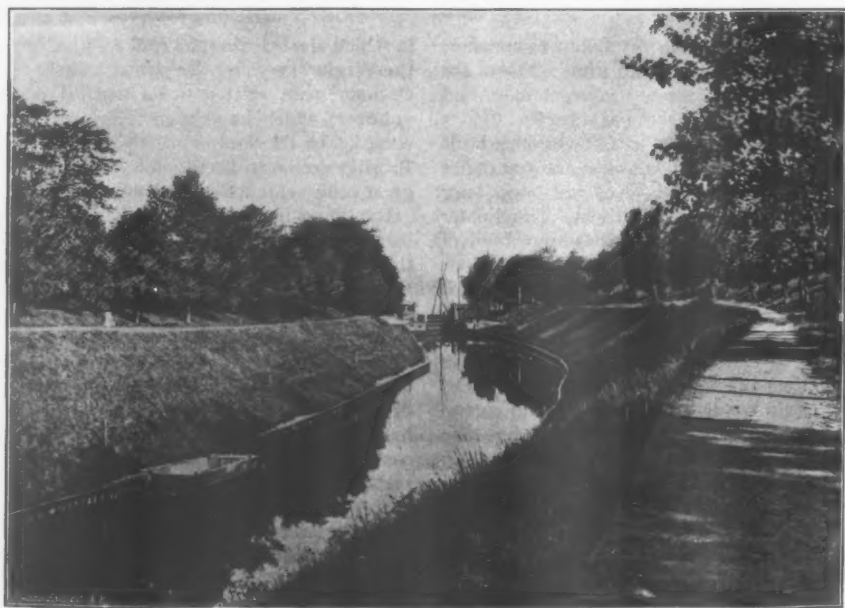
Farther on along the canal you may pull yourself across by the dingy little ferry that works with a chain, and dropping in to the great machine works, see the giant steam-hammer *Vrede* — wrath — crush with its mighty stroke an ingot of red-hot steel, and hurl a shower of glowing sparks broadcast over the room. And you still have plenty of time to catch the steamboat before she has descended the five locks at Borensnult.

The third morning of the trip found the *Baltzar von Platen* sailing among the pretty wooded islands of the Baltic Sea. At noon we entered the deep-cut canal at the village of Södertelje.

Slowly we wound along between high green banks. The mid-day sun poured down upon us, and flooded the gorge with light and warmth. The flags on the summer villas

hung idly, and crowds of villagers, smart in Sunday attire, strolled along the banks abreast the slow-moving boat, and gazed upon the strange foreign flag at the fore. At the lock, neat old women with kerchiefs swathed about their faded cheeks, came on board with baskets full of ring-twisted cakes, and everybody bought a paper bag piled full, for are not Södertelje *kringlor* the best in Sweden, and does not the fame thereof fill all the land?

Then we steamed on over the great Mälare Lake, lying only eighteen inches higher than the Baltic. We sailed between craggy wooded shores, and among numberless wooded islands, with pretty villas peeping out from their evergreen nests, and flags flying everywhere, and family groups clustered on the shores, and pleasure parties sailing and rowing in gayly-painted boats, and kerchiefs waving from boat and shore, and songs floating over the water, and on past the king's hat on a pole atop the cliff, and at last saw rising grandly before us the domes and spires of Stockholm.



THE CANAL AT SÖDERTELJE.

Photographed by Lindahl, Stockholm.



A FLORENTINE ANEMONE.

BY ARIEL SIEGFRIED.

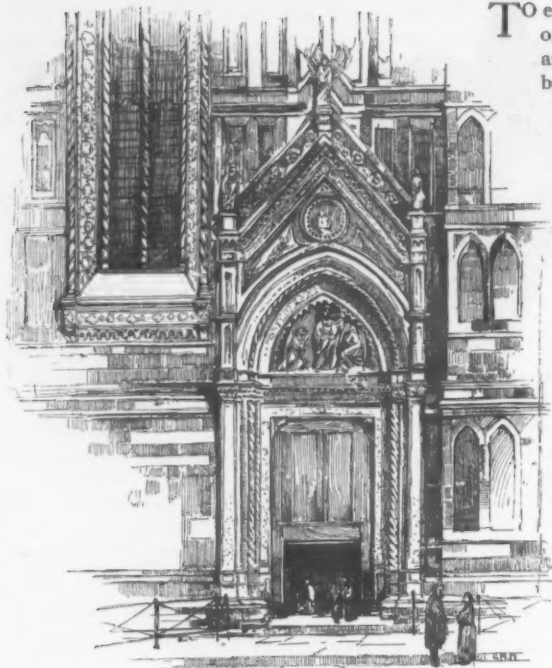
FROM the soft glades that ever smile in bloom,
To echo mild the charms that 'neath them dwell
In marble miracles sprung from the spell
Of demigods who did those walks illume,—
Queenly Romola, Dante wrapped in gloom,
Da Vinci, Angelo, and Raphael,
And many a name resounding like a bell,—
From such a garden hath this flower come.

This wind-kiss from the warm lips vernal
Of fair Italia's noblest, purest face,
I send thee, Love, the queen of every grace,
Fragrant with memories and hopes supernal,
In symbol of my blossomed love eternal
That greets thy distant heart with fond embrace.



FLORENCE THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY J. HEARD.



From a painting by H. R. Newman.

DOORWAY OF THE DUOMO CATHEDRAL, FLORENCE.

TO endeavor to give within the limits of a magazine article anything like an adequate idea of Florence would be attempting the impossible.

Yet, what can not be accomplished entirely, can at least be done partially. It is the province as well as the pleasure of all who feel an interest in the beautiful to dwell with loving admiration on those relics of a glorious past of which Florence furnishes so many. Such is the freshness of feeling and warmth of appreciation connected with all things pertaining to Florentine history that the subject never loses its attractiveness through frequent repetition, and therefore the impressions of one to whom the very name of Florence is an inspiration and a perpetual joy can hardly be amiss. In fact, the mere touch of pen to paper causes a thousand pleasurable emotions to spring into activity, confusing by their number and velocity, and rendering it difficult to determine just where to begin the treatment of this agreeable subject.

I will, however, first mention some of the causes of the remarkable growth and development of this wonderful Tuscan town. Truly, not even in these days of appreciative harmony could a more beautiful or appropriate name be found for the fair city than the one bestowed upon her by her rude Roman founders, *Florentia*, signifying place of flowers. In course of time the Latin name of *Florentia* became *Fiorenza*, more recently still, *Firenze*. Still it matters not which name we call her by, all equally mean City of Flowers. And judging from the luxuriant quality of her natural surroundings, it would seem as if the goddess Flora had taken the place under her especial care, for on every side we discover the most unmistakable evidences of her sovereignty. The monuments of Florence are crowned by the iris, and the *fleur-de-lis* is emblazoned on her coat of arms. The cathedral is dedicated to *Santa Maria del Fiore*. Cascine, Boboli Garden, park and square, vie with each other in the beauty and variety of their flowers. Everything basks in the sunlight, and nature in a peaceful, dreamy mood reflects everywhere the spirit of beauty and art-culture.

The ancient town of Fiesole, in Etruria, was celebrated as a seat of learning. The rite of sacrifice and the science of divination were there taught by the Etruscans. And even Rome annually sent twelve youths to the schools of Fiesole to study augury. When Sylla became master of Rome, during the first century B. C., he punished the inhabitants of those Italian towns which had espoused the cause of his rival Marius, by depriving them of Roman franchise; confiscating their territory and dividing it among his soldiers. Among these conquered countries was the territory of Fiesole; and in a short space of time, beneath the walls of ruined Fiesole, rose *Florentia*, a miniature

copy of the mother city, with her Field and Temple of Mars, her Forum, baths, theatres, amphitheatres and aqueducts, that extended some seven miles into the country.

All traces of these semi-civilized times have long since disappeared, and in no instance do we find in the Florence of to-day any existing evidence of the days when the world bent and writhed under the dominion of mere physical force. There are no temples, no arenas, no pavements worn by chariot wheels to remind us of those unhappy times when human beings sat in the vast amphitheatres and heard, with no

the princes of Europe sent their ambassadors to honor the occasion, no less than twelve of these envoys claimed the honor of being citizens of Florence. And on learning this Pope Boniface exclaimed, that "to the four elements of the world must now be added a fifth—the Florentines." Nowhere do we find any account in the old chronicles of extravagance in living. And it would seem that the very simplicity and abstemiousness of their daily habits were highly conducive to that intellectual eminence to which the Florentines finally attained. At that dazzling and glorious pe-



FLORENCE, FROM THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVATORE DEL MONTE.

emotion of pity, the gladiator's cry: "*Oh Caesar! morituri salutamus.*"

Passing over those almost chaotic periods in Florentine history, we come to the eleventh century. And here we find Florence fast becoming a great and populous city, inhabited by an industrious people, who have established important commercial relations with the rest of the world. The Guilds of Florence, such as the wool-weavers, silk-workers and the like, were held in high esteem and honor throughout Italy and Europe. The members of these guilds had full voice in the government of the city. And, indeed, such was the influence and honor of a Florentine citizen, that when Pope Boniface VIII. instituted the Jubilee in 1300, and

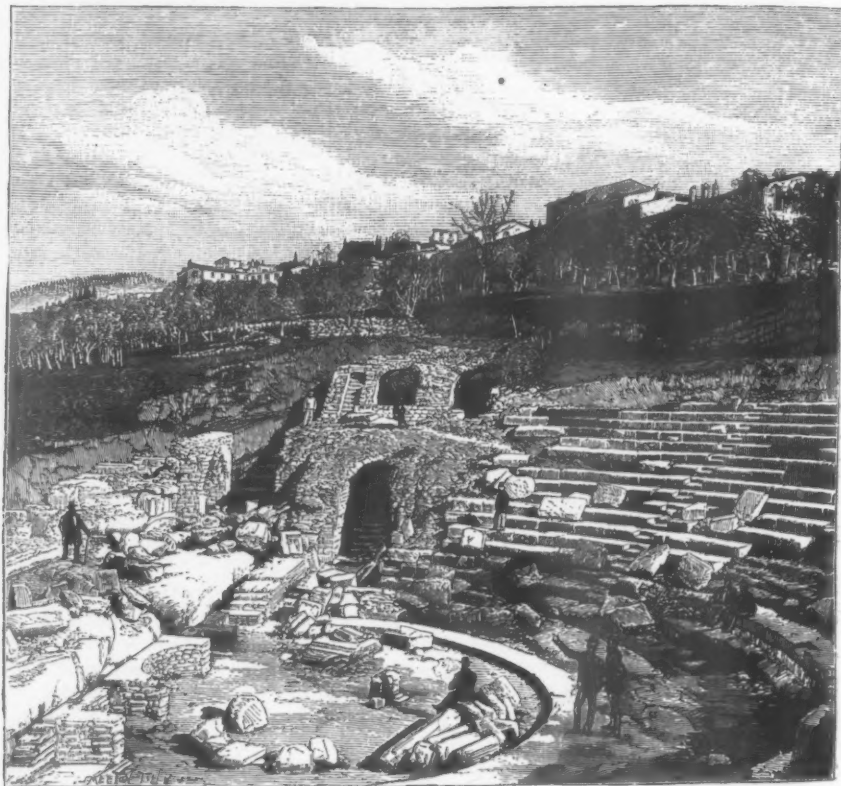
riod called the Renaissance, when the fine arts had reached their apogee, Florence was not only the intellectual mistress of the world, she even challenged comparison with antiquity and the matchless and immortal art of Greece. "She is the Athens of Italy," says Lemonnier, "only it is not the Athens of Aristides; it is the Athens of Alcibiades." While we of the nineteenth century would hardly venture to express our admiration for beautiful Florence in phrases as flowery and romantic as those used by the early chroniclers, they would nevertheless be as hearty and sincere. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety."

I hardly need say that the love of poet and painter, scholar and traveler for this fas-

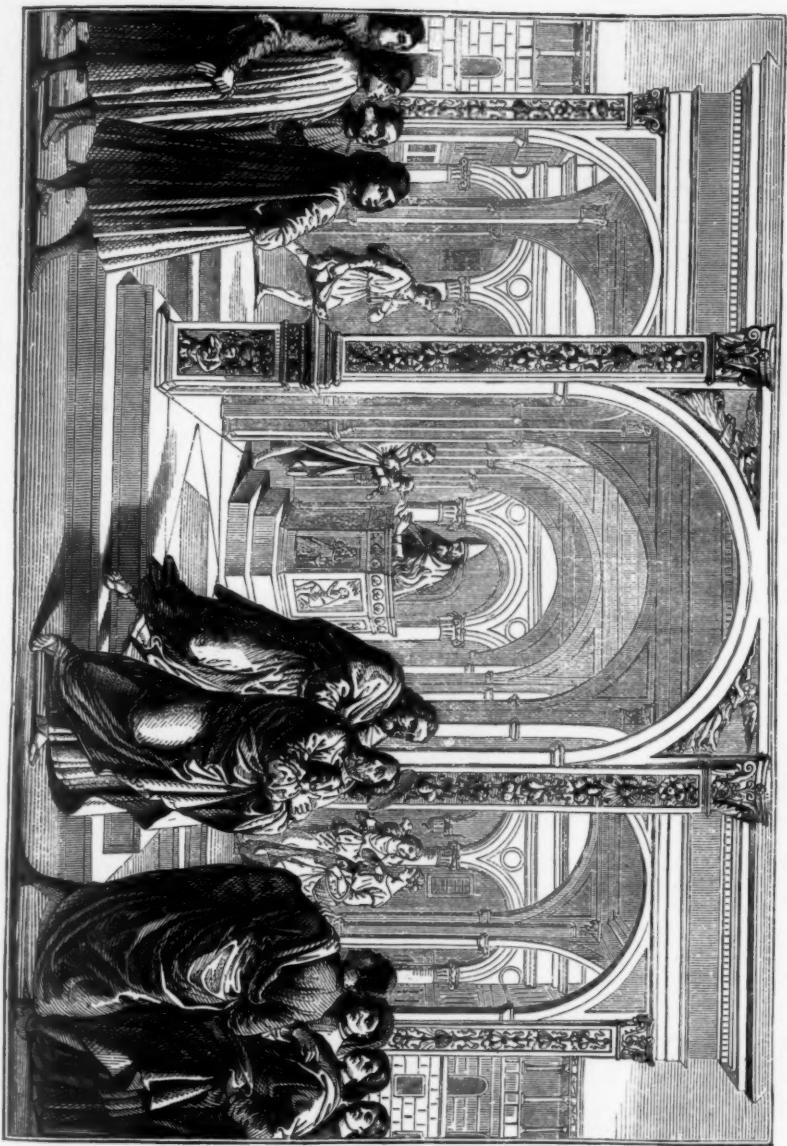
cinating city suffers no diminution with the lapse of time, but, on the contrary, broadens and intensifies under the growing light of modern culture. It is no equivocal, no niggardly, no common love that is accorded to Florence. It is a love given as freely and fully as the sunshine which falls upon her flowery vales. It would seem that the potent charm which brought all things to such a state of perfection in Florence is Nature itself. Even so great an authority as Vasari does not hesitate to affirm that the pure and delicious atmosphere of Florence is highly conducive to intelligence and refinement, and was undoubtedly the cause of the more rapid development of art and the art-spirit in Florence than in the other Italian towns. And it is not extravagant to say that there

is no place in the world where Art and Nature so harmoniously blend to meet each other's requirements as in the "*Bello Ovale*" (beautiful sheepfold), as Dante styled his idolized city.

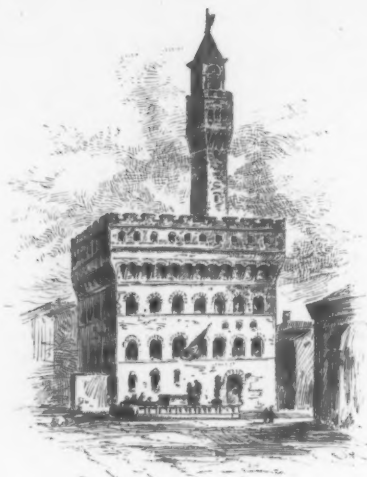
Before I turn to her priceless gems of art, I will take a hasty survey of her justly famed natural advantages. It is hardly possible to picture with pen and ink the physiognomy of a great city. Such a picture cannot be more than an indistinct photograph, lacking warmth of coloring and depth of tone. I will therefore content myself with a brief description of her surroundings. Florence, in all of her radiant beauty of dome, turret and spire, lies in the centre of a fertile valley, and is almost encircled by different spurs and ranges of the Apennines, the smiling



RUINS OF ANCIENT FIESOLE.—THE ROMAN THEATRE.



JOACHIM DRIVEN FROM THE TEMPLE.—FRESCO BY GHIRLANDAJO IN THE CHAPEL OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.



PALAZZO VECCHIO AND RINGHIERA.

slopes of which are covered by vine-clad terraces. On the north, in strength and majesty, towers skyward that grand old Titan, Monte Morello. To the east, boldly outlined against the wondrous blue of the Italian sky, stands the venerable height of Fiesole, with its Cyclopean walls. On the southern side are the lovely hills of San Miniato. Here let us tarry a moment to gaze upon the ancient and exquisitely proportioned church of San Salvatore del Monte, the same that Michael Angelo called "La Bella Villanella." From the heights of San Miniato we see in the dim distance the fleecy mountains of Carrara, looking like cloud-capped palaces. Nearer by are the beautiful heights of Bellosguardo, approached by the famous drive called the "Via dei Colli." Upon a still higher elevation in the background stands the observatory and house of Galileo, who, persecuted alike by layman and churchman, was dragged before the tortuous Inquisition and obliged to recant his heretical and seditious theory of the earth's rotation. His muttered, "*E pur se muove*" (nevertheless, it does move), as he arose from his knees, now receives an enlightened world's indorsement, and his name is inscribed among the immortals. Down through a lovely valley, and lost to sight among the noble hills of Vallombrosa,



DOORWAY OF DANTE'S HOUSE.

glides the Arno, "mountain-born and poet-hymned river." Yellow and muddy and altogether unattractive as this river is in the sunlight, at the twilight hour, and especially by moonlight, it looks like a chain of silver. And as it flows through the heart of the city, it greatly enhances the picturesque beauty of Florence.

And now that we have compassed the girdle that encircles the city, we will, before entering, stop near the old gate called the Porta Pinti, and wander through the lovely Protestant cemetery, which is one of the Meccas of pilgrimage for all who love the pure and elevating poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Here she sleeps under the shadow of the cypress and in view of her beloved Florence. It is no wonder that on the tablet inserted in the Casa Guidi by the Italian government they say that she gave the marriage-ring to Italy and England; for she poured her whole heart and soul into some of the most fervent and sublime poems ever written in defense of Italian liberty and unity. "Beautifully she lived her saintly life, and as she closed her eyes in that earthly sleep that knows no awakening on the morning of the 29th of June, 1861, gazing upward through the wide-open gates upon the ineffable glory, she sweetly smiled, and saying, 'It is beautiful!'

departed with the early dawn, vanishing like the morning star amid the golden radiance of an eternal sunrise.

'Up, upwards! like a saint who strips
The shroud back from his eyes and lips,
And rises in Apocalypse.'

While in presence, at least spiritually, of this gifted woman, let us repeat in reverent mood her simple creed. For are not those noble temples gleaming in the distance an outcome of the same high faith?

"I believe

In one priest, and one temple with its floors
Of shining jasper gloomed, at morn and eve,
By countless knees of earnest auditors:
And crystal walls too lucid to perceive
That none may take the measure of this place
And say so far the porphyry, then the flint;
To that mark mercy goes and there ends grace,
Though the still permeable crystals hint
At some white starry distance bathed in space.

I hold the articulated Gospels, which
Show Christ among us crucified on tree:
I love all who love truth if rich or poor,
In what they have won of truth possessively."

Near her simple marble sarcophagus, which is in the mediæval style supported by six composite columns, is the modest grave of Theodore Parker, whose struggles for poor humanity were not all in vain. Sweet flowers breathe their fragrance over this hallowed spot, and as we turn away, we say as Keats said of its sister cemetery in Rome: "It would make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot." From this interesting place we turn into the spacious Via Principe and enter the city by way of the Via Cavour, named after the famous statesman and defender of Italian liberty.

We find that many of the streets of Florence are named in honor of some illustrious patrician family and not infrequently take their name from some scene or incident that transpired within their limits. Perhaps one of the most interesting incidents connected with the naming of a street is the romantic story that gave name to the Via della Morta and to the Via Rondinelli. Ginevra, a daughter of the patrician house of Adimari, was beloved by Antonio Rondinelli, son of a plebeian family that led an attack against the nobles. Consequently her father refused his consent to her marriage with Rondinelli, and forced her to accept a patrician named Agolanti. During

the plague of 1400 she was seized with the fearful malady and fell into a swoon, which was mistaken for death, and was hurriedly interred in the family vault in the old cemetery between the Cathedral and Campanile. Recovering her senses during the night she succeeded in escaping from her dismal abode. Ginevra then returned to her husband's house through a narrow lane called from that time forth the Via della Morta. Agolanti, fearing that she was some disembodied spirit come to torment him, refused to admit her. She then went to her father's house and met with similar treatment. In despair she sought the house of the parents of Rondinelli, near the street which to-day bears the name of the family. They gladly took her in, and the tribunals having decided that the marriage of a woman who had been dead and buried was annulled, she was allowed to marry her former lover. It would be possible to make a very clear heading to the different epochs of Florentine history by simply naming the streets, as every street is rich in historical reminiscences. And one narrow street is glorified by the rude doorway of Dante's house.

One of the most interesting places in Florence is the Piazza della Signoria. Here all the volcanic conditions of the Florentine temperament were made manifest. Here were enacted some of the saddest as well as some of the most grotesque scenes in Florentine history. Could the ugly and sphinx-like Palazzo Vecchio—which is the grim guardian of the Piazza—speak, the world would be sadder and wiser for its knowledge of horrible deeds of violence committed in the sacred name of liberty in the secret chambers of this palace. This famous Piazza has witnessed all of the remarkable convulsions in the political and religious history of Florence. And here I may speak of the incongruous character of the Florentines of mediæval times. Celebrated as they were for their devotion to commerce, arts and general culture, they were also equally celebrated for being the most fickle and unstable beings in the world as regards their temporal and spiritual government. Frank and Lombard, Ostrogoth, Guelph and Ghibelline, Bianchi and Neri have successively deluged the streets of



SAVONAROLA.

(The Marzocco, or Lion of Florence.)

Florence with the blood of her citizens, in their attempts to gain dominion over the city. In quick succession the city has been under theocratic, democratic and aristocratic forms of government. And, as if not content with her dukes, grand-dukes, consuls, priors, gonfaloniers, signoria, foreign princes (among whom was the celebrated and detested Duke of Athens), she not only elected the bronze Marzocco of the Piazza gonfalonier, but, under the intensity of religious enthusiasm, caused by the eloquent

dangers threatening the republic. He therefore proposed to the council that Christ should be elected King of Florence, as a pledge that Florentines would accept the King of Heaven only as their ruler. According to contemporary history, Capponi presided at the great council that was convened on the 9th of February, 1527, and in a highly wrought state of religious frenzy, repeated *verbatim* a sermon of Savonarola, and then, throwing himself on his knees, cried in a loud voice, "*Misericordia!*" The whole



DUOMO, BAPTISTERY AND CAMPANILE.

preaching of Savonarola, actually elected Jesus Christ King of Florence. At that time the government was distracted and divided by three opposing factions. These factions were the party in favor of the restoration of the exiled Medici, the Libertini, or followers of Savonarola, and the Ottimati, who desired a moderate but conservative form of government. To this last faction belonged the Gonfalonier Nicolo Capponi. Although an upright and just man, he had no particular force of character, and on learning that a league had been entered into by Pope Clement and Charles V., thought, by taking pacific measures, to war' off the

council repeated it after him, and while the assembly was in a state of religious enthusiasm, Capponi proposed that they should elect Jesus Christ King of Florence. On the 10th of June, in the following year, the clergy of the Cathedral met in the Piazza della Signoria, where an altar had been erected in front of the palace. The word Jesus was then proclaimed before the multitude, who finally accepted Jesus for their King. The shields of France and of Pope Leo accordingly were removed from their position, and the name of the Saviour was inserted on a tablet above the entrance to the palace. Until 1846 this tablet was concealed by a

huge shield bearing the ducal arms. For some reason it was decided to remove the shield. Then it was discovered that the original dedication to the Saviour had been changed to the words "*Rex Regium et Dominus Dominantium*." Count Luigi Passerini suggests that the Grand Duke Cosimo dei Medici may have substituted this inscription on account of his unwillingness to share the sovereignty of Florence even with his Divine Master.

Notwithstanding their frequent political and religious disturbances, their division into factions and party strife, there was, nevertheless, a dignity and patriotism in those old Florentines that gave them a marked individuality and brought about a state of affairs that affected the condition of the whole civilized world for the better. And there is beauty of sentiment in the thought that the flowers which were strewn every year over the spot where poor Savonarola was hanged and burned, were indeed let fall by the invisible hands of angels to purify the city from this foul blot in her history.

The best preserved of all the ancient monuments in Florence is the Bargello, built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Once the Palace of the Podestà, and named the Bargello when it was transformed into a prison, it is now a National Museum. The courtyard of the structure, restored with a careful regard to its original aspect, presents an imposing appearance. The scutcheons of the various Podestàs and of the ordinary members of council let into the walls give the courtyard especially, with its noble flight of steps, an imposing appearance. Few of the treasures in the Museum of the Bargello linger longer in the memory of those who behold them than the bas-reliefs designed by Donatello, and intended by him for the balustrade of the organ-loft of the Cathedral. The productions of his dramatic and splendid genius are almost infinite in their variety, but none of them are more delightful than these children, with the elasticity of their movement and the vivacity of their gambols.

The Palazzo Vecchio, Duomo, Campanile, Pitti and Uffizi galleries represent the three great divisions in Florentine history—that is to say, the temporal, civic and art pe-

riods. And here I may pause to consider the immense influence which the commercial spirit exercised over the formation of the golden age of Italian art and literature. As has been said, it was neither kingly nor priestly power that would seem to have had any share in the glory of having helped forward this new and tremendous mutation. "It came into life at the command of a greater power than either—the power of humanity itself exerted through its great minister, Commerce, that enlarger of knowledge and illuminator of the public mind, binding the ends of the world together in golden chains." Passing to the Palazzo Vecchio, there are few existing buildings that have witnessed so many changes, and yet amid all the fluctuations of time and change continued to serve the purpose for which they were originally intended. Erected in 1298 as the seat of the Signoria, the government of the republic, it is to-day occupied by the Florentine municipality. Unlike most of the world-renowned architectural monuments in Florence, it possesses neither symmetry nor grace. The original building was in the shape of a parallelogram. Various additions from time to time have been made, and it now has the appearance of a huge rectangular building crowned by square-shaped, frowning battlements, the sign of the Guelphic party. In this tower formerly swung an enormous bell, called "*La Campana dei Leoni*." This bell, in clear, silvery tones, rang out the announcement of a victory as well as the celebration of marriages. It was destroyed in 1530. The *Ringhiera*, or rostrum, that was added to the Palazzo in 1349, greatly improved the building, as we may see by examination of a grand old picture in the famous old convent of San Marco, and which likewise contains so many interesting relics of Savonarola as well as those sublime religious frescoes of Fra Angelico, said to be inspired by beatific visions. During the Napoleonic régime the *Ringhiera* was demolished. A great fountain ornamented by a colossal Neptune and his attendant Nereids and Tritons, adorns the place formerly occupied by the *Ringhiera*. The Marzocco, or Lion of Florence, is near the fountain, and has kept a watchful guard over the



STATUE OF GIULIANO DE' MEDICI, BY MICHAEL. ANGELO.

piazza for centuries. The mystery surrounding the object of the erection of the Pyramids is not greater than that of the origin of the word Marzocco.

Near the entrance to the palace, down to as late as 1873, stood the gigantic statue of David by Michael Angelo. This statue, which is emblematic of liberty, appears to have been greatly beloved by the great master, as tradition tells us that he had a chair placed near the statue, where he was in the habit of sitting, lost in contemplation of his favorite work. If photography had been an early invention, what a clear insight we would now have into the curious customs and quaint manners of the times; their allegorical representations on *fête* and wedding days, tournaments and the like. In such daily photographs would have appeared the figures of Dante, Petrarch, Giotto, Angelo, and a host of lesser lights.

And equally interesting would be a photographic view of the famous Piazza di Sta Croce when it was animated by the spectators and players of those public games that had been handed down from the old Roman days. Especially would the Piazza have been a pleasant picture during the progress of the game called *Calci*. This game was held in such high esteem, and was so much played, that frequent allusion is made to it in various works of prose and poetry of the day. Even so learned a scholar as Politian does not consider it too trifling to be mentioned. Fifty-four players took part in the game dressed in appropriate costume. Great agility and strength were required,

and at the sounding of the Tuscan trumpet the leather balls went flying through the air with inconceivable rapidity. Not only did the beauty and fashion of the city grace the occasion, but in the dignified familiarity of those glorious times, the populace mingled in the general merry-making. The last time this ancient Roman game was played was in 1739.

Let us now turn to the Piazza del Duomo, with its remarkable group—the Cathedral, Campanile and Baptistry; three famous architectural monuments that are known and admired in every quarter of the globe penetrated by art and civilization. The Cathedral is an imposing example of the Italian-Gothic school and is crowned by the wonderful Dome of Brunelleschi. It was of this dome that Michael Angelo said:

"Io vado a Roma a far la tua sorella,
Piu grande si, ma non di te piu bella"—

(I am going to Rome to make thy sister, more vast, it is true, but not more beautiful).

The great dome, with its four encircling domes, symbolizes the Father and the four Evangelists. The decoration of the outside of the Cathedral is distinctively Florentine, namely, the introduction of flat surfaces inlaid with marbles and mosaic. Ineffective as this style would be in a northern climate, it is, however, very beautiful under the influence of a brilliant southern sky, that reflects, even at a distance, all of the colors



STATUE OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI, BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

used in the decoration. Unlike most of the Italian churches, there is a great simplicity and absence of ornament in the interior of the Cathedral. Nor could we wish it other-

wise, for its very simplicity enhances its grandeur and sublimity. Of the Campanile of Giotto, it is sufficient to say that Ruskin's summary of the qualifications requisite to produce form and beauty are all united in this lovely gem. After defining what is necessary to produce a perfect architectural whole, he says, "These characteristics occur more or less in different buildings, some in one, some in another; but all together, and in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto,

one of his liveliest poems. The devil is said to have visited Florence mounted on the back of the wind. On reaching the Piazza he alighted, and desiring his escort to wait for his return, entered the Cathedral to speak a word to the dean and chapter. Some declare that the pious canons converted the devil, others that the conference is still going on. But whatever the cause the devil has never quitted the Cathedral, and the wind, obedient to his command, still waits outside and is never absent from his post. I humbly suggest that if his sa-



INTERIOR OF SANTA CROCE.

at Florence." To one who does not understand all of the underlying laws of architecture, this Campanile, at first sight, appears like a huge mass of exquisitely wrought and petrified old lace. The charm of the Baptistery consists in its three marvelous doors. The two bronze doors by Ghiberti, and said by Michael Angelo to be worthy to be the gates of Paradise, were copied for the present residence of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, full-size plaster casts being in the Yale School of Fine Arts.

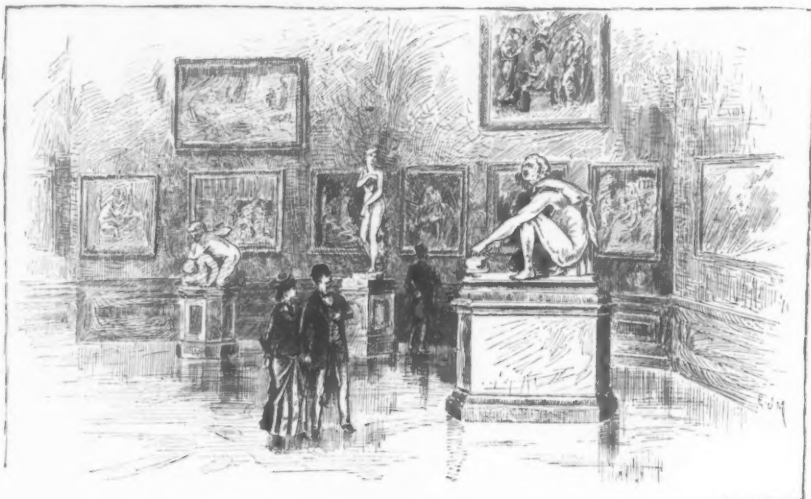
In the Misses Horner's delightful work on Florence is a very amusing legend concerning the Cathedral, and which inspired the Venetian poet Francesco del Ongaro with

tanic majesty did pay a visit to the Cathedral he went there to view with grim satisfaction the burial-place of his colleague, Sir John Hawkwood (Falcone del Bosco was his Italian *sobriquet*), captain of free companies and slave-traders. It has even been whispered that good Queen Bess had a share in his undertakings. For the fidelity and enterprise with which this notable personage served the Florentine Republic he was given a splendid funeral at the public expense, all Florence turning out to do him honor. Although it was said that he had sold his soul to the devil, he was permitted to rest in the very odor of sanctity, as he was buried beneath the choir in the Cathedral.

The church of San Lorenzo is also an interesting monument, as it contains the celebrated statue and monuments designed by Michael Angelo in honor of the Medici family. The entire sacristy (*sagrestia nuova*) was built by him as a mausoleum for this powerful family, and is richly decorated with marbles and pietra-dura work. A sadness of thought comes over us while in this church, as all of the associations connected with it partake of the nature of sacrifice. Here at the altar of San Lorenzo the downfall and sacrifice of Italian liberty was completed by the marriage of the daughter of

gorical representation of the shame, grief, and ruin brought upon Florence by this illustrious family. The dignity and grandeur of the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo, the former armed, half rising from his seat, the latter sitting in gloomy meditation, make an ineffaceable impression on the mind. The Lorenzo is the embodiment of Thought:

"He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable.
His mien is noble, most majestic!
Then most so when the distant choir is heard
At morn or eve."



PART OF THE TRIBUNE.

Charles V. to Alexander the Moor. Here Buonarrotti, burning with a deep sense of the wrong and injustice inflicted on his beloved city by the unholy sacrifice to the imperial party, was compelled by the haughty Pope Clement to complete the work that was to honor the very family that had brought about the downfall of Italian liberty. The four beautiful recumbent figures beneath the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici are generally supposed to be typical of Death and Resurrection. But it has with much reason been suggested that full of bitterness as was the heart of this almost more than mortal man, at the abolition of the Republic by Alexander de' Medici, he intended to convey by these statues an alle-

Here also is preserved as a most precious relic, the famous Jesu Bambino that was carried at the head of the procession Savonarola sent through Florence to burn and destroy everything that had an immoral or extravagant tendency, such as jewels, rich robes, books, statues, and the like. Poor Mona Brigida, in "Romola," gives us a most pathetic account of this procession.

Passing from San Lorenzo to Santa Croce, one cannot help a sigh of regret that Angelo's matchless genius was not employed on the tombs of those immortals whose dust reposes in that Westminster Abbey of Florence, rather than on the tombs of the Medici. They were, for the most part, an unworthy race, after Lorenzo. Cosimo II. deserves



COSIMO II., DE' MEDICI.

indeed, to be remembered for the protection he accorded Galileo. The line of the Medici ended in 1737 with John Gaston, who was truly a queer mixture of virtue and vice. When, however, in the vast inclosure of Santa Croce we come across the names of Dante, Galileo, and Machiavelli, we feel that such need no monument.

In the cloister of St. Annunziata is to be seen the Madonna del Saco, by that wonderful colorist and painter, Andrea del Sarto. Vasari considered it the finest fresco in the world. And though time has dimmed its beauty and richness, enough remains to justify Vasari's opinion of the fresco. Rich in art and beautiful in architecture are many other churches in Florence, among which there is space to mention Santa Maria Novella only, where the frescoes of Domenico Ghirlandajo, whose compositions combine gravity and power with much grace, cover the whole of one of the walls from roof to base.

Let us go from the churches to the world-famous and unrivaled galleries of the Pitti and Uffizii, that are joined across the Arno, like the Siamese twins, by the old Ponte Vecchio. To describe the wonders of these

galleries is an impossibility; busy as the eyes and mind are when there, weeks—nay, months—will not do them justice. The Archives of Tuscany, Biblioteca Nazionale, saloons of statues and drawings and paintings—are all arranged with such nicety and precision that it is impossible for the merest tyro to go through these galleries without a deeper and fuller knowledge and appreciation of the real significance of art and art-culture. In the Tribune of the Uffizii is the Venus di Medici, before whose shrine the art-critics of the world have knelt and humbly offered up all the superlative adjectives of praise that language can boast.

Yet little less is the praise which has been lavished on the four other precious relics of antiquity in the Tribune, the Apollino, the Dancing Faun, the Wrestlers, and that art-puzzle, the Anotino, or slave whetting his knife. Beside the statues are paintings by Perugino, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Van Dyck, Rubens, Michael Angelo and many others. Indeed the gems of the Tribune alone would suffice to make the reputation of any modern city. In the saloon of



PADRE AGOSTINO DA MONTEFELTRO.

(See page 285.)

Niobe is the famous Niobe surrounded on either side by her expiring children. The eloquent pathos of despair depicted in the marble Niobe once seen is never forgotten.

senseless and anatomy and perspective unknown. For ages there was scarcely any perceptible advance in Art and in the pictures of many of the early Annunciations,



BAS-RELIEFS FOR THE ORGAN GALLERY OF THE DUOMO, NOW IN THE BARGELLO MUSEUM.

Nor is it easy to forget that strange offspring of the imagination of some ancient Etruscan, the bronze Chimæra of Bellerophon.

Compared with the art of antiquity and the Renaissance, what is termed *old art* has a very crude and unsatisfactory appearance, and is only interesting as it serves to connect modern art with the antique. Old art belongs to the time that intervened between the antique and the Renaissance periods of art. When Rome embraced Christianity, the new made Christians sought to atone for their past paganism by destroying all the pictures and statues that had been used in Pagan worship. So thoroughly did these early Christians do their work that it was rather by accident than design that many beautiful works of art were buried in the bosom of kindly Mother Nature, to be unearched after the lapse of centuries. When the longings of the soul to create again manifested itself, it showed the creative impulse in rude outlines on a ground of color, then attempts at portraiture where the faces were flat and

Assumptions and Coronations we find the "Old" striving with the "Antique" in a not very satisfactory manner, either to the artist or to the beholder. Crude as the old art now appears, we must not despise it, for it paved the way for the glorious Renaissance period. What Rome destroyed, Florence recreated, and that, too, with greater intellectual beauty than even Greece in her palmiest days could boast of producing. In the St. Sebastian of Sodoma, the beautiful creations of Andrea del Sarto, the Pietàs of Perugino and Bartolomeo, the Madonnas of Raphael, the immortal works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, we possess pictures that will always be unsurpassable. It is not possible that there will ever be a more lovely and lovable picture than the Madonna della Sedia of Raphael, in the Pitti gallery. We do not pause to consider if the Mary is more of a sultana than a Madonna; it is the great Mother-love that permeates her whole being, and which goes out to the babe lying in such sweet

security upon her knees, that draws out all of our love and sympathy. What purity of emotion it calls forth! what tender thoughts well up within as we stand before this glorious picture! It is because all of Raphael's pictures are replete with indications of deep, profound sentiment that he is to-day the best beloved of all the great masters of Modern Art.

And this brings us to that general survey of Florentine art-history through which

we realize how great is the debt we of these modern times owe to the civilization and culture of Florence. As I have previously endeavored to show, we are met at every turn in our wanderings through this beautiful city by objects that give us a vivid impression of the mighty and not very remote past. Italy, of all the European countries, was the first to do anything worthy of the name of art or literature, and in this respect may not inaptly be called the morning



COURTYARD OF THE BARGELLO.

star of modern civilization. Under the revivifying influence of Italian literature the whole world seems suddenly to have changed its character, and in the new birth of thought an impetus was given to the mind which was soon produced in England, Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Spenser and Shakespeare. As I have said, the revival of learning in the fifteenth century spread throughout Italy. But it was Florence that gave the movement its distinctive life and character. Symonds tells us that "the Florentines were animated with the strongest sense of the greatness and splendor of Florence. However much we may deplore the rancorous dissensions which from time to time split up the commonwealth into parties, the remorseless policy which destroyed Pisa, and the political measures of the Medici, Florence was a city glorious, a realized ideal of culture and humanity for all of the rest of Italy, and through Italian influences in general, for modern Europe and for us." So great, indeed, was the intellectual spirit of Florence at this particular time, and so powerful has been her influence on the civilized world, that even now, as we look back through the centuries at the attainments of this wonderful Tuscan city, we can not but feel that, like the culture of Athens, it marks an important stage in the history of the world's development. Here Savonarola hurled his burning eloquence against the sins of prelates and princes. Here lived and moved the majestic figure of Dante.

Here dwelt Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Giotto, those great masters who have left their impress indelibly stamped on the art-history of the world.

The Florence of to-day is, of course, very different from the Florence of the Renaissance period. But, even now, as we enter into the life and habits of her people, it is an easy matter to perceive that the heart of Italy, like the climate of Italy, is full of sunshine, softness and beauty. Speaking to us through the pathos of departed greatness, Florence bewitches our hearts as no other European city does. She is, indeed, the widowed embodiment, as it were, of that glorious Renaissance period which can not be studied too much, for its positive results in the things of the intellect and the imagination, no less than for those æsthetic and ethical qualities of which it is a consummate

type. Referring to Michael Angelo, Grimm says: "When one speaks of him, winds, clouds, seas and mountains disappear, and only what is proved by the spirit of man remains behind." And the same may in a measure be said of Florence. The ordinary accessories of nature and circumstances still possess an interest for us in all things pertaining to Florentine history. But, above all of the subordinate conditions, there is that in the history of this marvelous city which brings the human element before us with a distinctness, a pathos, a power over which the march of centuries has no influence.

Before leaving modern Florence, it is but just to mention the Savonarola of to-day, Padre Agostino da Montefeltro, whose marvelous eloquence and phenomenal influence are celebrated through all Europe. His countrymen call him the later Savonarola, but he is no politician. The entire force of his burning zeal is centered upon winning the masses to the truths of Christianity. His daily congregations reach from seven to eight thousand people, thronging the cathedral of Florence. Though most of them are working people, there are many persons of rank and culture in this audience; and over them all, peasants and nobles, soldiers and priests, pours a fervid tide of majestic eloquence that sways and holds captive the multitude, like the sermons of Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed. When the organ prelude ends, the clerk draws aside the pulpit curtain, and the sea of expectant humanity hushes before the smile of this Franciscan preacher. Leaning forward upon the pulpit rail he calmly announces his subject. Then instantly his whole expression is transformed. His clear and mellifluous sentences rapidly unfold the theme, with an enthusiasm that seems inspired. Yet there is a cogent logical force and structure to every sermon. And the whole attitude of his graceful delivery (contrasting curiously with his rigid monastic garment) bears witness to the profound conviction of his soul. As he proceeds the people raptly listen to every word until he pauses; and then a low murmur of "*Bene, bene*" ("Good, good") is heard. So great an enthusiasm was created by his sermons delivered during the Lent of 1887 that an enterprising Florence newspaper employed stenographers to take

them from the preacher's lips; a few hours later they were sold about the streets in large editions. Their fame reached England, where they are published in a little volume which has had some circulation in this country. From this we quote, as an appropriate close of our glimpse of the treasures of Florence, a paragraph from his sermon on "The Purpose of Life":

"But now let us contemplate for an instant the most innocent, the purest, the most perfectly-regulated affection that could animate the heart of man. Will it suffice to fill it, to satisfy it? No; because a secret sense of satiety brings with it a haunting fear, of which the tears shed in moments of apparently complete happiness are an irrefragable proof. And the greater the affection becomes, the more does the heart long for the infinite. My God, my God, for what purpose, then, didst Thou create the heart of man? He created it for Himself. Then let us follow the instinct of our heart; and if our heart is oppressed with the weight of this earth and its cares, it will carry us straight from them to God. Again, if not content with interrogating the superior faculties of our nature, we ask the same question of those faculties which address themselves to material objects, and yet, when brought into contact with them, lose their energetic force, we receive the same reply. Interrogate our sensibilities. They are never satisfied. Our energies will not, like Hannibal, sleep upon the victories of yesterday; they must ever have some new sphere for their activity. Ask the artists, the artists of all kinds, the men of genius. Contemplate genius by itself. What do you find? You will find a man whose first word is to protest his impotence: his incapacity for reaching the ideal standard he has set before him. You will see Virgil about to throw his *Æneid* into flames; Michael Angelo in sad, silent contemplation of his statues, because his mind has conceived a Colossus not to be compassed by his hand. You will see Leonardo da Vinci leave his immortal *Cenacolo* incomplete; you will

see Tasso bitterly regret that he ever wrote the '*Gerusalemme Liberata*;' Milton prefer some insignificant ode to his '*Paradise Lost*;' Fénelon at work upon '*Telemaque*,' while he leaves in eighteen folios of manuscript the proof of his insatiable longings. And last of all the musician, and above all the musician, to prove this undeniable truth. The last echoes of his melodies have died away, and he listens for them still and strains his ears to catch other harmonies which elude him, and so prove to him his incapacity for reaching the perfection of his heart. Why is it? Why is it that the nearer we approach to our ideal, the farther it seems to depart from us? I ask the question here in the midst of all masterpieces of genius. I ask you, do we not feel the love of the beautiful increase in us, and not diminish, the farther we penetrate into it? My brethren, it is the property of all the arts, it is their privilege, to take our souls by force and lift them up to God. O Raffaello, I have gazed upon thy sublime frescoes, and I have remained in mute admiration for hours before I have turned that immortal page in the Vatican, while my soul has flown up to God. Rossini, Bellini, I have listened to your melodies, your symphonies in a transport of happiness, and, while I showered blessings upon you for having given such an interpretation to the feelings of the heart, I felt my own heart caught up to the Throne of God. Yet once again answer me. How often when from the summit of some hill you have watched the sun sinking in the horizon, have you felt your heart lifted up involuntarily to Heaven! How often in that solemn hour, when some nameless feeling of melancholy has gained possession of you, have you not asked of your soul: 'Why art thou sad? Whence this melancholy? what is it thou desirest? Dost thou follow that fleeting cloud with thy longing gaze? But what dost thou want of that cloud? Dost thou watch the course of that flowing water? But what dost thou want of that water?' And the soul will answer: 'I am athirst for God.'

COUNT BAPTISTE.

BY KATHARINE B. FOOT.

"IN 1809," said Uncle Sam, "I was a little more than ten years old—a thoughtful little lad, fond of curling up in out-of-the-way corners with a book, or of wandering on the beaches alone, or sitting dreaming on the cliff at Newport, looking far away over the sea, and finding my own society and my own dreams and imaginings far more interesting than boys of my own age in their plays and ways of thinking. In those early days of the century newspapers were few and far between, and the books were of a serious and solemn nature that would not for one moment entertain the child of to-day—but those that were always a delight to me—although I wonder now, when I remember what a delight they were. Books of travel and adventure, however, seldom fell into my hands, and so, longing and seeking, as thoughtful and imaginative children do, to know what had been going on or what was going on outside of sleepy little Newport, I grabbed every chance to hear a story, especially a true one, from any one who would tell it to me. So it came about that one of the great tragedies of the world was told to me by an eye-witness. It seems wonderful, doesn't it, that I sit here about to tell you this from the lips of the man who saw it on that fatal day in October, 1793? But it is true. That summer of 1809 I was one day lying on the sand on the beach watching the lazy, long waves run gently in and curl over with a sudden splash, and then run out with that peculiar ripple and swish and hurrying rush to get home again that is so regular and so soothing to all the senses. I was very nearly falling asleep, when I was conscious of steps near me on the sand.

"I was leaning on one elbow with my chin in my hand and my eyes staring out to sea, and I turned my head to see a man standing near me who was a stranger to me, and for that reason, if for none other—for in those days there was no one in Newport whom I did not know by sight—he had a most lively interest for me.

"He stood leaning lightly on a cane with one hand, and looking out to sea with a gaze

which I could not then have described, but which I felt to be most yearning and pathetic. I looked at him earnestly—saw that his dress had a something about it different from anything I had ever seen before, although I was quite used to the knee-breeches he wore—and even to the hair tied in a pigtail behind, for my father dressed himself in that same style, abhorring 'new-fangled notions,' as he called long trousers, but yet seeing a distinctly foreign air, when the man suddenly turned and said: 'Ah! my little friend, look you, too, over the sea?'

"I didn't know exactly what he meant, for I perceived something beyond the mere question in what he said, so I answered, 'Yes; I love to look out to sea; I wish I could see way over to the other side, don't you?'

"The man's eyes filled with tears, and one after the other they slowly dropped down his cheeks and even on to his waistcoat, while I gazed at him in wonder and half afraid, also, for I had never seen a man cry before. But he presently brushed them away and said: 'Ah! could I but see over there;' and he stretched out his arms toward the ocean and then let them fall with a sort of despairing, resigned gesture, and as he did so sat down on the sand beside me.

"He looked kindly at me and, with a child's wonderful penetration, I saw what an older person would not have seen so plainly, if at all, that this man was sad and lonely and yearning for sympathy and companionship, and all at once my heart went out to him and I was his friend. I suppose he saw and felt that, for he began to talk to me, and he told me of himself. He spoke English quite plainly, with a marked accent and with many foreign idioms, more or less curiously turned into English, but perfectly plain always. He told me that he had but that morning come to Newport, and that he had left his valise at the inn before he sought a lodging while he came down to stand by the sea. He asked me if I knew where he could go to live, and I told him to come up to our house and ask my mother. And so

after a while, hand in hand, we went up the beach road into the town; not lined as now on either side by fine houses, but a country road, straggling and uneven, with grass-grown pathways and wild vines climbing along the post and rail fences of the pastures. I opened the front door and called mother, and until she came my new friend stood on the threshold, hat in hand.

"He made her a deep bow as she came through into the square hall, and I eagerly told my story, and he, when I had finished, told his. My mother asked him to sit down, and listened to him with sympathy and interest—ah, she had a tender heart—and then she called my father.

"He was out in his office, which was a little building all by itself in the yard, and he came in, straight and tall, and rather severe. He made a slight bow and the stranger a deep one, and then he said, 'My name, sir, is Henri Baptiste—it is not the entire of my name, I have left that in France long ago,' and he made a gesture with his hands as if putting something behind him, 'it is my New World name—I am an émigré of '93.'

"My father held out his hand—'We have only welcome here,' he said, 'for such as you who left name and country behind in '93.'

"'I came here,' said 'Count Baptiste,'—as he was always called afterwards,—'for I sought some good friends; they tell me I am again alone, all alone; it makes no matter—not at all—where I am if those I here seek are always gone away, and I seek here for a time a habitation; my little friend here said "Come to my mother," and I am here.'

"That whole most pathetic first interview with Count Baptiste is just as real to me to-day as it was seventy-five years ago," said Uncle Sam—"to-day it is 1888, then it was 1809,—beyond the allotted span of man, and yet I am here to tell you of that young man,—who was, who is always young, for he died many years ago; who then seemed so old to me, and who was, I knew afterwards, just thirty-three years old. I can smell to-day the close sweet almost moldy smell of the cupboard on the left-hand side of the fireplace in the 'keeping-room,' when my mother opened it, to take out some of her famous Election cake and a glass of her currant wine for our strange guest. He looked

faint and tired, and the cake and wine were evidently very welcome to him, but before he raised the glass to his lips, he stood with it in his hand and made my mother a deep grave bow, and then one to my father also, and then he drank.

"Well, the upshot of that day's chance meeting was, that Count Baptiste took lodgings in the house of an old bachelor who lived next door,—but his meals he took at our house and he was there a great deal at other times. I think he must have had a little ready money, probably raised by the sale of some jewels that he had about him when he escaped from France, and he painted little pictures for sale, of the beautiful country about Newport, and sometimes he painted little miniatures and sold them, and so he lived in a simple fashion that cost little. We were inseparable companions all through that long summer. We wandered here and there all over the island,—I pointed out to him with patriotic pride the house from which Prescott was stolen out of his bed by brave Col. Barton, and showed him from either side, the earthworks on the main land which the Americans had thrown up. I told him every bit and scrap of Revolutionary story I knew, and I knew much for I had listened eagerly to all the old soldiers had told me, and my intense and quiet eagerness to know all I could of the days when they fought had made me able to glean from them much that was interesting and valuable, but so painful and bitter to them, that they seldom spoke of it,—fearing, I suppose, a want of sympathy and appreciation in their great sufferings.

"Count Baptiste, I suppose, felt my childish sympathy, for although reticent and grave with every one else, he little by little when alone with me, told me of his childhood in France,—of his mother and his sister,—not much of his father, a shade seemed to cover his face when he spoke of him,—and after a time I seemed to know as he did the old chateau where he had been a boy. One day we were sitting on the edge of the cliff looking far away out to sea when I said, 'Were you ever in the Revolution?' A violent shudder passed over him, and with a sudden almost a convulsive movement he clasped his hands across his eyes and then as he dropped them, he said, 'Oh could I forget it? See I will tell you,' and then he told me of

the story which I will put just as nearly in his own words as I can.

"I was," he said, "just sixteen years old that June, and one bright day my sister Marie and I, after wandering in the gardens until we were tired, seated ourselves under a tree, and back of us was a thick wood, not far away, and only screened by rose bushes was a door in the garden wall which was kept always locked. Our mother, happily for her, had that day chosen to go away quite a long way from our home to do some work or deed of charity. My father was away, I do not know where,—he was often, yes, always away, and Marie and I and a few women servants were alone in the chateau. It was such a bright and peaceful day. I remember I was tired and I threw myself on my back and watched the white little clouds sailing over my head, and I fell into a waking dream from which I was roused by a handful of roses thrown in my face by Marie, and *ma foi*, with force alas, for one deep thorn pierced my lip and the blood came. As I wiped it off a drop of blood fell on my ruffled sleeve. 'Bad one,' I said to her, 'see what you have done,—see me;' and I struck an attitude. 'I am a picture of to-day, I am an aristocrat bathed in his own blood.' It was a fearful conceit, but we were children, and Paris was two days' journey from us, and but the echoes of murder and riot came to our ears.

"'There is no rose without a thorn,' said Marie, laughing. 'You would have them, you gathered them, take them with the thorns.' I raised her hand to my lips; she was my elder by a year, and her grace and beauty were to me as to the eyes of a lover. 'Pardon me,' I said, 'there is *one* rose without a single thorn.' She laughed, she lifted her finger and opened her lips for some little gay reply, and at that instant a scream—a groan, a scuffling fell upon our ears. Down the garden path came flying, with fearful face, pretty Madeline, my mother's little maid, who had been always our playmate—for our good mother had taken her from the village when but a child. She could scarcely speak, but she managed to say, 'Fly, fly, they come!' As we stood still, not knowing where to fly!—from what,—she cried again, 'They come, fly, oh, dear mistress, fly!'

"She seized Marie, and dragged and pushed her into the thick wood behind us, and cried 'Come, come,' to me, but I stood to see what

danger came to us, and I stood too long. I heard a crash, the door before me fell forward, and men with pikes—here and there one with a sword—poured in, over the fallen door, through the branches of the roses, that caught across their faces and clung to their clothes. In a moment—a stupefied moment—I was surrounded, and pulled this way and that, my coat torn off, struck, wounded, bleeding, called 'That villain Comte,' 'Aristocrat,' 'Robber,' while I, protesting, asked of what I was accused, and for what they wanted me.

"An old man, our gardener, appeared, his rake in his trembling old hand, crying: 'It is not he; it is our young master,' when the men turned upon him, beat him, struck him down, and cried with oaths, 'Who are masters now?' Terrified and trembling, they dragged me out into the road. At first I fought madly; I shrank from the clutch of those dirty, wicked hands, but at last I went where they led me. I had no more strength. I think that for a while I was quite insensible, for I remember nothing more until I found myself lying on the floor of a cottage with my feet tied together at the ankles, and my arms bound to my sides by the long silk mantle which my sister had dropped in her flight, and which they had wound fast about me. I suffered from thirst. I recollect what a torture it was, and I called for drink, and the men about me only laughed and cursed, and cried, 'The aristocrat is thirsty; let him cry, then, for drink.' I looked in vain for one look of pity,—but I was also glad as I looked, for these men were all strangers to me. I fancied once or twice that I saw behind them some of our own people, and once I was sure a woman's voice cried: 'It is the good young master they have bound,' and then I heard the sound of a blow, and screams and curses. At last the men who guarded me became tired; one stretched himself to sleep, and the others turned away into the little garden, where their comrades were eating and drinking, that they, too, might share their meal. Tortured by a fearful thirst, I felt that I must die or go mad if no one gave me drink, when a hand was gently laid on my forehead, and a voice I knew well—that of Madeline—whispered, 'Drink—they are safe—quick,' and a cup of wine and water was put to my eager lips. I drank the cupful down, and Madeline whispered, 'What-

ever comes, be still ; I will save thee if it be possible.' Hurriedly as she whispered, eagerly as I drank, we were scarce in time ; the cup was dashed away, and Madeline gave a scream as my guard grasped her, crying : ' Ah, little cat, thou wilt then help the aristocrat when he thirsts ; ah,' and he gave a fiendish sound from between his teeth. It was like the cry of an animal baffled of his prey.

" Madeline sprang up ; part of the force of the blow which had dashed away the cup had reached her and knocked her backwards. I scarcely knew her voice ; her words filled me with a new terror. This girl—this little gentle girl, whom my mother had been so good a friend to—could it indeed be Madeline who cried : ' Oh ! thou, *thou* wouldst then let him die of thirst, when it is by the knife alone that such should come to their death. Dost *thou* then wear the red cap ? Give it to *me*,' and she actually snatched it from his head and put it on her own. Her long black hair fell from beneath it,—her black eyes seemed to flash with ferocity. She placed one hand on her side, and shook the other fist in my face, and screamed to me, ' Oh, thou ! They would have let thee die of thirst ; that is too good for thee ; but no—to the guillotine ! ' And she snapped her fingers in my face and danced about like a fury. As she had always been one of the gentlest of maids, I could only lie, and gaze at her in amazement.

" One moment she almost frightened me by her vehemence, and the next moment I felt almost certain that she was trying to make me understand something—but I could not. As evening came on I was half-dragged and half-lifted into a cart and thrown down on the floor—not even a pillow of straw was given me, and with men on the cart and walking by it, who took turns with the others in riding, we set out on the weary journey to Paris. Two or three times in that fearful night some one held a cup of wine and water to my lips, and I fancied it was done when others did not see. A few mouthfuls of bread were put one by one between my lips, and I felt sure that some friend was near me. But when the day dawned I could see no face I ever remembered to have seen before, and no friendly glance met mine. Ah, that day, how fearful it was ! The sun beat down upon my

unsheltered head—the dust choked me ! I was shaken and jolted, sore and hungry, thirsty and heart-broken. I only wished that I might die. Only fierce faces bent over me, full of the most dreadful ferocity ; they seemed to be not like enraged animals even, for no animal could have looked so evil, so wicked, but rather like some new and fearful creation, neither man nor animal. Another awful night came, and when dawn came we were entering the streets of Paris and I was still alive. We stopped at last before a gate, and after some talk through a wicket between my captors and some one inside, the gate was opened and I was dragged out and ordered to walk in. I did walk, faint and feeble as I was, for a few steps, and then—they told me afterwards—I fell in a dead faint. When I came to, I was lying on some straw, a kind face leaned over me—that of a prisoner and a doctor I knew afterwards—and some drink was held to my lips. I can not tell you much about the time that followed. For a long time I was kept all alone in that little cell ; light came to me, but no sunshine ; they gave me food and water, but I never saw any one but the jailer, and he never spoke to me except to curse me for an aristocrat every time he put my food inside the door. At last there came a time when the door was opened one morning, and the jailer ordered me to walk out into the hall ; and when I went out they took me to a large hall where several other people were waiting, also guarded. I looked about for one friendly or familiar face, but there was not one I knew. Some were young and some were old—there were men and women—some trying to be brave, and some bowed down with despair and long imprisonment. We were all driven together through the halls and a courtyard, and then we were soon in a great court-room. One after the other we were talked to, and what I said I do not know. It was so long that I had been shut up, and the noise was so great and the looks of the people about me so terrible, the heat and bad air in the place overcame me. I remember only that I said I had no wish to harm any one, that all the people in our house were happy, and then, after a long, long waiting, we were taken back, and when I was put back into my cell I remember I fell exhausted on my filthy bed, and then I wept—yes, I, then almost a man, wept like

a woman. Once more they took me into that dreadful court-room, and there I heard them pronounce the death sentence upon me and many others. A girl next me gave a great cry, and fell over against me in a dead faint when they called her name. I held her up, and tried to say to her 'Be brave,' but she was so young, and so reminded me of Marie, that instead I found tears coming to my eyes. It was to be the day but one after that we were all to go to the dreadful place where the knife rose and fell—rose and fell—and with each stroke in those days cut off many an innocent life, many a tender heart. I do not remember that I thought much of myself—but much always of my mother, of my sister—where were they? That night I could not sleep, I could not even lie still on the straw, but I walked, walked up and down, a few steps only each way, and my heart seemed bursting with grief. Suddenly I heard a little click of the lock—it seemed to me that the bolts were drawn softly, but they grated still—and then the door opened; there was the gleam of a lantern, and a man came in and closed the door after him.

"He lifted the lantern to light his face, put his finger to his lips to check any sound I might make, and stood and looked at me steadily. I felt as the man entered that he was a friend, and yet I did not know. Presently he took off the red cap he wore and said in a whisper: 'Monsieur le Comte.' Then I seemed to have a light upon me and I knew him—it was Baptiste, who had been brought up in our village, who had been taken away to Paris by my father for a valet, and who was also the lover of Madeline, the little maid of my mother and sister. He carried some clothes on his arm, he had a pair of scissors in his hand, and he whispered to me: 'At the risk of my life I will try to save the good young count, and in these clothes and as my brother, for whom I have a pass out of the prison, we will go when it is light. Now, no more; once out the young master shall know all.' He said what he did in a whisper, and helped me to change my clothes; he cut my hair to look like the style of his own, and he carefully concealed about himself all my outer garments and every lock of hair. When all was done he gave a cautious glance—a glance which saw all things, and said again: 'To-morrow I will tell all; they are

safe still;' and then he left me as silently as he came. To say what I felt!—ah! that I can not; to feel a hope where I had known nothing but despair, one must have felt that to know; it can not be told. At the first streak of day Baptiste came again and whispered: 'Whatever I do or say make no answer, only follow me closely.' He inspected me very carefully, he rubbed his hand once over my face, and I felt that it left dirt of some kind there. He gave me a basket of tools, he made me rub a greasy, dirty rag over my hands, and then he told me to put the basket on my arm and follow him. I did what he told,—He placed his finger on his lip, and then, after bolting behind him the door of the empty cell, he beckoned me to follow him, and softly we crept down a long, dark passage, first one turn and then another. Suddenly Baptiste before me filled the air with oaths most horrible: 'Ah, thou villain,' he called me, 'thou didst not thy work properly yesterday; make thy locks safe, pig.' He interrupted himself as a man came near to us. 'A good day, citizen, for the ladies, for the assembly among the people; a good day—a bright day. They will dress many heads to-day.' 'Ah,' said the man he addressed, 'thou art a true citizen, Baptiste; but for these one gay bird would have flown—thy master.' I shivered with terror. To what was I going? Was I betrayed? Had Baptiste betrayed my father and now me? Trembling I crept after him, while Baptiste swore at me for a clumsy fellow.

"'What does he then, this one?' said the other jailer. 'He is a fool,' said Baptiste; 'he is my brother, but he is a fool; he mends locks and he forgets his tools, and now I have again to pass him out, he who but a moment ago passed in—it is I who must wait upon him;' and muttering and cursing me for a fool and a villain, we reached at last, passing one guard after another, the outer gate.

"There we were halted, and the paper Baptiste gave was carefully looked over.

"'For thy brother, the lock-maker,' said one. 'I did not pass him in to-day.' 'No, thou didst not,' said Baptiste, swaggering, 'because while sleep made a stupid of thee and the night watch here—and thou behind thy time,' and he gave the guard a sharp look—'the boy came. Look! the villain, the fool; he comes and he forgets the lock

he was to put on ; 'tis but a head fit to fall into the basket ; go on, thou stupid one,' he said to me, and to the guard : 'I go to my place. I will bring him when I again come ; he will forget not then.'

"I passed out. I was ready to faint with terror, with joy, as the great gate clanged behind me. Baptiste kept on before me, grumbling and swearing, until we had turned a corner, when he said : 'Follow me closely and be quick ; do not lose me.' Then he started off at such a pace that I had much trouble to keep up with him. Where we went I did not know then, and I do not know now, for Paris was, and is, utterly strange to me. At last, after a long walk, Baptiste turned suddenly into a doorway, and after we had climbed three flights of old, decaying stairways, we went down a long passage, and he opened a door and motioned to me to enter. There was no one there, and there was little in the room—a chair, a table, a few fagots on the hearth. Baptiste made me sit down, gave me some wine and some bread that he took from a cupboard, and then he told me that my mother and sister and Madeline were in England, safe ; that Madeline had begged so hard to have me saved that for love of her, when they found out where I was, he had tried to get, and had, finally, been given a place as guard in the Conciergerie where I had been taken ; that Madeline had bribed one of the men—whom she had coquetted with for that especial purpose—to give me food and drink on the way to Paris. He also said that he had not betrayed my father, but had tried to help him to escape, and that when others had thought that it was Baptiste who had given him up, that he had been glad to have it believed, that he might be supposed to be a friend to the Republic, and so better able to help me.

"He had papers to leave Paris for himself and his sister. I never knew how he got them. I was to make my escape in woman's clothes, and Baptiste had them ready. It was a peasant costume, and Baptiste dressed me with ready fingers. My hair was concealed by a handkerchief and a cap, and Baptiste himself put on a peasant dress, and with a bundle on his back, we stole out as soon as we were ready, for we were to pass the barrier as soon as possible. Baptiste said he had some money, and we started. It was then about eleven o'clock in the morn-

ing of October 14th. I shall never forget that date. Baptiste said to me, 'Do not look afraid ; always follow me and look about, and hold up your head.' I caught his idea ; we were peasants, and we were looking about half curious and half afraid. It was my only chance for life, and I did my best. Suddenly, as we turned a corner, a fierce crowd swept upon us, and had not Baptiste caught my arm I should have fallen under their feet. We were forced to run with them, and to my horror I found, after a mad rush, when I had all but fainted for want of breath, that I was pushed in full and near view of the guillotine, to which I had been yesterday condemned. There were ferocious yells from the crowd about me, fearful faces looked into mine—ah ! it is all like a horrible dream—and then there came a shout from the crowd of, 'They are here.' I did not know, I did not even dream, who it was, until I heard all about me cries of 'Vive la République,' and 'the Austrian, the Austrian.' I could just see the cart as it came nearer, and for one moment I saw what I was then afraid was the face of our queen, Marie Antoinette—what I afterward knew was her face. It was turned in my direction—the face I had so longed to see when I had heard her beauty and her grace spoken of by my father and mother. I shall never forget that one brief glance. It was the face of a woman with gray hair,—one lock of which blew across her face as I looked. The head was half bowed,—her face was pale as death except under and about her eyes, where it was so darkly red as to be purplish,—the eyelids were heavy and swollen, and the eyes deeply sunken, as by long watching and weeping. On her face, in that one brief, fleeting glimpse, I seem to remember an expression of stupefied horror. It was like a face full of anguish seen in a dream, which stares and stares, and never speaks. I do not remember about her looks anything else. I saw her turn, and then she was lost to my sight because of the heads of the people, and only for one brief moment I saw her again as she mounted the steps of the scaffold, a priest by her side. I remember seeing her seized by the executioner, and I could hear no more. I clung to Baptiste.—I closed my eyes,—I heard the crash of the guillotine and the cries of the people about me. In another moment I heard a man beside me cry, 'Ah ! see the head of the Aus-

trian,' and shouts of 'Vive la République,' and then Baptiste grasped me and said, 'Come, come,' and with the crowd we ran, I do not know where. It was a long walk to the Barrier. I was so faint and so horror-stricken and so weary. There was a great crowd there, and we passed with but slight detention. Once clear, Baptiste hurried me on.

"When we reached a thick wood toward nightfall, he let me lie down awhile, and he too fell beside me. He woke me later and by the faint light he helped me to change my clothes to a man's again; he made some change in his own; he hid the clothes we had left, and he gave me some food, some water. 'It is all I have,' he said, and 'Hurry, hurry.' So it went for a week, we walked, we crept at night, we begged a little food at peasant houses and in a week we had reached the sea. For two days we lay hidden near it, and at last we got passage on a boat—it was a fishing boat they said—it may have been a smugglers' boat. I do not know; all that flight was like a dream—a bad dream. We were landed after a night on the English coast, and there, when we were safe, I broke down, all my strength was gone, and they told me that for days and weeks I raved of the guillotine and the queen. When I was again come to myself, my mother and my sister were beside me, and for the time my troubles were over. For a long time, some ten years, I lived in England. I painted there as here my little miniatures, and with Baptiste's help we kept my mother happy. Baptiste married Madeline, and had the shop of a barber; my sister married after some years an English gentleman. One day my mother left me and her griefs, and God took her home—may heaven rest her soul—and I was alone. To France I had no wish to return; my father had been guillotined; the estate had been all but swept away by the revolution, and when I might have safely

gone back, there was but a ruined chateau for me and no money. I had no friends for whom I cared, and the New World seemed to me to be better for me to try than the old one. Gladly would my sister and her good husband have kept me there, but I am of the old nobility. I could not eat the bread of dependence; and so, my little friend, I am here. It was by chance I came,—it will be by chance I go, where, I know not. My heart turns often across the water far away, yet it is but a vain longing. Never can come back again the days when I was happy in the old chateau. Good friends came to America with me; your people are kind, and they are one in hope. It is a country where no revolution, no horrors can come, and I am weary and I will stay on this side of the water."

The Count Baptiste looked away far into the horizon and sat very still for a long time after he had finished his story, and then he said, "I have told it all to you once. I will never tell it again to any one, it is too real, too near," and he made a gesture as if putting all behind him. After a while, the next spring I think, he went away from Newport, promising to soon return, but he never came back any more. What became of him or where he went, no one ever knew certainly. He was delicate, and he had a bad cough when he went away, and he probably did not live long. His natural reticence would have made him conceal from every one his exact condition in regard to health and means. I am always glad to think that he would surely have found friends somewhere for he had a friendly way,—but from the day I sadly said "Good-bye" to him at our gate I never saw or heard of Count Baptiste again. But I can see often in memory the lonely figure on the cliffs gazing over the water of the man who saw one of the great tragedies of the world.



AN ACADEMY FOR BEARS.

BY HENRY TYRRELL.

IN Russia, as unfortunately in our own country, one sometimes hears the question asked, concerning an ill-bred person: "Where was he brought up?" And the reply there is: "At the Smorgon Academy, probably."

The application of this pleasantry becomes apparent as soon as we learn where and what Smorgon is. It is a small village near the Ural Mountains, along the eastern frontier of European Russia, where the chief occupation of the inhabitants is the training of bears. These animals abound in the adjacent wilds of Siberia. They are taken while in their infancy or cubhood, when it is easy to send them to Smorgon to be educated. Once graduated from the "Academy" there, they are exceedingly accomplished beasts, able to earn a good living for themselves and for their masters, who lead them about the country for exhibition.

The bear, you must know, is very popular among the Russian people, particularly the children. They make quite as much of him as we do of the elephant; and an unusually large or remarkably clever bear is to them what a jumbo is to us.

The peasants call the bear "Michael Ivanovitch," or "Mishka," for short. He also has the title of "General Toptyggin." This latter name is what is called onomatopoeic—that is to say, it is supposed to suggest by its sound what it stands for, which in this case is the hippety-hop motion of the dancing-bear. Some of the poor peasants have even a superstitious belief that Mishka can do them good when they are sick, by walking over them, or stroking them with his huge, clumsy paws.

The Academy at Smorgon, where these young four-footed Siberian students receive their education, is usually an ordinary two-story dwelling, furnished on the first floor with a species of gigantic oven, the flat iron roof of which forms the floor of a chamber above. When Mishka is brought in to take his first lesson, the oven is heated, and the unwilling pupil is set down upon the iron (or stone) floor. It is hot—not hot enough to singe the bear's feet, but very uncomfort-

able, indeed, to stand upon. He lifts first one paw, then another, like a cat walking in wet grass. The hotter the floor becomes, the livelier are the movements of the bear.

"Jump! jump! jump, Toptyggin!" cries the master; and poor General Toptyggin does jump with great alacrity, because he can't help it.

After this lesson has been repeated a few times, the bear knows what to expect when he is brought into the chamber, and he begins to hop about from mere force of habit, as it were. Then he is tried without any fire at all in the oven. The floor is stone-cold; but the bear goes through his dance just the same as ever. When Michael Ivanovitch once gets an idea into his shaggy head, it remains there for good; and thenceforward his master can make him dance at any time or place by simply crying:

• "Jump! jump! jump, Toptyggin!"

There are, however, some dunces and some rebels amongst bears, as amongst human-kind. When, as occasionally happens, it becomes evident that a certain bear was not born for the vocation of performer, he is summarily expelled from the Academy; and his next and final public appearance is, alas! in the meat-market.

But the bear-student who passes his entrance-examinations successfully makes rapid progress, and is finally graduated with an imposing catalogue of accomplishments. First of all, he can dance to music or without it. He can shoulder a gun, and go through a soldier's drill—a performance which always pleases a people accustomed to and fond of martial display, as the Russians are. He can carry two pails of water on the ends of a yoke laid across his shoulders, as the peasant women do. He can creep slyly across a field and "steal peas"—a bad example for the boys, it might seem, though he is really imitating them, as the little rascals know too well!

He can also imitate the "sick moujik;" that is to say, the peasant who does not want to work, and tries to make his laziness pass for illness. This is one of the drollest of Mishka's performances, and never fails to

elicit roars of laughter and applause. Another thing which Mishka does like a man may be termed a vice rather than an accomplishment. He drinks *vodka* (Russian brandy), and is fond of it, too; unlike some other animals, who, having once tasted and felt the effects of strong liquor, wisely become total abstainers thereafter.

Such, then, is the equipment of the educated bear, who, having been graduated from the Smorgon Academy, starts on his professional tour through the broad Russian Empire. We may appropriately close this brief chapter with an entertaining glimpse of his career on the road, furnished by the following anecdote in verse, which I translate from the poet, Nicholas Nekrasoff.

GENERAL TOPTYGGIN.

THROUGH the wintry twilight clear,
When the frost nipped nose and ear,
Jogged a driver in his sleigh
O'er the post-road's traveled way.
How his sturdy horses speeded,
Fedia little marked or heeded,
For the road was bad enough,
Strewn with hummocks, ridged and rough.
O'er that same way chanced to fare
Trifon, leader of a bear.
"Boy," he cried, "make room for me
And my comrade in your sleigh!"
"What! and Mishka?" "Never mind;
He's a gentle beast, and kind.
At the inn he'll drink his share,
And the extra cost I'll bear."
"Get you in," the young man cried.
So, with Mishka by his side,
Snugly Trifon was bestowed,
And together on they rode.
Soon the horses made a stop—
'Twas before a rodka-shop.
Merry Trifon and his friend
Entered, bidding Mishka tend
Sleigh and horses while they stayed.
Soberly the beast obeyed,
Master ate and drank his fill;
Slowly passed an hour, and still
Stood the horses at the door.
They had waited there before.
But the cold winds made them shiver;
Darkness fell o'er field and river;
Michael Ivanovitch
Moved with an uneasy hitch,
Then he growled impatiently,

Starting up the horses three.
Mishka roared a frightened roar:
Off like mad the horses tore.
Loitering Fedia heard within
Tinkling bells, and other din.
Out he rushed, in rage and fear—
Just to see them disappear!
On they dashed, with jolt and thump;
Mishka roared at every jump.
Frightened moujiks held their breath,
Women turned as pale as death,
Hearing Mishka's lusty cry,
As the swift team scurried by.
Full ten miles they kept their pace,
Ere they reached a stopping-place.
'Twas the post-house. With a shout
Ran the station-master out,
Bidding welcome to his guest,
Promising the tavern's best.
Mishka fumbled in the dark,
And the landlord did not mark
That the bearskin held a bear,
And a ringed nose sniffed the air.
"'Tis some General," he thought—
"Some great man, whom luck has brought
To my place." And, cap in hand,
"Sir," he asked, "what's your command?
Tea, or rodka?" Not a word
Answered that mysterious lord;
But he roared with all his might.
Back the landlord jumped, in fright.
Forty years have I lived here:
Lords and generals severe
I have served, and know the cost:
Half-a-dozen teeth I've lost,
One rib's cracked. But of them all,
None was like *this* General!"
Servants and the village rout
Heard, and gathered round about,
Some in wonder, some in fear,
Whispering in each other's ear:
"'Tis some mighty General there,
Growling like a savage bear."
"Will you have your room warmed, sir?"
Landlord asked, but dared not stir
One step nearer. As before,
Mishka answered with a roar.
So the General sat, in rage,
Two hours in his equipage,
Till the bearded Trifon came
To announce him by his name.
Poor Toptyggin! safely found,
He received a beating sound;
And the moujiks, with surprise,
Louder still heard Mishka's cries.

THE OWL-TRAPPER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIAM HOSEA BALLOU.

"MOTHER, we may have to eat baked owl for our Christmas dinner this year! There seems to be no chance for any other meat."

The mother smiled. "Even owls may be unable to get out in these snows; and if there were plenty of them to be had, besides those you have secured, I doubt if you would be able to pick any flesh from them. An owl is a combination of bones, feathers and muscles. The very thought of eating one is disgusting."

"But listen to this." The boy produced a torn and battered newspaper, the only one that had entered the house for several months. "Here are the head lines of a Chicago paper, the article itself being torn out:

"OWL SOUP.

STEWARDS OF CHICAGO HOTELS—HOW THEY
OUTBID TAXIDERMISTS IN THE MARKET—
BUYING OWLS AND USING THEM FOR
SOUP—SUSCEPTIBLE GUESTS WHO
GET TURTLE SOUP BREWED
OF OWLS."

The mother's worn and anxious face again lighted with smiles. She could neither resist nor dampen the buoyant spirits of her hopeful son. When there was nothing but a potato to eat, he roasted it in the ashes and acted as if he had dined like a king. With clothing so patched and ragged that the fierce winds found many entrances in, he tramped through the snows unconcerned, and by the light of a blood root in the humble abode at night, dilated on his future at the academy and university. The good dame stopped in her housekeeping—not a very extensive labor in her case—and said quietly: "My dear, perhaps it would be best to kill your owls and attempt to eat them Christmas, if for no other reason, because it is difficult to feed them and us."

A pained expression passed over the boy's face. On his owls, which he had trapped during the long and weary November and December, he based his hopes of securing money for at least a year's study at the academy. His hobby was a source of amuse-

ment for all the Little Salmon River neighborhood. He had acquired the sobriquet of "owl-trapper" for his persistent labor. Day after day he had tramped through the deep snows with an old army musket across his shoulders, and at night was often seen returning with a string of dead owls on his back, the gun fastened across his breast by a rope passed around his neck, while under each arm he carried his entrapped live owls—often four at a time.

Little Salmon River rises in the big forest near Parish in Oswego County, N. Y. It makes its way to Lake Ontario where the surf pounds on the huge rocks in Mexico Bay. Along this coast, so beautiful in summer, so grand and wild in winter, when the ice piles up in immense masses to a height of a hundred feet or more, and resembles land-locked bergs, there are occasional marshes overgrown with dense forests. The blizzards of the North and Northwest sweep down on this coast in winter and bury it deep within their snows, which still rise above the farm fences in the spring, long after the robins have reached the latitude of Syracuse, thirty miles to the south. In the solitudes near the coast stood the humble abode of the Child family, whose scion was called the "owl-trapper." Along the snow-buried highways the farmers were only able to feed and water their stock, occasionally hauling wood from the forests, and idling away the long winter around the kitchen stove. The corn had long since been husked. The last of the pumpkins had been dressed for the winter pies. The apples had all been prepared, and dried on the walls, except a few in jealously-guarded barrels in the cellars. Now and then a few hardy men attacked the hemlocks in the forest with cross-cut saws, and prepared a few logs for spring hauling to the mill. The little hamlet of Texas, next to the lake on the Little Salmon's estuary, boasted of a church, and one store, where the most daring of the idlers gathered in early evenings, chewed cheap plug, and expectorated with unerring aim on the box stove, much to the ill-concealed disgust of the proprietor and post-master, who suffered silently

in exchange for the few pennies paid for oil, tobacco, stamps, and codfish. The little shipping in the estuary, composed of fish boats, yawls, and skiffs, with possibly a sloop belonging to some outside pleasure seeker, was frozen solidly in the ice and buried in the snows, only distinguishable by an occasional mast showing its top ball in the air. At the mouth of the estuary the enormous ice banks broke into high-lifted heads, and showed a terrific conflict for supremacy between the current-borne ice of the river and the surf-borne ice of the lake. The Child cottage was attached to a single acre of land, which yielded a frugal supply of potatoes for the winter use of the widow and son. The widow came under the all-present "poor but respectable" class so common in this country. A small building in the rear of the cottage served as barn room for a sleek cow, which yielded sustenance to the family, and during the winter comprised, with the potatoes, its sole support. It was a case of the survival of the fittest between the cow on one side and the widow and son on the other. If the milk of the cow were not used almost solely to make butter, there would be no fund to purchase hay; so two glasses of milk per day and the buttermilk was all the widow could claim for food, and the remainder was churned for butter, and the butter went to pay for the cow's hay.

It is sufficient to say that Mrs. Child was the widow of a once noted and prosperous Methodist preacher. With the approach of old age, the parson, as usual, was classed as a "supernumerary," and reduced in pastorate and salary. Then he was "superannuated," and left to secure his own charge, which resulted in the "opportunity" to preach in the independent little church at Texas and get what he could out of the liberality of his constituent hearers. A half dollar at collections, an occasional ham at pig-sticking, a load of doubtful wood, a chance at abandoned windfalls in the orchards or at potatoes likely to be caught in the frost, comprised his salary—unless the annual donation could be added. The donation was a community affair, at which the whole neighborhood filled his house and church, and brought chicken pies, pans of baked beans, bags of doughnuts, slices of bacon, cakes and pies, and ate everything visible, except, perhaps, half a cake, leaving the parson's wife to clean up the

crumbs and crusts. The parson died. The widow exchanged his span of horses of uncertain age and speed, together with the rickety buggy, for the almost abandoned cottage and lot on which a village attorney held a mortgage. The man got the horses and buggy for his slender claim to the title; the widow got the property and the mortgage. The man thought she ought to throw in the cow, but even the grief-stricken widow made a reservation in favor of that animal. The attorney holding the mortgage informed her that he took cows for interest in the absence of cash.

The widow, however, had one piece of property that was genuine. It was her fifteen-year-old boy Jim, the owl-trapper. There was no mortgage on him, and it did not take him more than a year to wipe out the mortgage with money that he earned, assisted by his stout little hands and heart. The village loafers liked him, notwithstanding the fun they made of him. They could not understand how a small boy could work nights and mornings, study in the district school all day, read volumes of histories and biographies, and still "knock out" a mortgage and support his mother and a cow. The loafer is not supposed to understand the stuff of which men are made. A person whose only ambition is to chew tobacco, expectorate further than his fellows on another man's stove, and lounge around a bar waiting for another man to treat, naturally does not grasp such intricate problems. Perhaps to their credit there is such a thing as blood, which tells. Perhaps the son of a clergyman inherits blood brewed from the caldron of universities and enriched on the forum, at the bed-sides of the sick and dying; blood made heroic on the field of battle, the sands of Palestine, in the midst of contagion and in the fights with sin. I will not say. I only know that he who works wins, whether he be a son of poverty or of wealth.

Out on the vast plains of snow, skirting the forests, climbing the ice mounds, went Jim, the owl-trapper.

Owls! What are owls?

Is there value in these bunches of feathers and muscles that make the nights hideous and the forests terrible? So queried Jim. The only answer was in the affirmative, debate it as he might. There was no work to be had. As the snows deepened and poverty tight-

ened, his attention was attracted to the corner where hung the old musket, rusty and interwoven with cobwebs. He took it from its long resting-place, cleaned it until it shone, and exchanged with the grocer for ammunition out of his slender savings. Out in the forests he tramped, his little feet and legs sinking far into the soft snows, which at times and places reached to his chin. He came home at night with four ruffed grouse. He tramped to a distant and large village the next day, and returned with a dollar and a half which he had received for his birds. It was a great triumph, a fortune in his grasp. He repeated the operation until grouse grew scarce and difficult to secure. One day he looked out of the forest over a large field. He had been hunting rabbits with indifferent success. His attention was attracted to a stump on a mound in the center of the field on which was a big white object. He walked toward it to satisfy his curiosity. It assumed form as he approached. It arose in the air and flew out of gun range. He had never seen such a bird before. He pursued it in wonder. The field was surrounded by four stone walls. The bird alighted on one of these beside its mate. As he approached, the two birds flew and joined two others at the wall at the end of the field. He crawled near, but the four birds flew to a point where two others were sitting on the wall opposite to the first site. He flushed eight in all, which seemed to fly only from stump to wall and from wall to stump. He could see now that the birds were owls, larger than turkeys, with big heads, without ear tufts, some pure white, others speckled with black on the tips of their feathers. He went home with his rabbits and his suggestion. The blacksmith sold him a light steel trap, which he set on the stump that very night. He argued that this stump was a favorite watch-tower for these birds, and the first one to alight would be his prey. He argued right. The next morning he took home to share the barn with the amazed cow a large and beautiful owl, which tried to set its powerful talons in his arms and legs, and to snap him with his beak. He soon had the entire flock of owls, and they were beauties at which the neighborhood marveled, and which his mother both feared and admired. At the village where he sold his game he found a book in the academy library that described them as snowy owls

which descend from the Arctic regions in winter in quest of rabbits and grouse. The book also told of museums filled with stuffed birds, mammals, reptiles, insects, fishes, and, with other curiosities; and zoölogical gardens where these animals were kept alive. The first suggestion was supplemented by others, which taught him that both stuffed and live animals had a value. Then he purchased from the bookstore a work on taxidermy, and began to practice on stray winter species such as woodpeckers, chickadees, creepers, pine finches, pine grosbeaks, crossbills, bluejays, nuthatches, etc. He succeeded in learning how to skin birds and preserve the skins with arsenic. It was more difficult to mount them, and he gave up the project, with a few exceptions, because he learned from his book that there is a cash value for skins, as well as mounted birds. He learned, also, that of all birds, live owls, and their skins, are most valuable and marketable, and he undertook to hunt for them instead of grouse. The live owls required fresh meat to keep them alive, and often he had to tramp all the way to the distant village to secure refuse from the butcher shops. He wrote to the principal taxidermists and zoölogical gardens of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, concerning his prizes, and then the heavy winter shut the little hamlet of Texas out of the busy world. One answer alone reached him. It was from Central Park, New York, and was not encouraging. It stated that the Park did not purchase its curiosities, but occasionally some gentleman of wealth made purchases and donated them to the menagerie.

The middle of December was at hand at the time of the opening of this story. The snows were so deep, and the air so cold, that Jimmy could scarcely reach the village once a week, and often but once in two weeks, for bird food. Still he tramped, caught owls in his trap alive, and shot others. His museum had become a burden on the mind of his mother, but still he persisted, and lived contentedly on milk and potatoes. At last his mother was compelled to deny him milk, and potatoes formed his only diet. Still the brood of owls increased, and the collection of skins enlarged. There were snowy owls, horned owls, dark brown in color, with long ear tufts, and of size but little inferior to that of the snowy owls; screech owls, no larger than a dove, with little ear tufts and

brown mottled feathers; acadian owls, still smaller, about the size of a robin, with seal-brown coats, and as beautiful as a bird can be; barn owls, with long slender legs and slim napes, which the farmers declare to be old Nick himself in wings; short-eared owls, with no tufts at all; long-eared owls, with long tufts, the last two being about half as large as the horned owl, but of different habits (the short-eared owl is a field bird and the long-eared owl a wood bird); hawk owls, with rings around the eyes, resembling the hawk, but with larger heads; and even a pair of great gray owls, the largest and rarest of North American species, with very large heads and bodies—feather bodies of course—birds that live in the Arctic regions, and seldom visit the States except in the most severe winters, when they are driven south for food.

Christmas arrived at last, and Jimmy was in despair, not only about the family larder, but that of his owls and the cow. All were pinched for food, and, of late, the question of a Christmas dinner settled down into the question of any kind of a dinner.

About noon on that day the Texas store was enlivened by the appearance of a real, live stranger. He was a fine, vigorous old gentleman, carefully muffled in sealskins and robed with a heavy buffalo-skin overcoat. A blizzard was raging that appalled the most courageous, and even the old gentleman himself wondered how he ever reached this buried locality, how he could get out, and almost why he came.

"Can you tell me," he inquired, respectfully, "where Mr. James Child lives?"

There was a pause of mute astonishment, and then some of the loafers guffawed. The post-master flushed in half shame and remarked: "I reckon you mean Jimmy, the owl trapper, as he is called hereabouts. He isn't spoken of that away in which you speak, no disrespect tho'," he added, apologetically. "He lives with his ma, in the little cottage down the road yender, beyont the tavern, a quarter mile I reckon it."

After the stranger had bowed his thanks, with perhaps a trifle of amusement visible even behind his heavy mufflers, and had gone, the loafers hotly discussed the situation for the rest of the day; in fact the sensation has never since ceased to be a subject of reference. But the result of the talk on that

day was, that "Jim war smart arter all said an' done."

Meantime the stranger made his way slowly and with much labor to the Child cottage. The storm was so terrific that even Jimmy had not ventured out, and was discussing with his mother the propriety of experimenting with owls as food for hungry stomachs.

"Better kill a few, Jimmy dear," said she. "Perhaps they won't be so bad in a pie, and you can save the skins."

"But, mother dear, you have no flour to make the crusts with."

The good woman sighed. "That is true, Jimmy," she admitted. "We will have to make soup of them."

"Very well," said the now distracted boy, "I will go and kill two."

There was a startling rap at the door. "Come in," sang out Jimmy, glad at even an interruption and delay.

The door opened and the stranger walked in. He stood hesitatingly an instant, and asked, "Is this where Mr. James Child lives?"

The mother smiled. "That's you, Jimmy, I guess. Won't you take off your wraps, sir, and draw up to the fire? It's a fearful day out, and I didn't suppose any one could stand it."

The gentleman removed his buffalo furs and over-shoes, and took the proffered chair near the stove. "Yes," he said, "it is fearful weather. No sensible man would venture out in it; but men have their hobbies and passions, you know, and I have mine. I came up to the village near here from New York. Our train was two days getting over the last thirty miles. I have been snowed in at the village, but finally concluded to come here, if for no other reason, because I wanted entertainment of some kind. Lively entertainment it was, too. I guess if you can accommodate me, I will remain with you a few days until the storm is passed."

The widow and Jimmy looked at him and each other in dismay. "But, sir," gasped Jimmy, "we have nothing to eat except potatoes. I was about killing some of my live owls"—he paused and blushed—"for dinner."

The stranger laughed heartily. Then, seeing the pain he had caused, he stopped abruptly and took out a wallet containing a

large roll of bills, and selected a ten-dollar note.

"Here," he said to the boy, "if your mother will take my account in advance, run over to the store and spend it all for things eatable. Why, bless my soul! the idea of killing your owls! I would rather have my own head cut off."

The mother and son laughed with joy. "Run, Jimmy," said she, "and do as he tells you. You have saved us from despair," she added to the stranger. "It would destroy Jimmy's hopes to kill his owls."

"His hopes?"

"Why, yes, sir. He's an ambitious boy, and has been trapping live owls and saving the skins of the dead ones to get some money to prepare him for college. He paid off the mortgage on this house and lot, so we own it, and has learned all the district school can teach him besides. I let him have his own way, so when he becomes a man he can not blame me for obstructing his future."

"He must be a smart lad, indeed," said the old gentleman gravely; "a chip of some old block, isn't he?"

"Why, I guess so. His father was a smart clergyman in his prime, and occupied some big pulpits before they left him to shift for himself and us."

"What was his father's name?"

"James Henry Child."

"You don't say!" mused the old gentleman. "Why, I taught a class in his Sunday-school in Troy when I was a young man. He was then our best speaker. And thus our old war-horses are left alone to perish!"

Jimmy, the grocer, and his fat son, came at this point, straining under the burden of flour, hams, codfish, and all the rest of it. Jimmy's eyes were bulging out with joy and anticipation. While the widow prepared the meal the stranger conversed with Jimmy, who was eagerly eating cookies.

"I want to see your owls," said the stranger.

"Shall I bring them in or will you go to the barn?"

"To the barn."

Jimmy cautiously opened the barn-door. As the old gentleman's eyes gradually be-

came accustomed to the dim light, he was amazed at the spectacle before him. There were owls on the floor, on the rafters, on the cow's back, and on the manger, snapping at the intruders, raising their wings threateningly and glaring through their great round eyes. The stranger gazed and gazed, his evident delight knowing no bounds. The rarer species, such as the snowy, great gray and hawk owls, filled him with amazement and made him almost boyish in his pleasure.

"Now let me see your skins," he asked.

They returned to the house, and Jimmy showed him a room, the floor of which was covered with owl skins. They sat down to dinner, and when Jimmy was sufficiently fed to talk well, the old gentleman asked, "How many owls have you?"

"There are seventy-five alive, and over one hundred skins."

"Have you any idea of their value?"

"No, sir."

"Well," remarked the stranger, "I should say that the live owls average \$10 each, that is \$750 in all; that the skins are worth about \$2.50 each or \$250 in all, a total of \$1,000. Come to think, a pair of great gray owls are worth, alive, \$250. Now I am one of the patrons of Central Park. Some patrons donate great paintings, some mammals, some collections of the monkeys of the world; or woods, or birds' eggs, or stuffed birds, or some other thing which is their hobby. Mr. Vanderbilt presented it with great paintings which cost a fortune; and so has the Stewart estate, and others. Mr. Morris K. Jessup had all of the monkeys, apes and their kin, collected by the Wards of Rochester, and stuffed at an expense of perhaps more than \$200,000. My hobby is hawks and owls, particularly live ones. Now if I deposit for you the sum of \$1,250 in the bank at the village, I think you can afford to let me have your collection. In addition, if you will help me to get them safely to New York, I will pay you well for your time, and also your expenses."

The old gentleman beamed kindly on his audience, but it was suffused with tears of joy. The widow was holding her son in her arms. Even the Christmas dinner was forgotten for the moment.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES.

BY EDMUND KIRKE.

DURING a recent residence in the South we had in our household a couple of representative negroes, who, as types of large classes of the freed people, are deserving of description. They were a man and a woman, he, a bright fellow of something less than thirty years, she, a staid, motherly individual of about twice that age. She was an excellent old-time servant, and of such simple, old-fashioned ways as soon won for her the kindly regard of her mistress. The feeling seemed to be reciprocated, and I often found the two together,

"Reasoning high of Providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate."

I used to call their sessions "protracted meetings," but I occasionally sat by, and listened to Lyddy's untutored talk, which was always interesting, and sometimes what the blacks term "edifyin'." On one of these occasions she related her history, which was doubtless that of ten thousand other mothers, who like her were once held in the iron grip of slavery.

She was born a slave in Virginia, and when about fifteen years old became the mother of a child. At a very early age she had been sold away from all her relatives, and, having no husband, felt friendless and alone in the world; but the birth of this child gave her, what she never had before, something of her own, and her affectional nature awoke, and centered upon the little one with all the intensity of which the negro is capable. One day, when the child was about two years old, Lyddy was sent by her master on some errand to a near-by plantation, and on her return she found that her babe was gone—sold away, where she knew not, but where it would never be hers again. This she thought, as she moaned and wept, and pined away to a mere shadow. She became physically unable to do the lightest tasks, and soon her master sold her to a trader who took her farther south. There, in a kind family, and amidst new scenes, she recovered some of her natural cheerfulness; but she steadily refused the advances of all

admirers, and lived a lonely life, constantly grieving for the child she had lost.

At length came the war, and the surrender, and with the last the news to Lyddy that she was free. She had nothing in the world but the scanty clothing upon her back, and her old home was two hundred miles away, but she set out for it at once, in the hope to learn from her old mistress the whereabouts of her child. On foot and alone she journeyed, sleeping in barns or the open air, and begging her bread by the way, and at the close of a weary month, she learned the residence of the trader who, ten years before, had bought her son. It was several hundred miles away in southern Louisiana, but again she set forth on foot and alone, and at last reached the trader's home, only to learn that he was dead, and that with him all knowledge of her son had perished. She was disheartened, but not in despair, for something within her gave assurance that her child was alive.

Hearing of a boy who had been sold by the same trader to a planter in northern Alabama, she set out once more, but only to find at the end of a long journey, that the child was the son of some other mother as wretched, perhaps, as herself. Then she set out again, journeying hither and yonder through five States, and over more than two thousand miles of territory, often hearing of a motherless child, and as often finding it was not her own, until at last, after more than a year of weary hoping, and waiting, and wandering, with her clothing worn to tatters, her shoeless feet bleeding with constant travel, and the hand of a great fever heavy upon her, she found her lost one in a fine, manly boy, who watched over, and tended upon her, till she was safely through the well-nigh fatal fever which was the result of her fatigue and exposure.

When she told us this history, the boy, grown to be a man, was prospering as a drayman in the neighboring village, and he would have gladly given his mother a home; but still able to work and care for herself, she preferred, as she expressed it, to do

"suffin' for somebody;" and thus it came about that she was then cook in our family.

It was through Lyddy that we became acquainted with John Cobble, the lazy, but original genius who at this time officiated as our gardener, and man-of-all-work. He, also, was a typical negro. He was a young fellow of about twenty-eight, and of pure African lineage. He had a stalwart frame, a foot large enough for an elephant, and arms and hands that might have wielded the weaver's beam of Goliath the Gittite. His skin was as black as ebony, and it had the unctuous brilliancy that is peculiar to the negro "blood-royal;" but his features were regular, and of a clearly-cut European type, which contrasted oddly with the deep sable of his complexion. His mouth was of uncommon width, but this escaped notice owing to the fine rows of ivory it continually displayed. When not open in an habitual grin, it was distended in a sort of chuckling laugh, which rippled over his face, and down his huge frame, in a way that was pleasant to look upon. He had what the blacks call "edication"—that is, he could read, write, and do small sums in arithmetic; but such words as "care," "forethought," and "anxiety," were not in the spelling-book he had studied. With no more thought of the present, or the future, than an animal, he yet had such a capacity for fun, such a sense of the ludicrous, and such an ear for melody, that I am justified in styling him a genius.

With constant watching he did his daily tasks tolerably well; but it was when the day's work was over, and the servants had gathered together in the kitchen for the evening, that his services became of especial value. Then by a droll story, or some strains of improvised but genuine melody from his banjo or his violin, he brought the discords of the day into harmony, and, no doubt, contributed to the longevity of our household. He was proud of his "edication," but he boasted most of his knowledge of the Scriptures; and the way he misquoted, and misapplied them, would have been painful, had it not been so very amusing. But it astonished, and won the heart of Lyddy, who was very pious, and, being unable to read, could not detect his inaccuracies.

John was allowed the use of the daily New York paper, when it had been read in the library; and occasionally I would steal of an

evening into the dining-room, where, with the door ajar, I could listen unperceived to the "news" as John dispensed it to his sable auditory in the kitchen. This "news" was not strictly according to the *New York Times* from which he professed to read, but his hearers were none the worse nor the wiser for the discrepancy. The absurdity of the variations was what made the drollery of the thing. One of these evenings is particularly impressed on my memory, because it was on the following day that Lyddy notified us that we were to lose her really valuable services.

I shall not attempt to detail the entire exercises, but toward their close John proceeded to read from the *Times* a report of the great walking-match in Madison Square, where "one cullud man beat de crowd, trabilled five hundred and sixty mile in a day!" Then he went on to apply the moral of walking-matches, by pretending to quote from a sermon by the Rev. George Washington, the illustrious colored preacher of the North, wherein said preacher inveighed against the folly of such practices, and adduced the fate of the great walker, Enoch, as a warning to all pedestrians in all future times. "And, my hearers," he said, "with all old man's Enoch's grit and pluck, and persavarance, what comed ob him? What comed ob him? Why, arter walkin free hundred year in far heel and toe fashion—none ob your hipple-drum sort like dese yere—walkin wid de Lord free hundred year, he got tuck—de Lord tuck him. Ole massa Lord was too long in de stride, and too sound in de limb fur him, so Boss Enoch got tuck, and leff dot be a warning to all ob you to leff alone dis walkin' business."

Amidst the wonderment which followed I heard Lyddy exclaim, "Oh, Mr. Cobble! What a 'edication you hab—it 'm writ on yous bery brow." It was only the following evening when that ancient dame presented herself before us, as her mistress and I were seated together in the library. She was smiling, and smirking, and evidently laboring under some violent internal commotion. Her usually quiet eye was lit up by an unwonted gleam, her demure face irradiated by an oily glow, and her skinny fingers were playing nervously with the two corners of her apron. Gliding up to her mistress, she said in an uncertain tone, that was half

speech and half giggle: "Missus, I'se gwine ter be married."

"Married!" we both exclaimed, the mistress dropping her sewing, and I looking up from my book, and straight at the decayed Venus, already a grandmother.

"Yas, missus," she said, with a slight courtesy, and still fondling the corners of her apron, "You knows dat I'se a widdy—and John's a widdy, too—we'se both widdy's—so, we'se 'cluded ter git married."

"Why, Lyddy!" said her mistress, "Will you marry that good-for-nothing John?"

"Yas, missus," answered Lyddy, misunderstanding the question, "He am good—he's got religion, and he's got edication—reads a heap ob books—reads 'em to me; and I'se come ter gib you warnin', Missus. John wants to gwo off on de kears—and he wants me to gwo—an' I'se never rid on de kears."

The tone of anticipated delight in which this was uttered, made me smile at the simplicity of the woman, and I said to her mistress, "It's January and June—Christmas and the Fourth of July coming together."

"Yas sor," said Lyddy, "we'se ter be marri'd a Chris'mus. John's got de license. I lent him de fifty cents."

"And you'll lend him a good many more, if you marry him," I remarked.

"I means ter, sor," she answered. "I'se sabed up quite a heap; and John means to put it into hosses an' a dray, and I ter take in boarders down ter Chattnooga. He say it 'm a right smart place."

"Well it is; but what does your son say to all this?"

"He doan't want me ter gwo away, sor; but he say I must shute myseff. You see, sor, him'a wife and childen, and de great book say, sor, duyin 'fore fader and mudder."

"But, how do you feel about leaving him?"

"Why, sor," she answered, "if I knows

him well, an' doin' well, that'll be 'nuff for me. You sees, sor, I'se a gittin' old; an' I'se lonesomelike; and John hab edication, and he kin read ter me, an' so de time won't pass so bery heaby."

"Well, Lyddy," now said her mistress, "it is your affair, and not ours. We hope it will turn out well; but if it should not, you can come back to your home here; you will be welcome."

The tears came into the woman's eyes as she answered, "Bress you, missus," and left the apartment."

On Christmas Day they were married in the negro church, and on the following morning took the "kears" for Chattanooga. Our forebodings were not realized. They prospered in a worldly way; he as a drayman, she as mistress of a small hostelry, over whose door a small sign gave warning to all comers that no ardent spirits were to be had on the premises.

Going into the kitchen one day soon after Lyddy's departure, the mistress heard Lyddy's successor muttering to herself. "How kin I be 'spected ter cook, wid no pots ter cook wid?"

"No pots? How is that?" asked the mistress.

The pantries and cupboards were then ransacked, and a surprising leanness was discovered in our stock of crockery and kitchen utensils. Enough had disappeared to supply two or three small families. In reply to the wonder of the mistress, the cook remarked, "Don't know for sartin, missus; but Lyddy say you gabe her heaps o' things—enuff to sot up a boardin'-house—she took nigh a kear-load ter Chattnooga."

And this was the devoted mother of that estray baby—the demure lover of "scriptur" and black edication, whom we had mourned as a lost treasure, a black diamond, very cheap at fourteen dollars a month.

LIVE QUESTIONS.

IS THE ANNEXATION OF CANADA DESIRABLE FOR THE UNITED STATES?

I.—JUDGE KELLEY'S VIEW.

THERE are many reasons why the annexation of Canada is desirable for the United States. Pre-eminent among them is the fact that it would, by settling it forever, remove the vexatious question of our "fishery rights" from the field of British diplomacy, and obliterate an unscientific frontier which, extending across the continent, divides into two nations a homogeneous people—for such are the people of the United States and those of Canada. Their lineage, language, laws, and modes of faith and worship are the same, in all which respects they are in marked contrast with the people on our southern border. I have uniformly opposed commercial treaties between the United States and a British dependency as derogating from our national dignity, and because reciprocity can not be secured by such arrangements; but political union would establish equality of political and commercial conditions between the two peoples. This extension of the area of the absolute free trade which characterizes our internal commerce would increase and intensify the demand for the more symmetrical development of our natural resources. By enlarging the home demand for the diversified, but hitherto undeveloped resources peculiar to the States which constituted the short-lived Southern Confederacy, it would create a great and ever-increasing market for the productions of the Northern and Western States. This last suggestion will seem fanciful to most of our people; but those who have ascertained the extent of the Southern States, the fertility of their soil, the number, variety and value of their mineral and vegetable productions, many of which are peculiar to them, will recognize its force. It is to be regretted that so few of our people have entered this interesting field of study. As yet but a small portion even of the Southern people have noted the extent of the efforts making for the development and utilization of their long-neglected sources of wealth. In these efforts wide-awake Southern men now lead, but Northern men by tens of thousands are going thither with experience, capacity, energy and faith in the great future of the undeveloped South. This movement of population and industrial centers southward is forcing itself upon the attention of the commercial world, and will soon convince the American people that my answer to your question would not be complete without this reference to our home trade, as it will

be when Southern resources shall have been utilized and Canada been embraced by the American Union.

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

II.—SPEAKER CARLISLE.

SPEAKER'S ROOM,
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

I have not studied the question in all its aspects, but in my opinion annexation would greatly promote the interests of the people in both countries. The advantages of a complete and permanent commercial and political union between all the inhabitants of the North American Continent will become more and more apparent as their resources are developed and their trade and intercourse increased; and I have no doubt that such a union will be ultimately effected.

JOHN G. CARLISLE.

III.—SENATOR INGALLS.

In general terms, I would say yes; but there are many reasons whose expression I should desire to defer to a more formal occasion.

JOHN J. INGALLS.

IV.—MR. MCCREARY.

(Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs.)

The destiny of Canada is with the United States. When annexation will occur, I can not tell. But, of course, in saying this, I hope our pleasant relations with Great Britain will not in any way be impaired. I think that time, and circumstances connected with Canada, and progress and advancement in the Western Hemisphere, will solve the problem.

JAMES B. MCCREARY.

V.—SENATOR HISCOCK (OF NEW YORK).

No; I do not favor the annexation of Canada at this time. Conditions may arise in which it may be desirable. They do not, in my judgment, exist now.

FRANK HISCOCK.

VI.—MAJOR MCKINLEY (OF OHIO).

I am not prepared to say at this time. There are so many considerations to be thought of, and as I have not given them the attention that they require,

I am not prepared to make suitable answer to your inquiry. It is a very large question, altogether too large to guess off.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, JR.

VII.—MR. BRECKINRIDGE (OF ARKANSAS).

That would depend a good deal upon the conditions which would attend it. Generally speaking, however, I say yes. Canada controls the outlet of our Great Lakes. She has better access to these lakes than we have, but we have far more wealth on their shores. Business would be better and our feeling more comfortable if we were one. We ought to have all the country north of us. Its population is homogeneous with ours, and all that it can acquire in the future will be similarly so. The climate fixes this. Coming from the southern part of our country, I perhaps feel more strongly than our people of the more northern parts the importance of plenty of white people, and the danger of any expansion that would incorporate into our citizenship such blood and people as the Mexicans.

C. R. BRECKINRIDGE.

VIII.—SENATOR SHERMAN.

When this question was put to Senator Sherman, he replied that he had nothing to add to what he had already said on the subject in a speech in the Senate. One of the paragraphs of this speech is as follows:

"The admission of Canada into the Union, divided into states and territories upon the basis of our federal system would be of untold advantage to both countries. Four or five states could be admitted, each with an already established autonomy, defined boundaries, and a sufficient population, and the remainder, divided into territories, would have the benefit of local government and become the scene of a migration only exceeded by that of the Northwest Territory. The natural advantages of the Union would be in closing forever all controversies inseparable from a long boundary line, in giving the broadest free trade in the productions of a continent, in combining the interests and pride and achievements of a kindred population fairly represented in the Congress of the United States, in increasing the power and influence of republican institutions among the nations of the world, and in giving additional security against the aggression of European powers."

IX.—SENATOR MORGAN (OF ALABAMA).

I would say that annexation was desirable for the people of common origin who occupy half of this western hemisphere. The physical geography of the two countries seems to make it a commercial necessity that they should either be united under one government or have a thoroughly reciprocal free-

dom of intercourse in their commercial and social relations. The line of division is exceedingly inconvenient to both countries, as it runs through the Great Lakes, which ought to be under one governmental control, and on the east cuts off Canada from convenient access to the Atlantic seaboard for about half the year, and on the west runs through the straits of Fuca, dividing that ocean inlet, which is narrow, between two great rival commercial and maritime powers.

JOHN T. MORGAN.

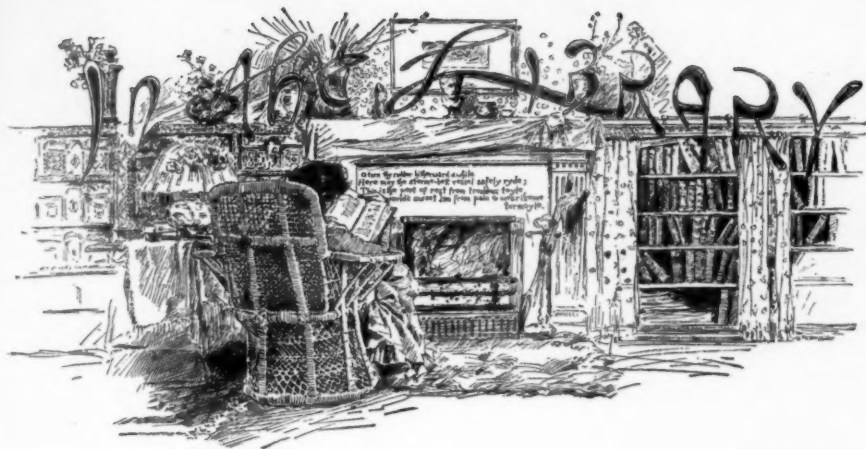
X.—MR. BUTTERWORTH (OF OHIO).

Undoubtedly it is—to question it is to deny that enlarged opportunity is desirable. You have only to study the history of the United States and Canada, as they are related to each other, to realize that in a great measure the two great nations (I speak of Canada as a nation by reason of her vast domain, and the fact that she is independent in all things except the right to exercise the treaty-making power) bear the relation to each other that the two blades of a pair of shears do. This relates to matters wholly of a material nature, sounding in dollars and cents—a sordid view, but one that controls the many none the less. But the problem of unity, studied from a higher plane, is more interesting, and to every American and every Canadian becomes of such vast moment that it dwarfs the view which contemplates only the immediate result measured in dollars and cents. It becomes a problem of civilization, of progression, development, under an inspiration that is drawn from above the girdle.

The unity of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this Continent (and I use the word Anglo-Saxon in its broadest significance) is to every student of the course of enlightened civilization, and of the character of the influences that make it healthful and what it ought to be, of the highest interest and importance. But I have not the time at this moment to speak of this matter more fully, or to discuss it. I will take occasion to do so on the floor of the House soon. I will only add, if in this work I felt that it related solely to that material prosperity which relates to the pocket, I would be perfectly indifferent as to whether unity was reached at the end of negotiations or at the close of a war.

If the aspect which appeals only to the brute in man is to be considered, the agencies which Christian civilization call to the front might as well retire. The aim, the purpose, the consummation sought, all suggest negotiations worthy of our kinship and our manifest community of interests and not less manifest destiny. There is a work to be done in the interest of free government on this continent which can only be accomplished by the people north of the Rio Grande working harmoniously together.

BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH.



DURING this Christ-Festival that has but just passed over our heads, when every one has been celebrating the feast of goodwill toward men, there has come to all the thoughtful the old question, Who is my brother, and what is in reality and in entirety my duty toward my neighbor?

"Go and sell all thou hast and give it to the poor," said the man whose birthday we have been celebrating. And the young man to whom it was said went away sorrowful. Here is a book that was published and widely sold during the holiday season, which reiterates the command, emphasizing the injunction as to giving away one coat in case of possessing two. From time to time throughout the world's history there have risen up certain tender and strenuous souls who, in the midst of all the joys and delights that men strive for, sacrifice, sin, fight, and die for, are so stunned by the evil and suffering in the world, that they can in no wise shut their eyes and ears to it and continue in the enjoyment of their own good fortune, which turns to ashes on their palate, and but chokes their mouths with dust in the consciousness that men like themselves are going hungry, and naked, and cold. Count Leo Tolstoi is one of these. His story is that of Gautama, of St. Francis of Assisi, of many more. He is the first literary man to be moved in this fashion. Kings, soldiers, merchants, men of the world, have renounced the joys of life because all their

fellows could not share them, but he is the first of the artists who has abandoned deliberately the environment which fostered his art. There seems for the most part a feeling of peculiar sacredness, a profound reverence for their calling among those following art in any of its forms ; and the general conviction is that they and their work are of special value and importance to mankind. But this even failed to hold the Russian to his world. He could neither wear his purple and fine linen, live delicately, nor lose himself in the pursuit of literature while his brothers stood without the gate and wept. These Christ-souls are entirely overborne by the ungovernable anguish of sympathy which suffering arouses in them, and Tolstoi at last, after much struggle and stress, made up his mind that his whole mode of life was wrong and must be abandoned. "What to do?" was the question, and, having found an answer that satisfied him, he has set down all his doubts and strivings, all the mental and spiritual processes through which he arrived at peace, in a book of that name. This book, "*Que Faire?*" or "*What to Do,*" as the English translation is named, was far too radical for an autocratic government like Russia, and the only edition permitted was cut and garbled by the literary censor. There has been, however, in private circulation an unpublished copy which was complete and unabridged. It is this copy which has been translated by Nathan Haskell Dole.

and put in cheap, paper-cover form, for the benefit of the masses. Immense numbers of it have been sold, and it is said that this, with "Robert Elsmere," is sold to the number of five or six hundred every week in the dry-goods shops that have a cheap book counter. So that it is evident the masses are absorbing the doctrines of the great novelist, a sort of democracy which aims at the foundations of civilization. For Count Tolstoi's creed—baldly stated—means a relapse into the early rude forms of pastoral life.

He has at all times been impatient of the forms and artificialities with which highly civilized existence must perforce be surrounded. Even so early as the date of writing "The Cossacks," in some respects unsurpassed by all his later work, he had begun to hear the voice of nature calling him back from the world of men. There are always folk of this sort in the cities; people who, by some dim, far-reaching process of atavism, revert to all the passions and emotions of untamed ancestors, whose wild blood will assert itself now and again despite long ages of training and repression. When the animal predominates in these they make the pioneers and explorers of the new lands, always moving away before the encroachments of civilization. When the spiritual nature has the greater weight, like Gautama, like John Baptist, they depart into the deserts and forests to find relief from their throes of astonishment and despair at the evils of life. Thoreau was one of these belated savages, and women, too, are driven into the wilderness by the untamable spirit. Lady Hester Stanhope was one, and Mrs. Lew Wallace tells of another, in her "Repose in Egypt," an English woman who broke all the strict conventions of feminine existence in the British isles, ran away from her husband, deserted her children, tried and rejected every resource of civilization, and at last found peace in the goat's hair tent of an Arab sheik, wandering about the deserts with him for sixteen years, without a regret for the world she had left, and doing contentedly—she, the daughter of earls—the humble duties of an Arab wife. There are, perhaps, not a few lives broken and wrecked in blind struggles with an unformulated, unrecognized instinct for savagery; lives, whose mistakes we, comfortable in our ignorance of their emo-

tions, as little understand as the faithful happy house dog does the impotent, frantic rebellion of the caged tigress.

This stirred early in Tolstoi, and it is curious to trace through his novels the process of its development. *Olenin* in "The Cossacks" finds only the physical charm of the unconventional life of the rude people among whom his military service casts him. Listen to this:

"The day was perfectly clear, quiet and warm. The morning freshness had already dried up in the woods. . . . Olenin was ready to run away from the gnats; it seemed to him it would be impossible to live there. . . . Strange to say, by noon he even began rather to like the buzzing. It even seemed to him that if there were not this atmosphere of gnats surrounding him on all sides, this paste of gnats which rolled up under his hands on his sweaty face, the forest would have lost for him its character and charm. . . . He searched out the tracks of the stag he had seen before, crawled under the bushes in the wood, to the very spot where the stag had lain, and lay down in his bed. He looked round about him at the dark green verdure, looked at his lair, at the traces of the knees of the stag, at the pieces of black earth turned up by his hoofs, at his yesterday's tracks: it was cool and comfortable then: he did not think about anything, did not wish for anything. Suddenly there came over him such a strange feeling of causeless happiness, and of love to everything, that he, in his old childish habit, began to cross himself and thank some one."

There it is—the unspoken, apparently causeless, joy of a wild life, the feeling that draws one bred to it with a power greater than chains. It is natural then, when Tolstoi is brought sharply face to face with the world-old problem of evil and suffering, that he should be prone to believe a return to nature might be the cure. "Lay aside all these useless artificialities of civilization; when there are no false needs there will be enough for all. Let every man labor with his hands, supporting himself and his wife and children in such simple comfort as they require. If his labor brings more than this let him give the surplus to others less fortunate, or he may use his spare time if he be a writer, a painter, a musician, in making

books, pictures, and songs, that the people will enjoy, and let him not sell these; but freely give them for others' delight." If one will lay aside the critical faculty and read the book simply as the revelation of a man, it will be found as interesting, as subtle, as anything the Russian has ever written. He tells his own story with artless earnestness. The beggar lying without the gate gave him no peace. He was living the life of a rich, noble and successful author in Moscow. His wife was admired, his children handsome and happy, and he himself had all the things for which men labor and strive. Yet he found no pleasure in anything because others were suffering. He formed half a dozen plans to ease his conscience of its load, beginning extensive schemes of charity, which ended in nothing but failure and a bitter sense of having only made matters worse. Finally he looked the problem squarely in the face and no longer shirked the truth—as he saw it—which was that he had no right to more than his fellow man. He goes into a very careful, almost fatiguingly painstaking explanation of his theory of political economy, which, it is needless to say, is that of the man of feeling rather than that of the thinker. It presents itself to him, to put it briefly, in some such form as this: "Here is a great deal of poverty and consequent suffering. What causes it? Evidently, the uneven distribution of wealth. Therefore wealth must be divided. But no advantage is gained by simply giving away money. Get rid of artificial needs and desires and then there will be no use for wealth. Money itself is useless and dangerous. Men should simply exchange the actual objects they have for the actual objects they need. Taxes and rent are for convenience sake collected in money, and the peasant must leave off producing the simple clothes and food he needs, and sell himself into slavery for the purpose of getting this extra commodity, money, to pay his rent and his taxes. This selling himself and his labor to others is the cause of all the misery and sin. No man should degrade another by buying his labor and making him perform menial offices; he should do them for himself. And he should live simply by his own work." There it is. Absolute democracy, socialism pure and simple. Another one of the myriad attempts to abolish by some arbitrary course of action what can

only be brought about through the infinitely deliberate processes of evolutions.

There is something noble and beautiful in the struggles of such men as Tolstoi to cut the tangled knot of human life—who fling themselves against the iron breast of Fate, sitting playing the great game of existence and progress, and sweeping with ruthless hand the myriad pawns away, that the kings and knights may go riding triumphantly across the board. He or a hundred like him can not hold her hand nor persuade her to cease the destruction of the helpless pawns that the king may triumph, destroying the many that the few may have more room, crushing the individual for the benefit of the race; but it is the sum of many efforts and sacrifices like his that makes up that very progress for which the game is played. It is through the never-ending experiments that the truth is gradually reached. It is the Buddhas, the Tolstoïs, the St. Francis, who fling themselves and their goods with a passion of abnegation into the gulf of sin and misery, who are gradually filling it up and preparing the path across which humanity will walk to full righteousness. No one of them makes a bridge across with their half truths and their narrow fanatical theories; but they rise in each generation to reinforce the truth, to waken souls of men anew and to stir them to emulation by their own example of the sacrifice of self.

These subjects carry one away. Just now they are in the air. Even the calm scholastic retreat of the library is not unmoved by the voice of the prophets, who cry aloud to the people outside. But enough of it for the moment. Here is a diversion. Sit, Jessica, and let the music sound! Here is a holiday book, a sumptuous one, by the wife of one of the famous house of Brown Brothers, the bankers. Dodd & Mead publish it, and it is called "Musical Instruments and Their Homes." Mrs. M. E. Brown has a famous and very beautiful collection of the musical instruments of all times and all countries. These she has had drawn upon big, rich pages, and interspersed with ornamental descriptive text. Her son, Mr. Adams Brown, has added short and most delightful essays upon the music of the different peoples represented by their instrument. He has accomplished the difficult feat of packing these

short essays brimful of facts, and yet making them delightful reading, through the means of selecting just the sort of thing one wishes to know about the different musical development in different lands, and not neglecting the picturesque side of the matter.

The collection includes instruments from China, Japan, Korea, India, Arabia, Persia and Turkey, Africa, North America, Central and South America and Europe. Of the Arabic music Mr. Brown says that their old scale was very nearly identical with the Greek scale. Salvador Daniel says that at first he found their music simply a *charivari* without melody or measure. But after associating with Arabic musicians, and studying their music carefully, he became passionately fond of it, declaring that it was simply like a foreign language, which must be studied to be comprehended and its beauties appreciated. It is necessary it seems in this process to lay aside our own ideas of tonality, accept their scales, or, to speak more correctly, keys. The Arab singing voice is fine, and they tell the most exaggerated stories of the effect produced by their singers and lute players in the past, and the enormous sums given them by delighted Caliphs. Mohammed himself spoke slightly of music and singing, but his successors were liberal patrons of both vocal and instrumental performers, and some of the tales of their magnificent gifts may have a partial foundation in fact. Even now a good Almel will receive two hundred and fifty dollars for singing a song or two to amuse the guests of a rich man. The lute is the most popular instrument, and indeed we get our name from the Arab "el Oud;" they brought it to Spain, from whence it spread to the rest of Europe.

The Japanese borrowed their music, as they did nearly everything else, from the Chinese; but after a slight unpleasantness between the two countries Japan, happily for itself, sought a development untrammelled by the myriad formalisms with which China crushed the melody from her own musical development. Japan, with its usual adaptability, has accepted European music in place of its own, and it is now taught to the children in the schools. China remains politely firm. "Western melodies are not made for our ears, nor our ears for western melody," they say. Their traditions on the subject point to the greatest antiquity of their music, and the

works of Confucius contain the highest praise of it. There are even some melodies in existence which were composed by the great philosopher himself. Their instruments are somewhat rude and simple still, but are adorned with all manner of odd and fantastic devices. The *saen-hsiene*, a little moon-shaped guitar, is the favorite. The most beautiful of all the Oriental instruments is the Burmese *Soung*, a boat-shaped harp with a curving handle. The Indian *Vina*, the strings of which, says Kalidasa,

"Wake the heart's unrest,"

is another one of the pretty instruments used by the gauze-swathed, tinkling-ankled girls to accompany their songs, for music and words are twins in India. Poetry and music have developed among them side by side. Kalidasa's *Sakuntala* was really more of an opera, done with songs and dances and musical interludes, than a play. Turkey developed the stringed instrument. There are few trumpets and drums among their instruments, but endless variations of the many-stringed tambour. The African, on the other hand, can only beat and blow; he has not yet learned the power of vibrating instruments. But the negroes are passionately fond of music. Major Bartleot lost his life lately through forbidding his black escort to bang and caterwaul the entire night beside his tent. By way of an evening hymn these gentle people will sit in the door of their houses, and naming their special enemy, they proceed to lyrically declare that

"I'll spear his liver,
I'll spear his lights,
I'll spear his heart,
I'll spear his thigh——"

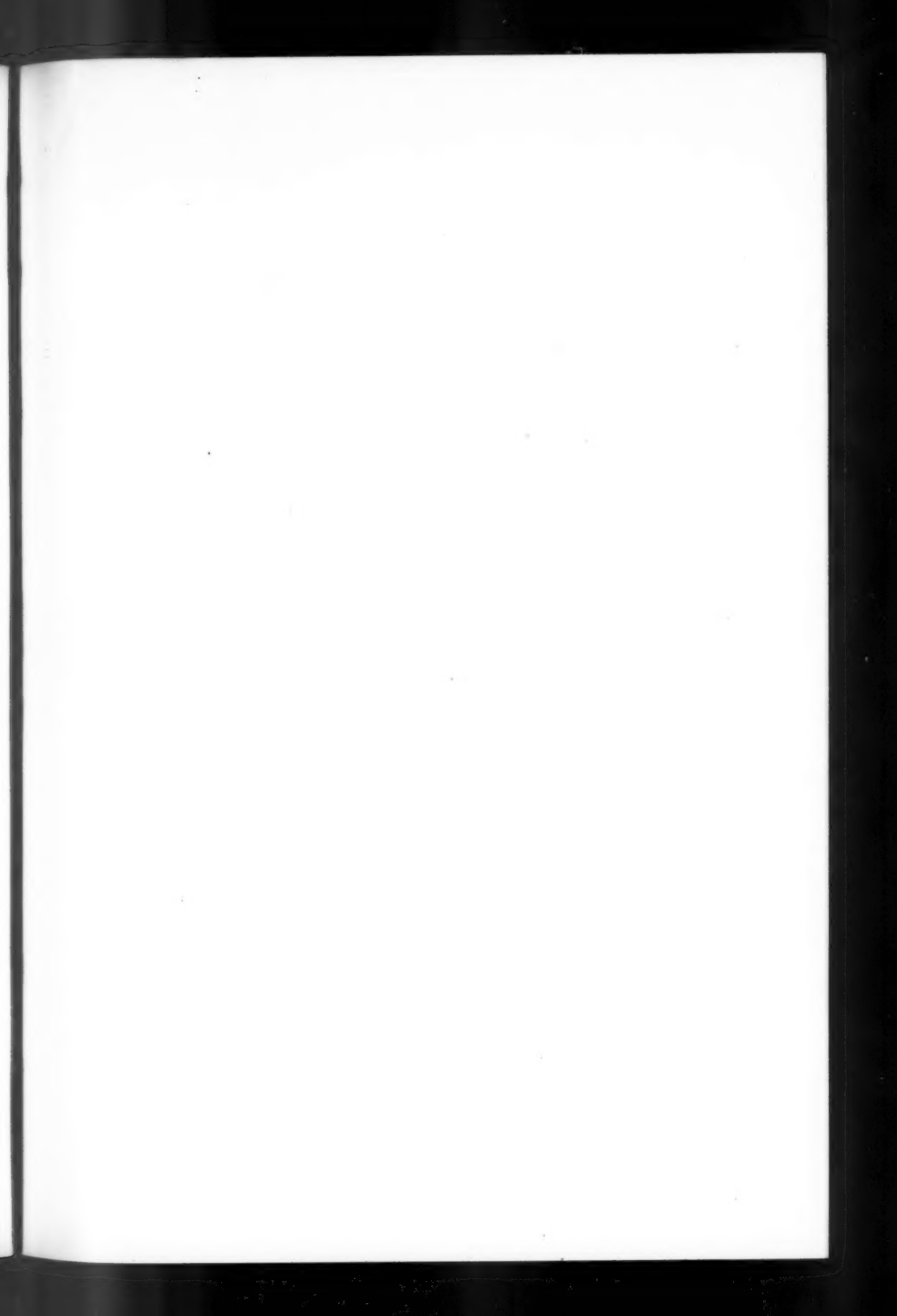
and so on through an anatomical catalogue, till his mind has grown sufficiently calmed for repose. Here is the song which the Sioux lover sings after he has played to his loved one on the chotonka-Chanta-ki-yapi, or love-flute, which always accompanies him in his wooing:

"—My dove's eye, listen to the sound of my flute;
Hearken to the sound of my songs, it is my voice.
Do not blush: all thy thoughts are known to me.
I have my magic shield, thou canst not escape.

* * * * *
I shall always draw thee to me, even shouldst thou be
In the most distant isles beyond the great lakes.

* * * * *
The great Spirit is for me, my betrothed.
Hearken to the voice of my songs, it is my voice."

ELIZABETH BISLAND.





V. Versteck